Collier's

JANUARY 9, 1943
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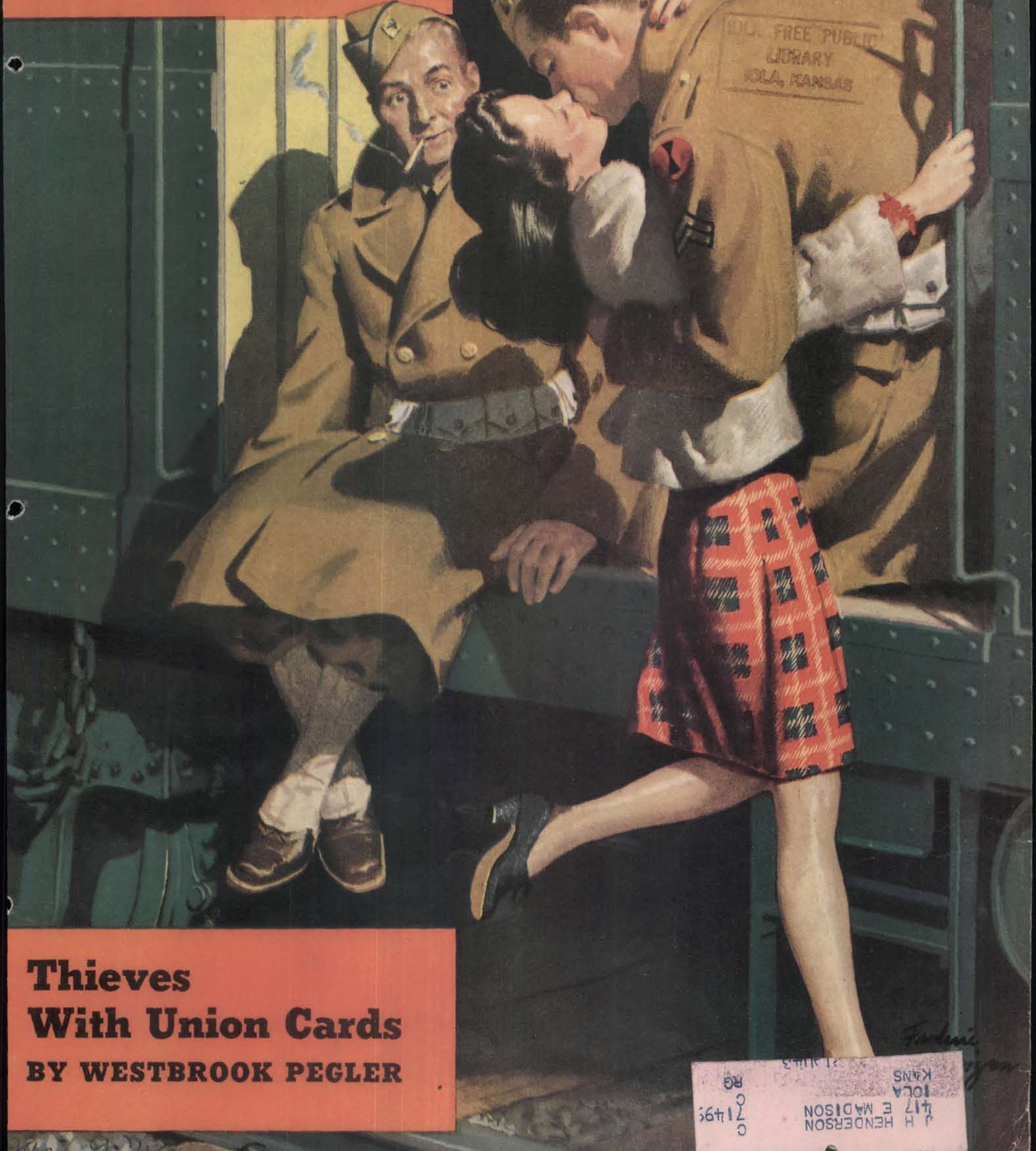

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Thieves With Union Cards

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

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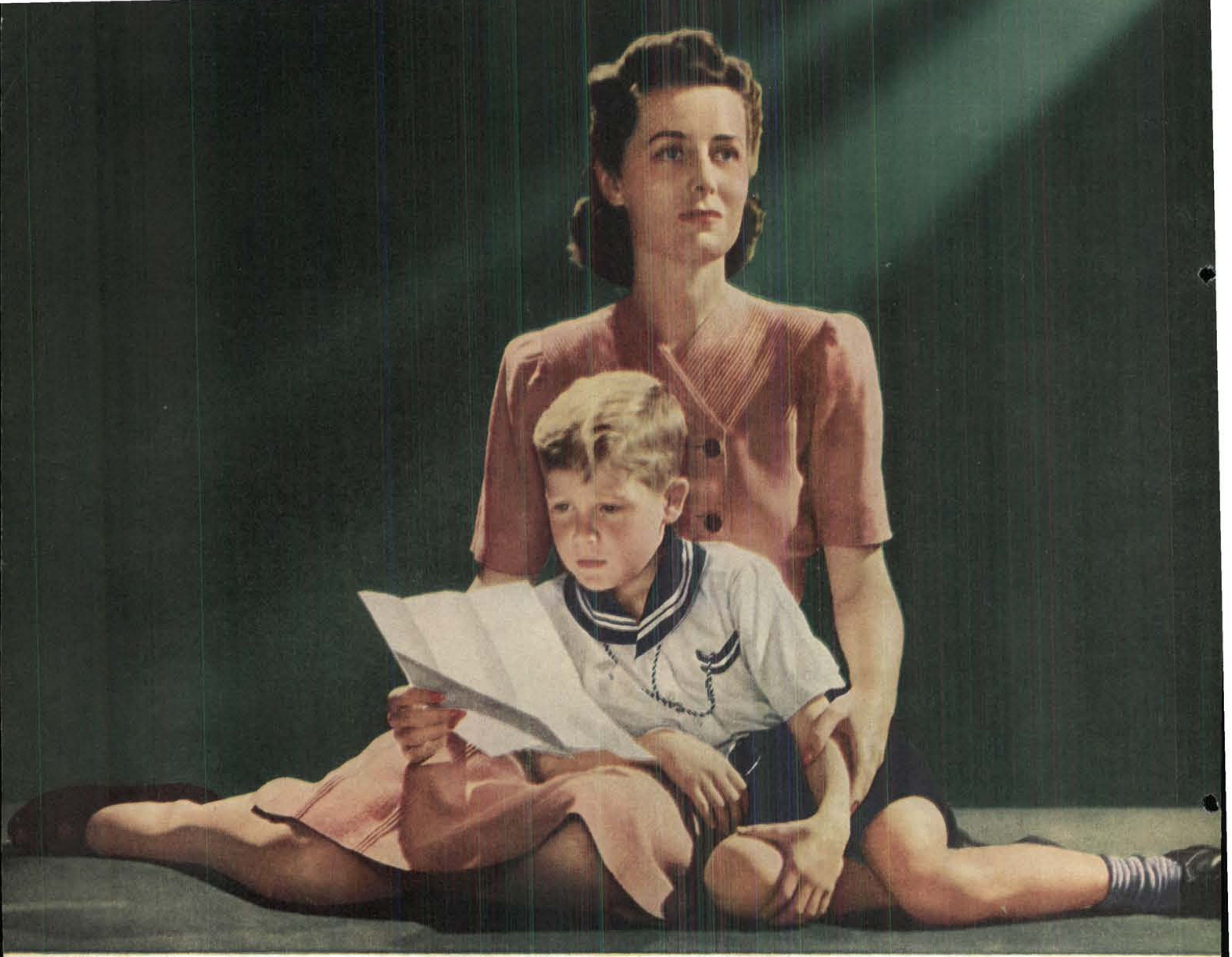

Many a heart is yearning

Many are the hearts that are yearning for loved ones far away—in service somewhere—on land, in the air, on the sea, or underneath. It becomes the patriotic duty of every American without exception, to work unceasingly, to contribute without stint, to sacrifice without restraint, to pray fervently for our righteous cause, to the end that complete victory be achieved and lonely hearts be reunited in a lasting Peace.

Henry M. Reed
CHAIRMAN

AMERICAN RADIATOR & Standard Sanitary
New York **CORPORATION** *Pittsburgh*

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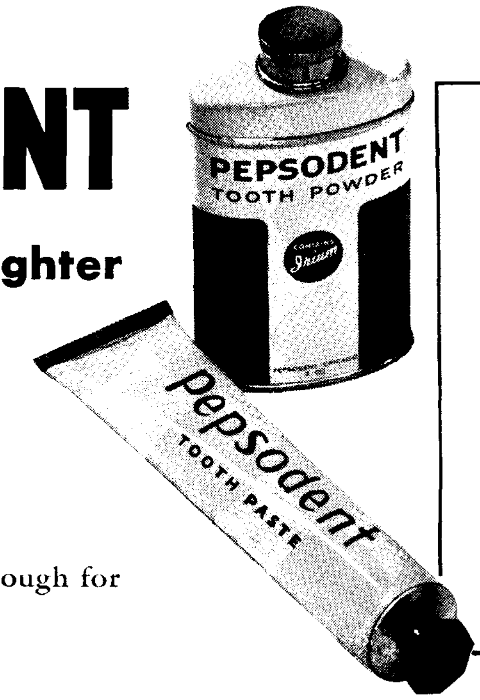
Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter



Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform . . . they want it . . . they deserve it.

At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

So . . . we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

Lucky for all

. . . dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.

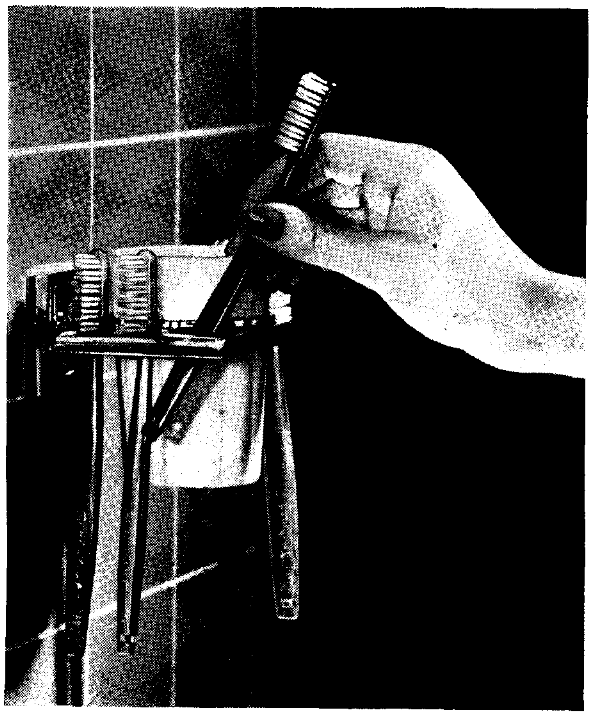
1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.

2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER

3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into your cupped hand—enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.

4. SHOW children how to dab—*not rub*—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Always measure out the right amount of Pepsodent Powder for small children.



5. HANG tooth brushes up to dry after use. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.

6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

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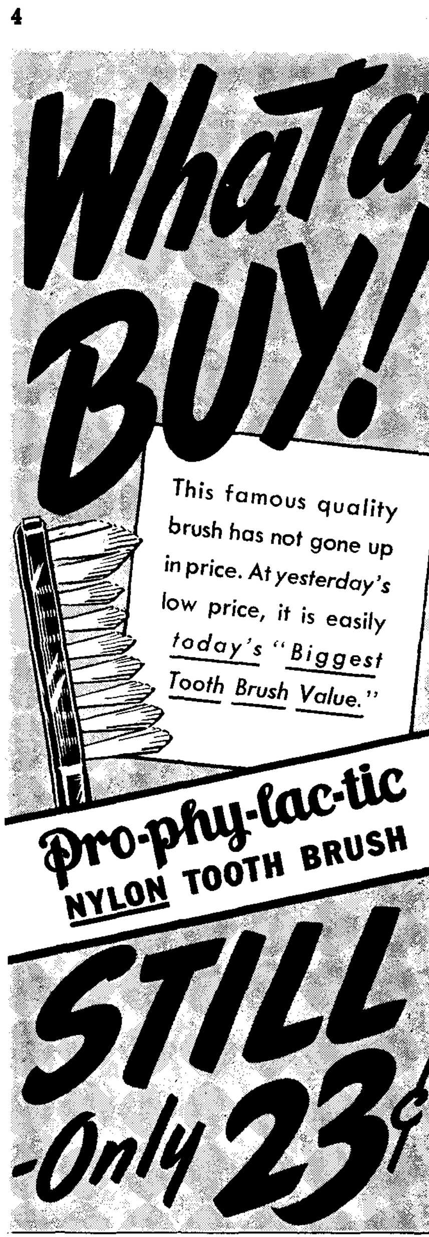

What a BUY!
This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢

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10¢
BC
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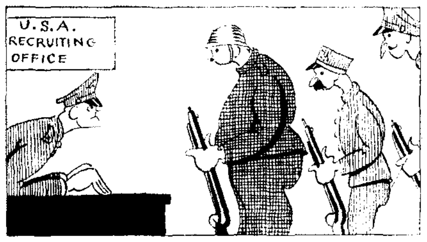
"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

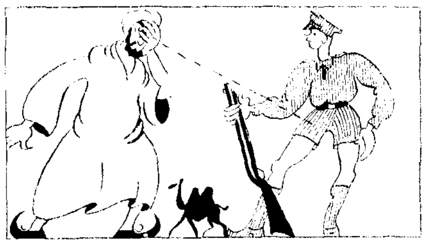
ANY WEEK

SINCE our guys landed in Africa we've had a lot of letters setting forth what the writers thereof would do if they were Hitler, Goebbels, Goering or any of those bull Nazis. The consensus is that they'd be taking it on the lam for England, yelling, "Move over, Rudy Hess, you old fox!" Several of our readers want to write articles on the subject. One of them, Mr. Ernest Trubody of Cleveland, Ohio, writes to remind us that he has evidence that Herr Hess took off for England after failing to impress Hitler with a dream he had, just before he became Britain's prize refugee. Mr. Trubody doesn't go into details. He merely says his facts show that Rudy went to Adolf and said, in effect, "Boss, these English are suckers for a sob story. Let's go!" But Hitler refused, saying that the racket was going good and that he didn't trust Hermann Goering. Anyway Mr. Trubody, backed up by Aunt Felicia's Dream Book and Everyman's Horoscope, wishes to write a piece. We have turned the idea over to our betters. From a Canadian sergeant major in Toronto we learn that Herr Hess is *earning* his "best of board and keep" by writing letters to lesser-known but very potent Nazi stooges telling them what they're missing and what's in store for them if they don't do a Hess. How the sergeant major knows this is of course the sergeant major's secret. Several letters assure us that the writers know nothing except that if they were Nazi politicians they'd light out for North Africa and have a nice talk with General Eisenhower. And so would we. Our mail is full of such stuff. From another soldier we learn that the Army can feed the opposition into surrender. It's his opinion that if we just throw the chow lines open to all who want to be on our side, we'll win the war before spring. Indeed, it's apt to become a little embarrassing. "Even the British will be enlisting in the American Army," says he.



WE'RE getting a little nervous. Every day for a couple of weeks we've been getting a post card from Tullahoma, Tennessee. On them there is a single sentence: "Some day maybe you will be wiser—if you live." The whistling you hear is ours.

BEFORE the blow falls, we give you a protest from Doctor Oliver Junewine of Austin, Texas. Doctor Junewine, who might, he says, append numerous initials to his name, "if I were purchasable," is going to take stern measures of some sort if the United States of America puts its African troops into "indecent, lascivious, un-American shorts." He does not say what he will do, should our lads take to shorts as the British do in Africa. But "the foes of righteousness have felt the weight of my wrath," says the doctor, "and I have sent hundreds of such people to jail for indecent exposure." Then: "Let our enemies in Asia, Europe and Africa see us in filthy short pants, which are nothing better than underwear, and they will know that we cannot fight mortal man and the God of decency too."



IN THE meantime, a lady in Sacramento, California, informs us that last July her husband went to work for the United States Engineers as a helper. She says that he quit in twelve days. He didn't mind being a helper, but he did not see why he should draw government wages as "one of three helpers of a guy who himself did nothing." So her husband hearkened to his heavy conscience, quit, went to work for a private concern, "where he gets no holidays off, no extra pay for overtime, and brings his work home with him at night. But he's much happier—the dope!" More than three months later, he received a letter from the United States Engineers—Form CP50, Substitute for Form 4A. *It* informed him that he had, as of November 9, 1942, satisfactorily completed his three-months probationary period and that his position was now permanent. The lady adds: "We can't help wondering what happened to the salary he supposedly was getting between the date of his resignation and the time when the government decided he was one of its permanent employees. But we are willing to skip that, if they'll send him the War Savings Stamp for which $2.40 was deducted from his pay during the twelve days he was there."

THAT'S all for now. Just got another post card from Tullahoma, Tennessee.

. . . W. D.

THIS WEE

JANUARY 9, 194

SHORT STORIES

THOMAS H. RADDALL
The Golden Age. Courage isn't for youth. Pag

MOSSER MAUGER
The Stars Came Down. You can' logical and in love. Pag

VICTORIA LINCOLN
Something Specific. Miss Ji takes her cue from the Good B Pag

PHILIP WYLIE
Flingding. Glamor is only skin-d Pag

ROARK BRADFORD
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The Outsider, by Elizabeth Fost Pag

SERIAL STORIES

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GEORGE F. WORTS
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"Complete, Absolute Victory!" General Montgomery's 8th Army nihilated Rommel's Afrika Korps Pag

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Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked The movies may be Number war casualty. Pag

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FRELING FOSTER
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WING TALK. Pag

EDITORIAL
Year of Destiny. Pag

COVER FREDERIC M

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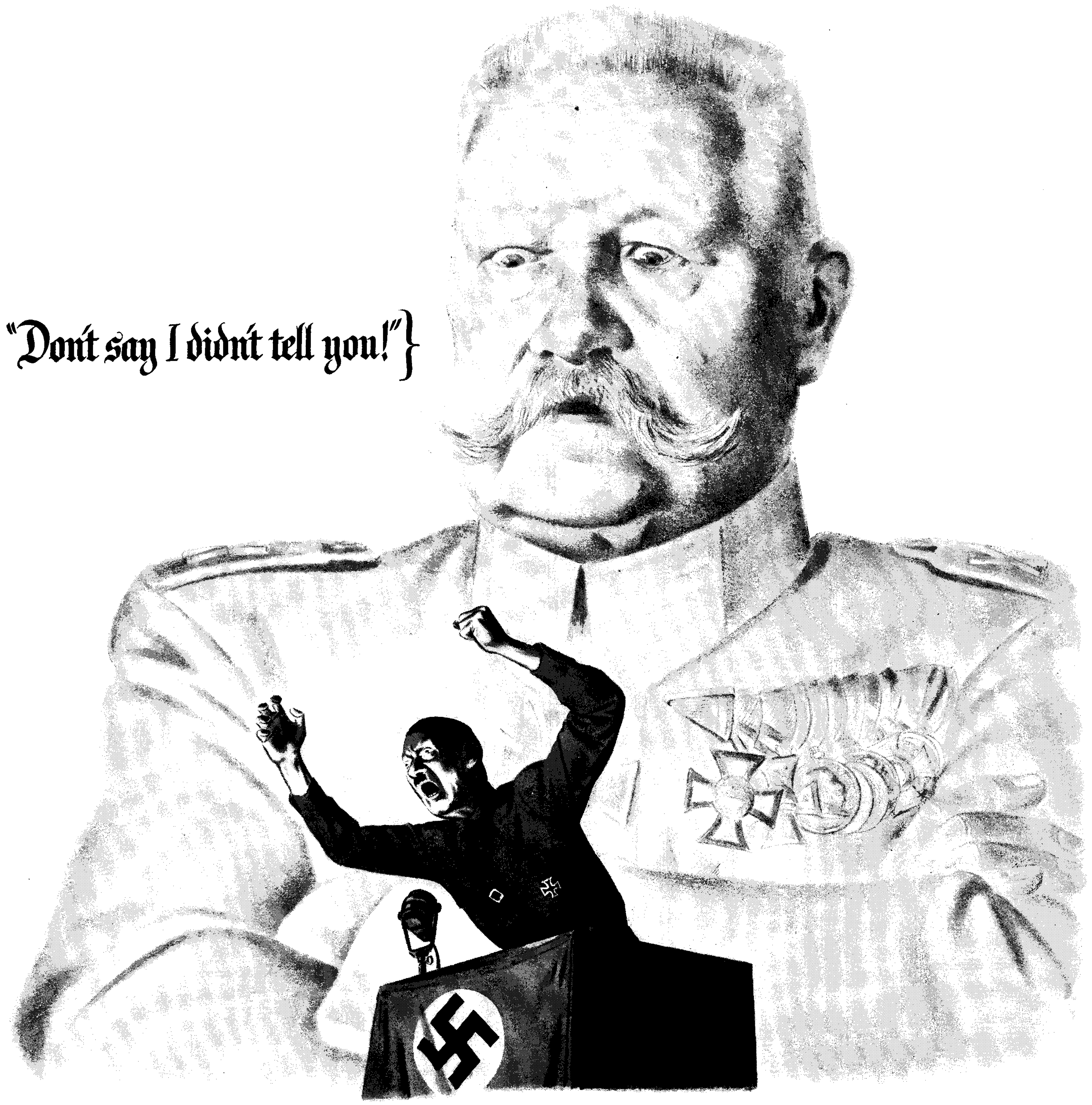
"Don't say I didn't tell you!"

PAUL VON HINDENBURG was a professional soldier with little taste for politics—and little love for the upstart paperhanger whom he had to accept as Chancellor.

After the last war, the shrewd old Prussian put his finger on one prime reason for Germany's defeat, with these words: "America's brilliant, if pitiless, war industry had entered the service of patriotism and had not failed it. . . . They understood war."

Now history is repeating itself for Hindenburg's successor! America's war industry *again* is pouring out planes, tanks and guns—meeting production goals that seemed fantastic at first.

Back of this fast-growing military power is *electric power*—far *more* power than Hitler and all his henchmen have—turning the machines that turn out everything from bullets to battleships.

Behind the great bulk of this power are the electric companies under experienced business management—doing their job right around the clock and the calendar—delivering electric power in increasing, incredible quantities!

And back of it all, of course, is the American way of life at work—where free men are encouraged to invent, invest, produce, and *everybody* benefits—a way of life the little rabble-rousing, rug-biting dictator will never understand—until, perhaps, in some shadowy hereafter, he hears his old commander mutter:

"I told you so."

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HAIR THAT LOOKS...AND IS... BETTER!

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

YOU DO IT THIS WAY... Every day when you comb your hair, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp . . . that's all you need for well-groomed hair. It checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff too, because it supplements the natural scalp oils. As an extra aid, massage your hair vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing —and rub a little on your scalp afterwards. Yes! for double care, both scalp and hair . . . try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And remember: It's different from anything you've ever used, because it contains absolutely no drying ingredient!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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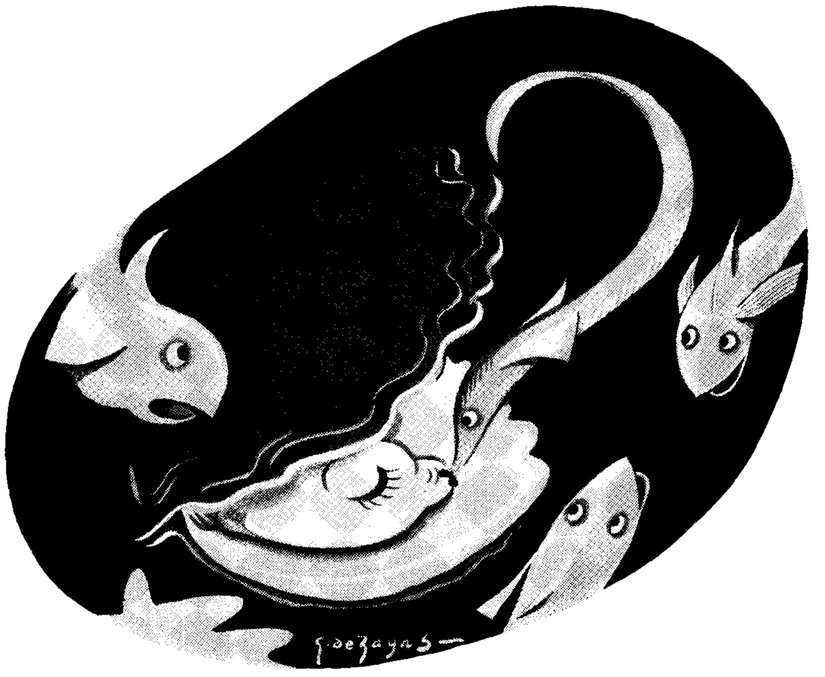

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the closest "friendships" in the marine world exists between the pearl oyster and the pearlfish, *Carapus affinis*, a small, eel-like fish occurring on the Pacific Coast of tropical America. Like an inseparable companion, this fish virtually spends its entire life curled up within the shell of the oyster, leaving it only for short intervals in search of food.

Only two expeditions in history have traveled the Northwest Passage, or between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans along the northern coast of America. The first was a westward voyage made from King William Land to Herschel Island by Roald Amundsen and six companions between 1903 and 1906. The second was an eastward voyage made from Vancouver to Sydney, Nova Scotia, by eight Canadians between June, 1940, and October, 1942.

Combat, an underground newspaper published in the Vichy section of France, recently became so widely read and powerful that government officials are now trying to counteract its influence with a paper of their own, which uses the same name, type and page size in order to delude the readers.

The Nazis, realizing that a ban on the sale of liquor in the vicinity of our Army posts would cause much bitterness and disunity among the soldiers, now broadcast on shortwave to America fantastic tales about widespread drunkenness in our military camps, thus trying, through such propaganda, to get mothers to demand prohibition for the men in the service.

The original copies of our Constitution and our Declaration of Independence have been removed from Washington to a secret vault where they are safe from bombs, fire, water, gas and enemy looters. Furthermore, their hiding place is known only to the Librarian of Congress and the Archivist of the United States.

The caffein content of the beans taken from one coffee tree in one season may vary as much as 3,000 per cent.—*By Georgia McKeown, Berkeley, California.*

The new nickels will contain no nickel. They are made of 56 per cent copper, 35 per cent silver and nine per cent manganese, while the present coins are 75 per cent copper and 25 per cent nickel. Incidentally, there probably will be the usual crop of unfounded rumors which follow the minting of new five-cent pieces—that they will not work in some coin-operated devices.

Some freshly laid eggs are not fresh. When frightened shortly before she is ready to lay, a hen is likely to retain the egg for several days. Consequently, after having been kept at her body temperature for such a period, the egg is actually stale when it is laid.—*By Agnes Arbour, Fresno, California.*

The occupational survey recently made by the Selective Service System for the third draft registration revealed that a large percentage of men do not work at the trade or profession in which they were trained and are skilled. Among those employed at other work were 8,361 out of 18,905 toolmakers, 22,691 out of 42,531 engineers, 58,105 out of 108,901 machinists, and 77,411 out of 128,245 electricians.

Giant flywheels in some stabilizing gyroscopes in large ocean liners require nearly three hours to reach their maximum speed of fifteen revolutions a second, while the water wheels in some turbines in hydroelectric plants will run on momentum, unless the brakes are applied, for more than twelve hours.—*By S. B. Straus, New York, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

MIGHTY LUNGS
for Roaring Airpower

WHEN A MUSTANG "KICKS" a Nazi troop train . . . when a Corsair dives on a Jap cruiser . . . when a Flying Fortress or a Liberator takes off on a 2,000-mile trip . . . and when a Thunderbolt strikes a Heinkel five miles up . . . their roaring engines must have lungs . . . lungs to supply the "breath of life" to do each job.

Providing this fighting lung-power are the mighty lungs of **"The Invisible Crew"** of Bendix equipment—"STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors. For they breathe five tons of air an hour into every engine and mix it with fuel under pressure in exactly the right proportions.

Fully automatic, "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors make instant adjustments for the blinding speeds, screaming dives and climbs and "tight" twists and turns that are bringing victories to our fighters. Precisely metering air and fuel, they are helping our bombers predetermine fuel consumption to fractions of a gallon and range farther with heavier loads. Supercharged, they're taking our planes higher into thin air for conquests in the sub-stratosphere.

The Bendix engineering mind has mastered complex problems of aerial carburetion to give our fliers an edge in flight and battle. And this is just one vital member of **"The Invisible Crew."** Others fly, roll and sail into combat with our Invincible Crews on every front. Tens of thousands of Bendix craftsmen are devoting their skill and hearts to precision production on a mass scale to help win the war and the peace to come.

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION

Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding Members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts

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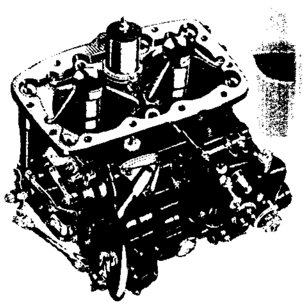
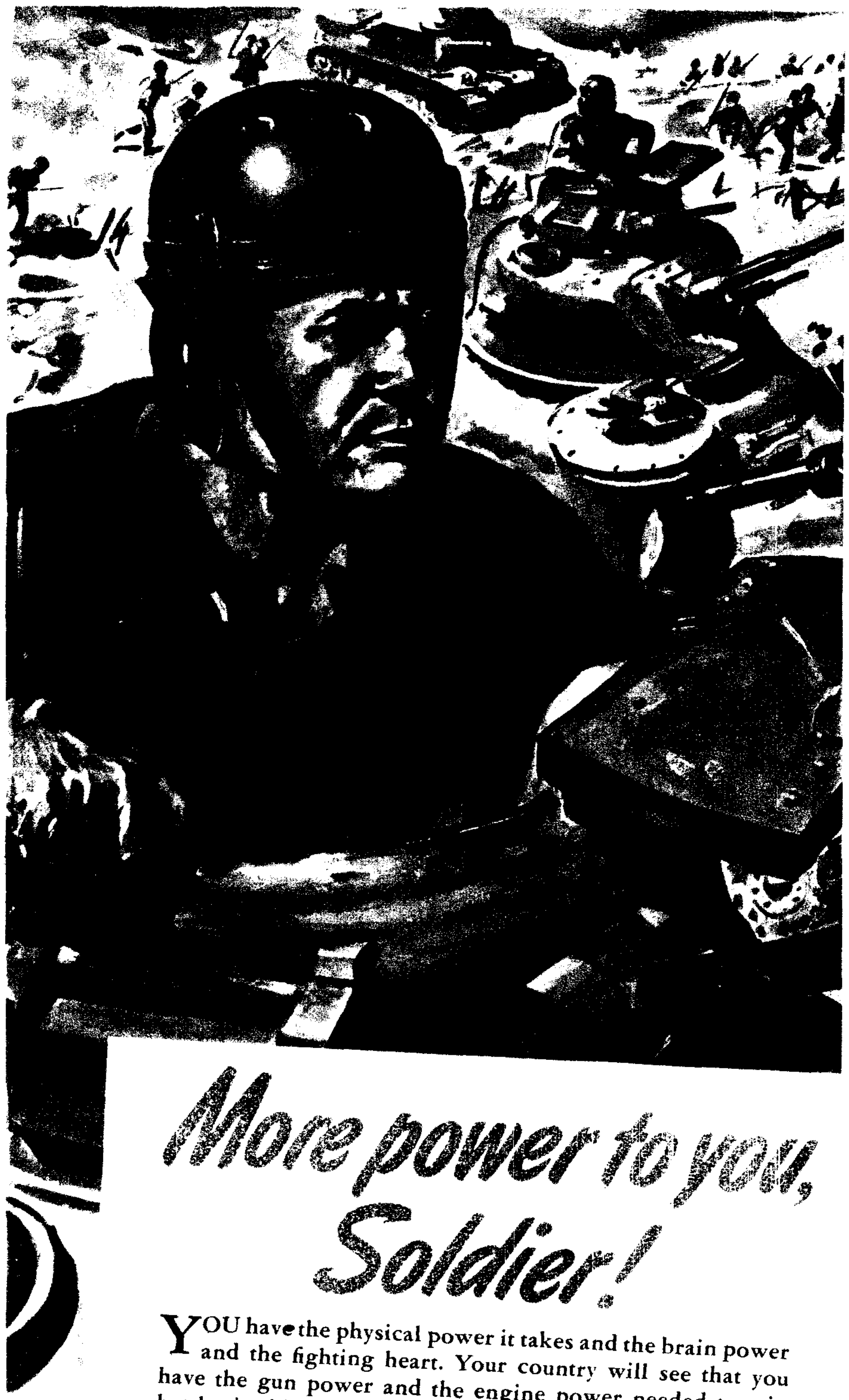
THE MIGHTY LUNGS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"



The "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetor is new in principle. Air flowing into the carburetor at triple tornado speeds is carefully metered to actuate a regulator, which controls fuel discharge under pressure. It provides exact, automatic proportioning of air and fuel for varying speeds, loads and maneuvers. Its mixture control device automatically compensates for all altitude density changes. "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors are standard equipment on most American aircraft.

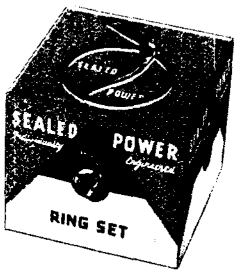


More power to you, Soldier!

YOU have the physical power it takes and the brain power and the fighting heart. Your country will see that you have the gun power and the engine power needed to win battles in this age. We at Sealed Power are mighty proud of you—and proud, also, of our assignment to furnish piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for the tanks, trucks and jeeps on which your life may depend. Our engineers and craftsmen are working to insure the utmost dependability of your engines in every climate under battle conditions.

And more power to you folks on the home front who must get to and from vital war jobs! It is more important than ever for you to get every possible mile out of the gasoline and oil you are allowed and to protect the life of your engine for the duration. If you are not getting maximum mileage from your gas and oil, have a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings installed. Available in packaged sets individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



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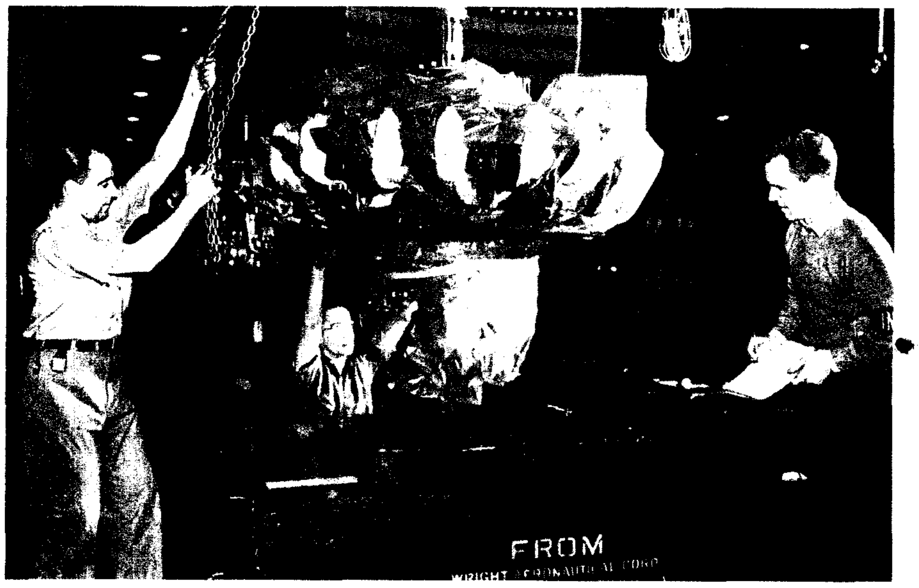


FROM WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORP.

Protecting Flying Fortress engines from moisture. Above: Wright Cyclone 9-cylinder job is lowered into its skin of Pliofilm. Below: Workers place silica gel on cylinders and in the oil sump

WING TALK

ONE of the many results of the smashing victory scored by Admiral William F. Haley's warships over the Japs off Guadalcanal on November 13th should be an improvement in the morale of the Navy's surface-ship sailors.

Until that brilliantly fought battle, they had no adequate answer for the men of the Fleet air arm who liked to talk of the successes of the Navy's carrier task forces and the Jap ships sunk by dive bombers and torpedo planes. The airmen had an irritating way of rubbing in the fact that surface warships did not get into action in the crucial Battle of Midway.

They used to tell one story over the mess tables and club bars which got under the skin of many a battleship and cruiser officer. It concerned a Navy flier who was shot down in the sea west of Midway.

The flier, so went the tale, managed to get his rubber raft inflated and was paddling eastward, when over the crest of a swell came another rubber boat bearing a shot-down Nipponese pilot. Whipping out his revolver, the Jap opened fire on the American. The latter, caught by surprise, went over the side, and the son of the Rising Sun started to board the larger and more strongly built American life raft. By this time, however, the Yank had gotten his own revolver out, and coming to the surface, coolly shot the Jap. He then reboarded his rubber raft and later was rescued.

At this point, the Navy airman telling the story would pause and then add, grinning nastily:

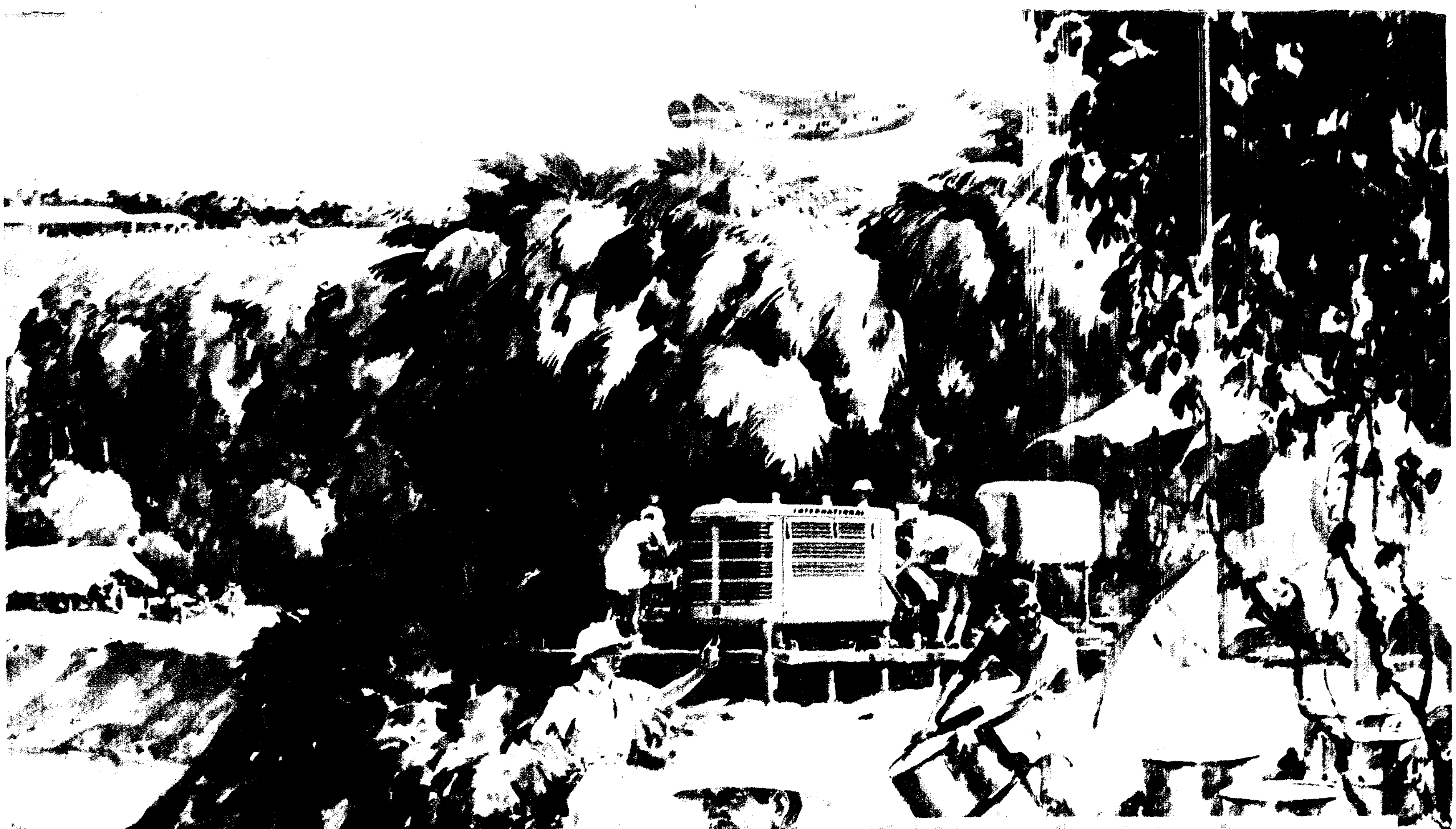
"So you see, it is not true to say that there was no surface action in the Battle of Midway."

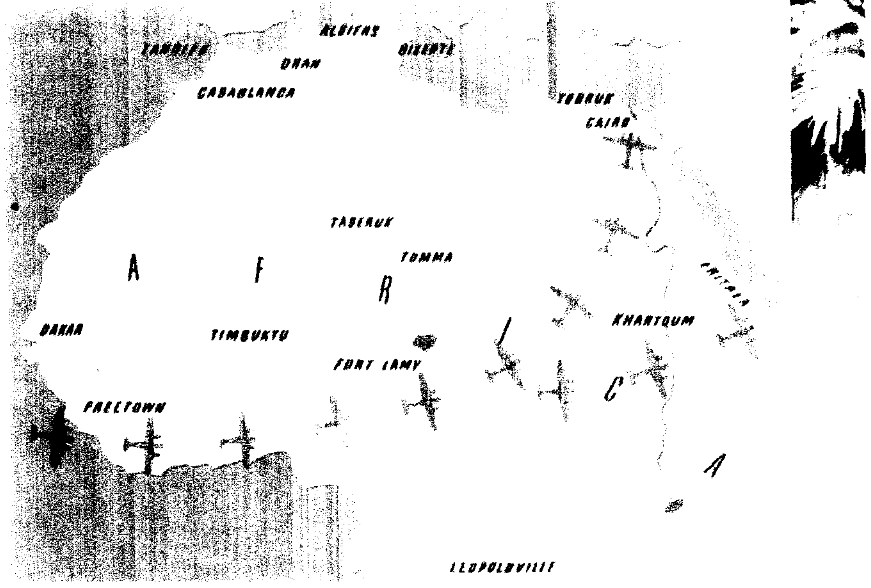
AMERICAN chemists have given the war effort a notable contribution which will pay dividends in industry when the Axis is defeated and normal life is resumed. They have developed a "magic crystal" which prevents arms and metal equipment from corroding during the long hauls to the fighting fronts overseas.

Formerly, whenever airplane motors, guns, tanks or other equipment with unpainted metal were shipped, they had to be packed in heavy grease to prevent rust from making them unusable. This prevented their being put into service immediately upon arrival at the front—where often they were badly needed.

For example, officials say it takes about 100 man-hours to clean a greased-up airplane motor before it is ready for use. Moreover, there have been occasions when munitions lay idle for weeks because there was no solvent on hand to clean them.

(Continued on page 65)





SKYWAY TO THE BATTLE FRONTS!

International Diesel Power serves Pan American across Africa

"Plenty and on time!" With breath-taking speed Pan American Airways built the now-famous South Atlantic and African aerial life line for the Air Transport Command. Young, and plenty tough, the operation is a transportation miracle of the war.

In just 61 days, on Presidential order, Pan American got this new trans-hemisphere transport service in action, with planes winging across a vast expanse of ocean, dense jungles, scorching deserts.

Aboard the Clippers speeding out from the American terminals are ever-mounting loads of war-vital men and materials . . . for the fighting fronts in Africa, in Russia and India, in China and the South Pacific.

The forging of the vital chain of aerial bases to complete the routes across nearly 18,000 miles of land and sea will stand forever as one of the most inspiring chapters in aviation history.

It involved organizing a technical army of more than a thousand men, assembling a veritable mountain of materials, then transporting and spreading them over a route encircling half the globe. It meant anchoring marine and land bases in trackless territories. It meant coping with health hazards, braving submarine and aerial attack, and operating the ferrying services that pressed close on the heels of construction.

With the expert authority of the Air Transport Command and the unstinted cooperation of American manufacturers, the job was swiftly done. The way lay clear to great events. . . . *Here, as all the world knows, was a route destined to play hob with Axis strategy!*

Says an Executive of Pan American: "One might call the International Power Units the 'hearts' of our stations in Africa. We depend on the power from these plants for the lighting of buildings, shops and airports; the operation of pumps for the water supply systems; refrigeration of meats and other food supplies; electric ranges for cooking; ventilating fans; air conditioning units; laundry machinery; shop tools and equipment; the heating of water and other miscellaneous uses."

International Harvester is proud of the part played by powerful International Diesel Units on the Pan American route to the Middle East and the Orient.

On many another life line in the global war, International Crawler Tractors and Power Units, and thousands of International Trucks, speed the way to battle. Like all International Harvester Products, known the world over, today they are *devoted to war—dedicated to Victory.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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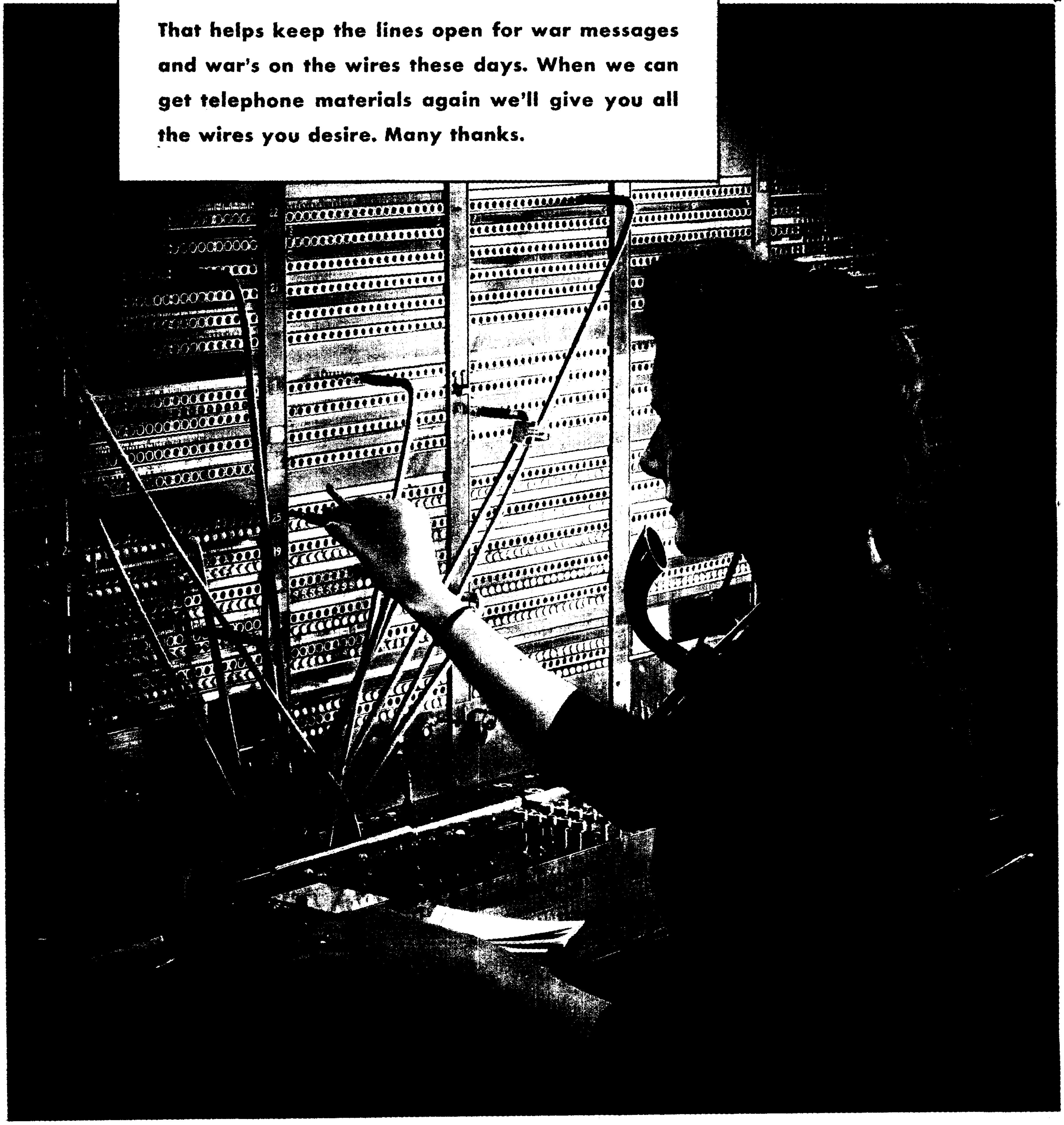

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 9, 1943

THE *golden*

BY *thomas h. raddall*

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

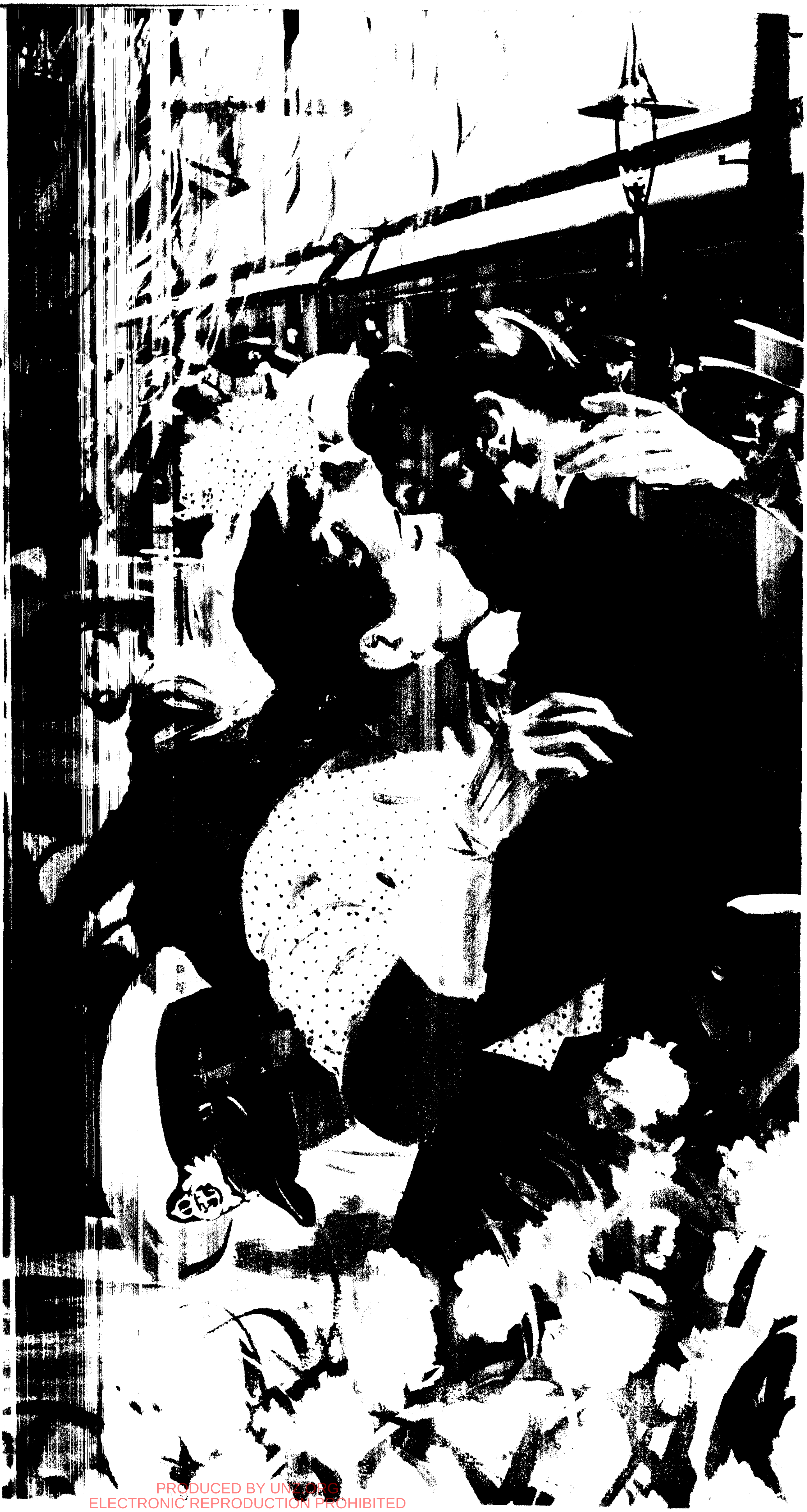
It was her second war, and it brought her greater wisdom in the ways of men

AS THE train drew near Port Ballard, Marian was conscious of a delightful prickling all over, and was amused at herself. It was absurd to think that she was forty-six and her husband nearly fifty. She felt like a bride. And it was all so like the first war, when they were young; the months of separation, the letters that arrived jerkily, in little bunches, hastily scrawled in out-of-the-way naval ports, and at heavenly intervals the telegram cautiously worded for the censor's benefit with a curt and demanding—"This (or that) Hotel, Plymouth (or London or Derry or Aberdeen) on or after fifteenth love John."

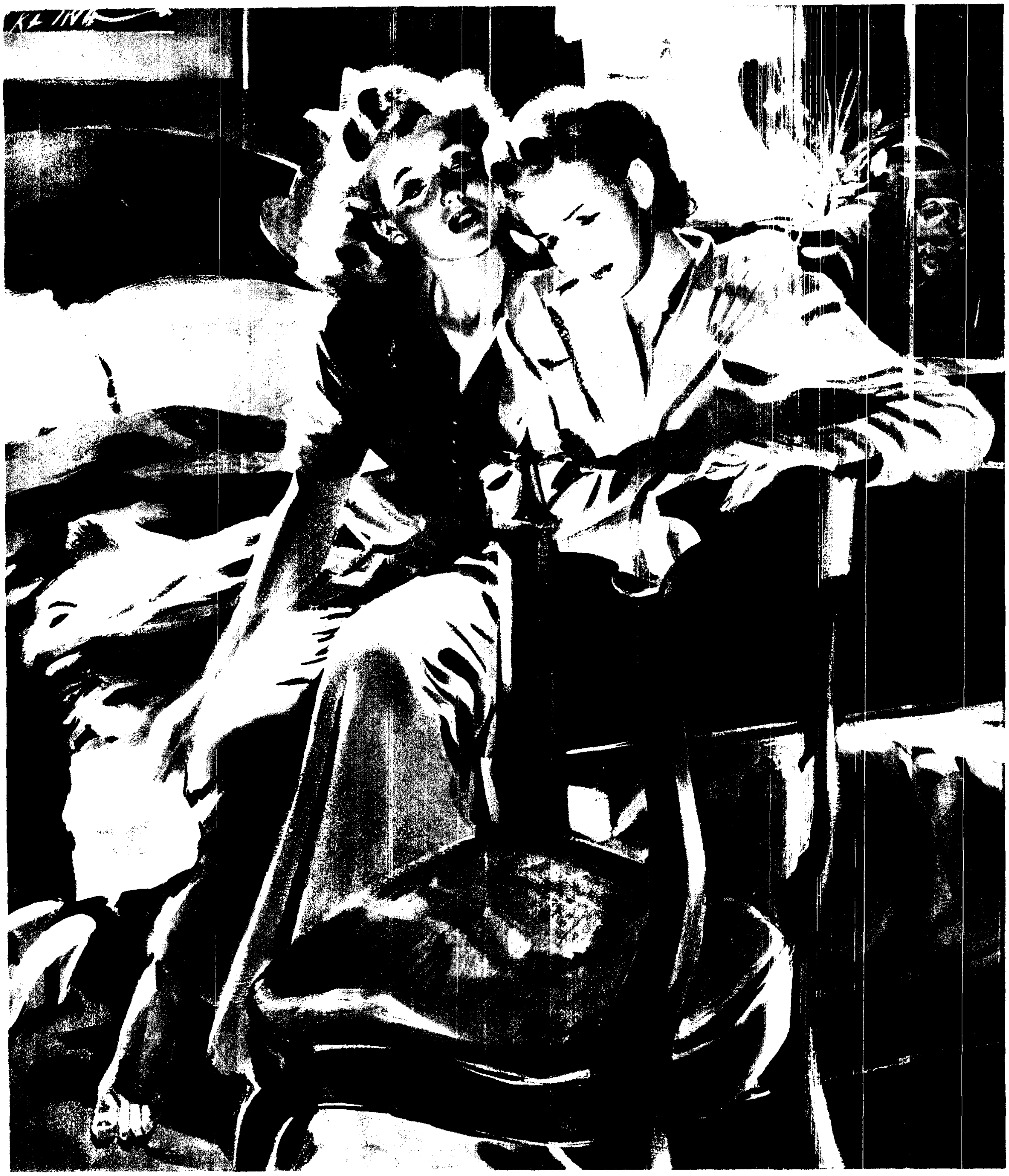
She had met him in Montreal in '16, a brand-new sublieutenant on his way overseas to join some sort of motorboat patrol about the British coast. He was tall and dark and lively and, to her eyes, handsome as all the gods in one. Marian was not so tall nor so slim, a matter which gave her some regret—you weren't supposed to have a bust in those days. But she was just as full of life, and they were made for each other and knew it. There was a week of dancing and tennis and swimming, always together, and at the end of it they were married and went overseas, John in a transport with a number of ratings in his charge, Marian in a lumbering old Allan liner.

They had taken a flat in London, the confident but slightly delirious London of 1916, and there she had awaited those telegrams which drew her, palpitating and shining-eyed, to half the ports of the Kingdom. And in London in 1918 young Robin was born, true child of love and war, in which all things are fair.

The war passed over them lightly. In two years of hazard John Hericot suffered not a scratch, not even a ducking in the cold English seas. And his luck carried over into the peace years. In a world where most men



Marian rushed past the porter. John saw her at the same time. They threw their arms about each other. Marian's eyes filled with tears. From the car windows, the sailors stared



"You—you didn't tell your husband?" young Mrs. Raeburn asked. "How brave —how very brave you are!" "No," Marian said slowly. "Courage is something that you have only when you're young"

seemed to be out of work he found an opening in the insurance business in Montreal and, what is more, made money at it. As time went by they acquired a pleasant home in the plush surroundings of Westmount, and in a state of well-furnished ease they had slid placidly into middle age and sent young Robin to McGill to study for the law. Then, as if designed to upset their lives, had come the new war, setting the calendar back twenty years at a swoop, with John off to take a refresher course as an officer of the naval reserve and young Robin throwing up his studies to enter the navy himself.

It was rather a shock for Marian to find herself at once the wife and mother of warriors. It was asking a lot of a woman to play this dual role at forty-six. Of course, the mother role was easy enough. Rob was a sublieutenant in a mine sweeper on the East Coast: he spent short leaves with her in Montreal and, once or twice, when his ship was in Halifax she had flown down to spend a few days with him. She liked being seen with him, being introduced to worshipful young women as his mother. Rob was handsome, the image of John at that age and in that uniform, and the sight of him sometimes gave her a queer pang, as if he really were John, as if time had stood still for John while she grew old.

In fifteen months she had not seen her husband. He was commanding a corvette in the Western Approaches and in all that time had been no nearer home than Iceland. But now, miraculously, he was back in Nova Scotia: he had brought his rusty and battered little corvette to Canada for a refit, and he had sent her one of those mysterious telegrams that were so like the old times, that somehow conveyed his need of her.

SHE was going to him eagerly enough but with a dismaying sensation of going into battle with obsolete equipment. Other naval wives of her age and acquaintance had told her with ill-concealed sighs how young their husbands looked after a few months back in the service: how lean and hard and brown they were, how full of restless energy; and she had seen in their eyes and noted in their voices the plaintiveness of women who find that nothing, not even the magic of war can bring back their own youth.

John was to meet her at the railway station in Port Ballard. It was a mixed train and the journey was slow. The line followed the coast and at every small inlet there were boxes of fish to be loaded and various sorts of freight to be put off. But these glimpses of the sea fascinated her; separated as they were by miles of dark forest where there was nothing to watch but the telegraph posts crawling past and the monotonous wires going up and down. She thought of the sea as John's and Robin's. This was where they played so much with death and thought so little of it. It looked very blue and peaceful and it was astounding to reflect that just outside the rocky headlands shimmering in the sunshine were lurking German submarines.

The station at Port Ballard was a small red-painted wooden chalet like all the others along the line. The platform swarmed with the usual small-town crowd at traintime, but Marian noticed a number of naval ratings about to get on the train. They were a merry crew. Some had been drinking, and people on the platform were smiling and helping them with their dunnage. But suddenly a frost fell on them all; the life went out of their faces and left nothing but brown masks. A tall officer was walking past. He returned their salutes mechanically and as soon as he was three paces past, they scrambled into the train, muttering. The officer was John.

The porter stood on the platform holding Marian's hand baggage. She rushed past him. John saw her at the same time. They threw their arms about each other and Marian's eyes filled with warm tears. From the car windows the sailors stared.

She drew herself out of his embrace and they stood apart a little, hands clasped, conscious that people were staring at them and not caring. Marian was secretly relieved to find that he was still the John she knew. There was nothing uncomfortably changed about him. Sun and weather had given his large features a brick color, that was all. He was not lean by any means; he had put on a little flesh if anything, the slight paunch which had been the jest of their snug little Montreal circle was, if anything, more pronounced; his uniform seemed to strain at the buttons. He had a plethoric look. There were folds under his eyes which with wifely solicitude she put down to strain. His mouth tasted and his breath smelled strongly of whisky.

She said lightly, "Oh-ho! And the sun not over the yardarm!"

He looked away, muttering something about all the rules being changed for this war.

HE HAD a taxi waiting and they drove to one of the town's three hotels, a small wooden structure stuccoed to look like gray stone and with a false front cut in falser embrasures that gave an effect of height if not of solidity.

"The rooms aren't much but the food's good and there's a charming little garden at the rear," John explained. Marian took off her hat and went into the bathroom to freshen up. When she emerged, John was pouring himself a whisky from a bottle on the little table by the window. She watched the stuff mount in the glass: one, two, three fingers—three of John's big fingers.

"Isn't that rather a stiff one for this time of morning, dear?"

He looked up, surprised. "Eh? Oh! Well, I've got a stiffish day ahead of me. Most of my crew are off to spend their twenty-eight-day leave; my Number One's got another half-stripe and left yesterday to take command of a new corvette up the St. Lawrence, and Guns and the navigator are taking courses somewhere." And irritably, "Any excuse to get clear of the ship. I'm left to run the show with three men and a boy while the shore crowd tears the ship to pieces."

He poured a little water from the carafe into the whisky, tipped up the glass and drank thirstily.

"I should have thought you'd refit at Halifax," Marian said.

"Halifax is a busy place. Little hookers like mine must refit where they can. This is really a nice little town. There's a good movie show and a government liquor store and a very decent golf course a few miles out."

Marian flung out the question which had burned on her lips all the way from Montreal: "How long have you—we—got?"

"The job should take a month at least."

"Marvelous!" She threw her arms about his neck impulsively. He put the glass down carefully behind her and embraced her. He kissed that generous mouth of hers with a wholly pleasing vigor.

"It's like old times," she whispered. She was glad she had kept her figure.

"Old times," John said, and kissed her again.

A FORTNIGHT went by on wings that if not golden were at least becomingly gilded. They played golf nearly every afternoon and spent their evenings at the movies or in one or other of the hospitable homes open to them in the town. It was a delightful place with an elm-shaded Main Street running beside the tidal river where the corvette lay and there were fine walks in the woods above the town or along the shore. After two days of her company John shed his gloomy, harassed air like a skin. He laughed a good deal and was full of ideas for her diversion. In spite of the flesh he had put on at sea he still made a fine figure in a uniform; people were attracted by his hearty air, and women turned to look at him.

Marian found herself buying a younger brassière and painting her legs (she had always been rather vain about her legs, her one "good" point) in the popular wartime fashion. She bought some shorter dresses and some quite frivolous underwear and had her hair done in the new off-the-face style which made her look taller. A few years before she would have thought all this rather bad taste and even now she had a dismal suspicion that she was making herself ridiculous. She had always held a fine scorn for women in the late summer or autumn of life who clung to the gossamer trappings of spring. But now she saw that what other women thought of you did not matter in the least. You made yourself young for John.

And she succeeded. He became attentive to her person as he had not been in years. He deferred to her wishes in everything. She even persuaded him to drink less. She was very adroit about that, and when one day he confessed that liquor upset his digestion and he would be better off without it, she concealed her triumph with a jolly laugh and said he was getting much too angelic. He must drink a whisky-and-soda now and again or he would become impossible to live with. She mixed him one on the spot to prove that she meant what she said.

There were whole days when she scarcely thought of Robin at all and sometimes, lying awake at night with John breathing against her shoulder, she had a sense of guilt. But again she rejoiced, thinking how utterly marvelous it was that at forty-six she could command the attentions of a lover and the adoration of a son. Surely this was the golden age for a woman! And to think that but for the war she would never have known it! It amused her to reflect that in the final analysis all the schemes of that fire-eating madman in Germany had been designed to prevent Marian Hericot from becoming a frump.

She had a favorite nook in the hotel garden, a green bench hidden in the shrubbery where she could take a cushion or two and laze in the sun or read or knit a little on the sweater she had started for Robin.

She was sitting there one morning when she heard John's step on the gravel walk. She looked up, surprised. He invariably spent the morning at the repair company's dock, aboard the corvette, checking up on the progress of repairs and wrestling with the documents and "signals" which officialdom required.

She had an instinct that something was wrong and when he appeared around the end of the syringa bushes she was sure of it. His face was dark with unhappiness and some other emotion she could not understand. She dropped the knitting and sprang up, her white heel grinding the cherished wool into the grass. She ran to him crying, "What is it?" and seeing the telegram in his hand, "Something awful's happened. What is it? Is it—is it Robin?" All the beautiful flicker of youth which had come to her so unexpectedly went from her at once. She felt old and ill. And while her knees trembled and her wide eyes watched every tremor of his lips he blurted out, "I'm to rush the refit. I'm to sail in three days!"

Marian's relief was so immense that she sank on the grass, cackling in a queer high voice, "Oh, my darling, is that all?"

COLLIER'S "You may blow the horn now, Travers" RICHARD TAYLOR

He muttered, "You don't understand. I'd counted on a month at least."

She laughed and wept hysterically; she was scarcely aware when he turned on his heel and strode off toward the street.

When she entered their bedroom an hour later to get ready for lunch she found John lying across the bed. A half-empty whisky bottle stood on the floor at the bedside. It was a warm July day and the room was hot and breathless and getting hotter by the minute. Soon the sun would pour against the southwest wall of the hotel and the room would be an oven. Before that happened each day they usually fled in a taxi to the little country club for some lazy holes of golf on the fresh greens beside the sea. There would be no golf today.

BEADS of perspiration formed on John's large face and oozed slowly down his cheeks. The counterpane under his head was dark with it. Marian's eyes sought the silver-mounted photograph of Robin on the dressing table. How fresh and clean and wholesome he looked! She thanked heaven that he was in another ship and far away.

She went down to lunch alone and found the small dining room nearly filled with young naval officers and their wives. There was much laughter and banter back and forth, and Marian caught the name of the corvette and realized suddenly that these must be her husband's new officers, sent down from Halifax to take the ship to sea. She wondered what these keen-looking young men would think if they could see John now. In a moment she heard her husband's name.

"Quite a bear, I'm told," said the voice.

"Oh?"

"Timmy McDaid was with him overseas the past year. Told me the man had a temper like a sick Alsatian. Lots of guts and all that, but nobody liked him—the men hated him. There was some sort of scandal about him kicking a signalman—hushed up, of course—but sailors have memories like elephants for anything like that. Hericot was hauled up on the carpet for it, I believe, and got a tremendous wigging. Of course, the man drinks like a fish."

Marian's ears burned. She played with her soup for a minute and then left the dining room casually as if she had forgotten something. She went straight to the nook in the garden. She could not bring herself to face John, until he was himself. She wondered how many others knew the story. Did Robin know? Perish the thought!

The afternoon was an eternity. She had a healthy digestion and she missed having had her lunch. When the little bell rang its warning for dinner she went up to the bedroom resolutely. John was still on the bed; he was asleep.

She went down to dinner and ate an omelette whose every mouthful seemed to choke her. The officers and their wives were very gay, but there was a strained note in the voices of the young women and Marian pitied them from the bottom of her heart. She had been through all that in the last war. She wondered if their husbands would ever realize how much the light laughter cost these charming girls. For a man at sea in these times there was monotony and discomfort—and fear—but a prospect of adventure always. For the women left ashore there was only the monotony and the fear.

She saw them withdraw to the hotel veranda. From its worn easy chairs they could look down on the shady street where, in the first dusk, the sailors from the corvette were strolling and flirting with Port Ballard's housemaids. At ten o'clock the bell rang a few slow strokes in the fire-station tower and the solitary town policeman began his curfew round, sending giggling boys and girls home and casting a solemn eye upon the dim figures spooning under the elms.

Marian went up to the room. She turned on the electric fan and undressed in the dark. John was still asleep.

She crept into the bed and lay quietly, thinking over the years she had passed with John. Toward morning she broke down and wept—and slept.

When she wakened he was in the bathroom, shaving. She pretended to be asleep until he had gone down to the ship. She dressed slowly and thought with a pang that soon he would be going from her, perhaps for another fifteen months, perhaps forever—but she refused to let her mind dwell on that.

As she approached the dining-room door the desk clerk brought her a telegram.

THE steam whistle at the repair slip was sounding a shrill one o'clock over the town when John returned to the hotel. He was wearing his second-best uniform, the one he wore at sea. It was faded and sea-stained and the stripes of his rank were so badly worn that the yellow cord showed through the gilt. He had left the other at the tailor's on the corner to be cleaned and pressed.

He carried a brief case, and his pockets were stuffed with papers and documents. His eyes were bloodshot and his voice was deep and unnatural but he came up the hotel steps briskly. Marian was standing by the west window when he came into the bedroom. She had done her hair in the old low fashion and was wearing a prewar dress.

He said at once, "Hello, what you wearing that old thing for?"

Marian said gravely, "There's something I want to tell you, John."

He flushed and looked down like a guilty schoolboy, saying desperately, "I know. But—don't say it now, Marian. Let's go down to lunch. I want you to meet my new officers—they're all staying here and some have their wives with them."

The young group had just come from cocktails in the Raeburns' room and were chattering merrily when John and Marian entered the dining room. The chatter perished at once and one or two of the young men began to get up respectfully and instinctively. John waved a hand and they sank into their seats. There were introductions. The young women acknowledged John's polite how-d'ye-do's with polite nods and murmurs. They looked rather hard at Marian. Doubtless they wondered how much of their careless conversations she had overheard, but she had an indignant notion that they were pitying her.

She made her eyes as cool as John's and slipped a hand in his arm as he turned toward the corner table. She forced herself to eat and to keep up a sprightly flow of talk through a meal that seemed interminable. After coffee the young officers lit cigarettes and waited for John to rise and go, as if he and they were already a single company in the little wardroom of the corvette.

MARIAN took pity on the young women. There was so little time left to them to enjoy together with their men in the sunshine. She arose, saying lightly to John, "And now you must have a cigarette with me in the garden before you bury yourself in that brief case."

On the bench in the seclusion of the syringa, far from earshot of the sun-baked hotel, Marian said quietly, "John, I'm afraid . . ."

"Don't say it!" he begged. "I'm so sorry about yesterday. I made a perfect swine of myself. You've been a brick, Marian, please hear me first. I've got to tell you." He lit a cigarette with a shaking hand and puffed at it furiously. "I don't know quite how to tell you. I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning. It was all right at first. It was fine to get back to sea with a command of my own. There were a lot of fellows anxious to get into those first corvettes and I was among the chosen few. I tell you I was as proud of that little tin hooker as if she'd been a battleship. I wanted to

(Continued on page 52)

THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

JILTED by a girl whom he idolizes—Claire Alloway, who marries the wealthy John Winston, in England—Michael Garrick, in Africa, becomes a hard drinker. Then, a thoroughly unhappy man, he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation.

Disgusted with Michael's frequent sprees, his wife—"Tommy"—sees much of a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare; and when Bob leaves for England, to take over a baronetcy, they are in love. But when Bob finally returns, he makes no attempt to hide the fact that he is infatuated with a beautiful blond widow who has come out on the same boat with him—*Mrs. John Winston!*

Michael has never changed. Despite himself, he still cares for Claire Winston—who, when they are introduced, acts—as he does—as though they have never before seen each other. . . . At Bob's suggestion, the four—the Garricks, Bob and Claire—go on a long hunt, a safari, in the Congo lion country. And Michael soon learns that Claire still loves him, is delighted to flirt with him, *but* that, apparently eager to acquire a title, she is not willing to let Sir Robert McNare go! . . .

Michael is a veteran hunter. In the days that follow, he does everything better than Bob; and Bob, watching him—and Claire—closely, soon realizes that undercurrents are running that he does not understand. He is jealous and mistrustful. When Claire urges him to return to England and go into politics (she paying the bills), he is disturbed. Can it be, he wonders, that she merely wants to be the wife of a baronet? . . .

The camp is deep in the lion sector. But, try as they may, they are unable to bag one of the big beasts. Then comes the morning when, returning from their *boma* (a sort of thorn-walled structure through which lions cannot penetrate), Tommy and Claire and Bob get the chance for which they have been waiting—an enormous lion charges them, the one Claire had wounded at the boma.

As the animal speeds toward them, all three prepare to fire. Nearer and nearer comes the big brute—then, almost on them, leaps in the air. Claire and Bob fire, almost simultaneously. The lion, hit, rears, is hurled backward, falls to the ground, lies there roaring. The trio watch the brute. The roaring stops. The lion lies motionless.

VI

LOOK out!" Bob's voice was sharp. Claire had started forward. "Stay where you are! You never know."

They waited while he went forward, his gun aimed. The vanished natives reappeared, clustering behind him, their eyes bulging, their white teeth beginning to flash in grins. Bob bent over the lion, then beckoned them to come.

"He's dead all right. Gosh, he's big!"

He was exultant; they were all exultant and a little awed, still shaken by the terror of that charge, by the feeling of danger narrowly escaped. They stood about the lion. He looked tremendous, stretched out there, but not as tremendous as he had looked when charging. Bob knelt and explored the tawny body.

"You got him—straight through the chest," he told Claire. "Mine was a shoulder shot—to bring him down." He looked the dead beast over carefully; he parted the mane and after an inspection he declared, "He's twice yours. He's the one you shot from the boma. Look—your shot went through his crest. You shot too high."

"I'm glad I did," said Claire gaily. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Her color was coming back. She said, "A charging lion," in a delighted voice.

"That's why the topis had the wind up," said Bob. "I was wondering—"

"A lot of antelope will thank you," said Tommy.

She said it to remind herself to be glad, because the lion looked so noble, too noble to be killed.

"He'll make a marvelous rug," said Claire. "That's really a good mane, isn't it, Robert?"

"Topping. Not black, of course—you don't get black manes here in the Congo. But you couldn't have a better golden mane."

"It looks like gold." Claire reached to touch it but Bob said "Ticks!" warningly, and she drew back her hand. The bristles of the mane were alive with tiny ticks, like beads of amber. Wryly Bob was examining his arm. "We'll have the deuce of a time with those chaps, skinning him," he said. He beamed at Claire Winston. "Now for a picture."

"My camera's in camp. But that doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not a bit. We'll fetch him in."

They found a tree, finally, large enough to provide a strong pole, and with the lion slung on that, the porters singing, elated with hope of matabeesh, they made their way to camp.

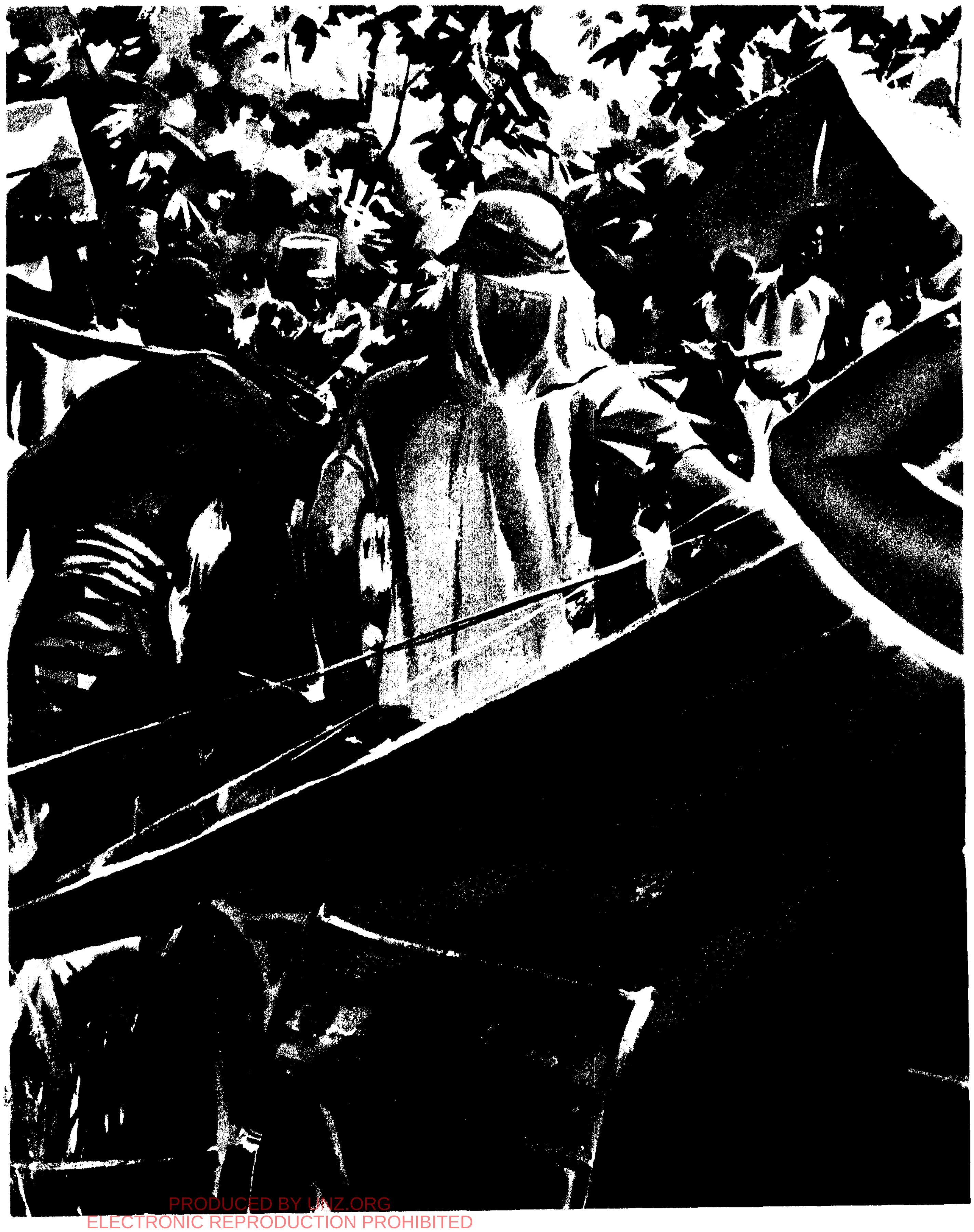
There the excitement renewed itself; they told Michael the story, Bob voluble with gladness, his constraint of the day before forgotten, and the porters told the other porters the story, acting it out, imitating the snarls, the charge, the roars. The camp was a confusion of talk and laughter and good feeling.

To have brought down a charging lion was a triumph, Michael declared. He was pleased, he said, that Africa was doing Claire so well with thrills—yesterday a buffalo, today a lion. He told her, "You had luck to have an actual charge. They're not so frequent. Except in books."

They were at table now, breakfasting hungrily on coffee, bacon, toast and marmalade, and Bob kept glancing off to the lion which was stretched out in a patch of shadow beneath a thorn tree, surrounded by jabbering natives. Then he looked suddenly about to Tommy, and told her hearteningly, "Now we'll get you one. Tonight!"

"Good!" Tommy smiled back, her face lighting. A lion was the least of her cares, but to go after lion meant being with Bob.

"Tonight—?" said Mrs. Winston



slowly, and seemed about to say more, but under the table Michael's foot moved swiftly and she was silent.

"Get yourselves plenty of sleep today," Michael counseled. "I'll see to the skinning."

"No, you won't," said Bob. "I'll take care of that before I turn in." Michael would only delegate the job and no native was to be trusted with that skin. "But first we'll have to take some pictures."

"I'll go prettify."

Mrs. Winston went off to her tent. The cook appeared for orders and it was decided not to have tiffin except for Bwana Garrick as the three hunters wished to sleep through the middle of the day. "And nothing much for me," said Michael. "Feel a bit seedy."

He smiled at the quick look the others gave him and strolled off.

Tommy looked contritely after him.

"That wasn't very decent of us," she said. "To be suspicious."

"No, it wasn't," said Bob.

"He's kept his word. Definitely."

"Yes, he has." Bob hesitated. He brought out, "You know, if he can do this now, why, things may be all right—"

Tommy's heart contracted. Bob wanting things to be all right with her and Michael! "They may," she said in a small painful voice, and began to look blindly into a jumbled chop box. Bob said uncertainly, "I'd better get my camera, too," and went to his tent.

MICHAEL sauntered about aimlessly. Bob came from his tent, went to the group about the lion. Tommy disappeared. Mrs. Winston emerged from her tent. Michael strolled up to her, offering a cigarette.

She shook her head. She had tilted back the brim of her wide felt hat so that it framed her face. Her eyes were like blue stars, their lashes subtly darkened.

"Very — photogenic," said Michael softly.

In an even lower voice he went on, "Let them plan to go out. Let them think you are going. At the last moment—get a headache."

"A headache—?" repeated Mrs. Winston, in the same lowered tone but with a questioning inflection.

"Yes. At the last moment. Say you can't sit up another night."

She glanced up. His dark eyes on her were charged with significance, with secret urgency; a quick, intent look passed between them. She murmured, "You think they'll go—?"

"A sporting chance. No harm in trying."

"But won't they expect you—?"

"To take Tommy out? No, I'll have a touch of fever—I'll start it soon not to be too—coincidal. But just a touch. Nothing to keep them back."

Swiftly she considered, her eyebrows arching in doubt. She questioned, "They'll think it quite right—?"

"If we make them think so."

Then he said lightly, "But don't let me lead you astray. If this is the first misstep—"

"Don't be a donkey!"

Claire tossed that out, from off the top of her preoccupation. Michael gave a thin, unseen smile. "Then why hesitate?"

She stood, turning over the thought; she held up her camera to him—tableau for the waiting group about the lion—and murmured, "But the boys—the porters—?"

"They sleep like logs," said Michael. "The night will be our own."

A little smile nibbled at the tense compression of her lips; a look of soft, foretasted pleasure glimmered in her. Yet her guarded voice was curt: "Only *one* night, Michael!"

"Only one."

"Don't be too sure of one!"

With that she started toward the group where McNare was waiting and Michael walked beside her. "Save your headache till the end of dinner," he said, under his breath, and then in a clear, carrying tone, "Photogenic *is* the word, isn't it?"

Claire laughed; her laughter had an excited ring. She went to Bob McNare and gave him her camera. "Michael says I'm photogenic," she said gaily, the "Michael" slipping swiftly out, then as swiftly she went on, "You don't mind my calling you 'Michael,' do you, Mr. Garrick? You all say Michael and Bob and Tommy and I feel too frightfully formal, here in camp—"

"I shall look forward to it," said Michael.

He stifled an impulse to grin at Bob's expression. With a "Good luck!" he left them to their picture-taking. He went to the mess tent, caught up his gun from a chair there, shook his head at the boy who started to follow him, and went down the path toward the river where he and Claire had gone two nights before.

He felt restless, unsettled. The brief excitement of the colloquy with Claire had gone, and the thing that he was planning appeared profoundly distasteful and unnecessary. Surely there must be some other way.

IN THE glade by the river he sat down—here was where he and Claire had stood in each other's arms, here was where the agony of his humiliation had transfixed him—and stared out across the river, empty now of hippo, empty of everything but sunlight and a dark, drifting log from which an eye peeped out at him. That eye looked incredibly knowing and obscene.

"Oh, you would, would you?" Michael muttered. He raised his rifle, then lowered it. A shot at the croc would bring his companions. He leaned forward, gripping his knees, his gaze on the dark growth across the river, bottle green beneath the bright blue of the morning sky. A drift of yellow butterflies flew upward, like slow sparks.

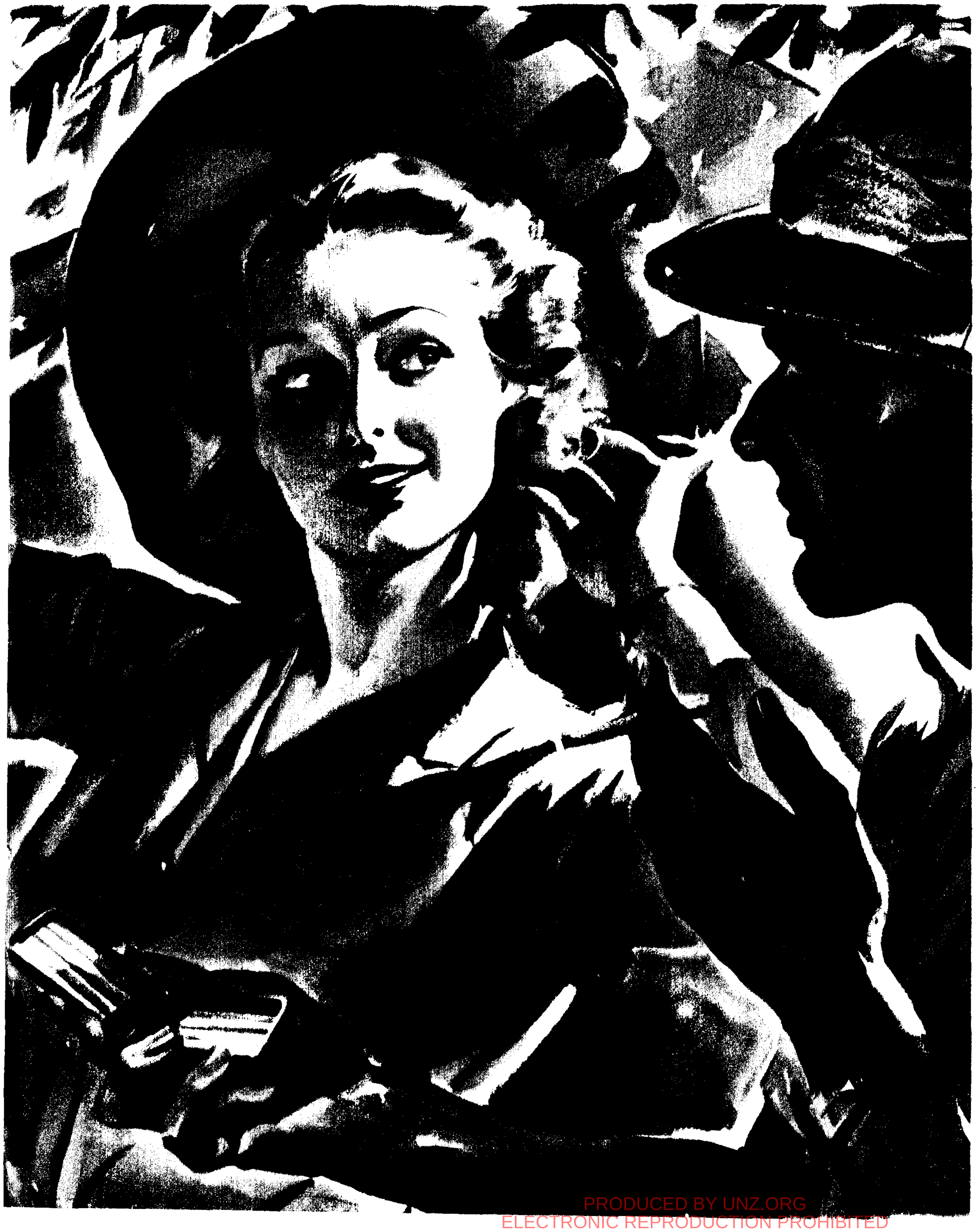
"Don't be a donkey, Michael!"

That bubble of recollection came to the top of his mind, and he smiled bleakly. He had not needed those words, but it had seemed important to provoke them. Another bubble came. "Only *one* night, Michael!" Afraid he'd be a nuisance, a hanger-on. His smile now was as thin as a used knife blade. Very sensible of her. His sardonic mind approved her practicality. . . . But she wanted that one night. She wanted to feel him adoring her. . . . "If I should die without possessing you—!" Had his tongue ever said that?

Suppose he put his gun to his head here and now? But that would not help Tommy. Something should be done for Tommy.

There must be some way besides that

(Continued on page 40)



Michael offered her a cigarette. Claire shook her head. She had tilted back the brim of her hat so that it framed her face. Her eyes were like stars. "Very photogenic," said Michael

HE MAKES THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The saga of Don Loper, director, dancer, composer—a Broadway Pygmalion with a passion for making women perfect, at least outwardly

VERONICA LAKE was sitting quietly in "21," nibbling a noonday lamb chop and submitting to the whistle-equivalent glances of her admirers, when a dark, wide-shouldered young man with a comical face walked up to her table, lifted the nation's most famous coiffure by its wheat-gold ends and held it aloft like a frightened washerwoman's.

"Girl," he said sternly, "you're mad to wear your hair the way you do. You'd look marvelous with it up."

Whereupon, he dropped the glittering tresses and left—he being Don Loper, who could no more forego telling Miss $2,000-a-week Lake what was wrong with her universally swooned-over trade-mark than you could resist telling your old grandmother that her house was on fire.

Loper is the victim of an uncontrollable urge to make women more attractive. Aside from his various paying professions—dancer, designer, composer, director and producer—he is forever taking on small jobs (such as slightly gilding an already pulchritudinous lily) and big jobs (like converting an ugly chick into a bird of paradise). He has improved more women than nine hours sleep a night. Compared to him, Pygmalion was a guy who went to bat only once.

Not many days after the Lake incident Don took what he calls the fast choochoo to Hollywood, to become Ginger Rogers' first dancing partner since Fred Astaire. This is an assignment for which most actors would give their eyeteeth, right arms and all the other traditional exchanges. But if you imagine Don as sitting in his little compartment on the train, atremble with excitement at the prospect of matching steps with the agile Academy Award winner, you're off the beam. And if you think he'll stop at dancing and won't try to change the color of Ginger's hair or throw her entire wardrobe into the most convenient ash can, you just aren't hep to the kid.

It might be well to give Hollywood a hint of what to expect. Ginger knows. She and Don are old friends from the days when she was a leggy flapper in Broadway musicals, and she is aware that he adores her personally, admires her as an actress and sincerely believes she is one of the worst-dressed women in the world.

"She's the little navy blue and white piqué, very serviceable type," he says, making it sound like one word. "And she *could* look divine."

Ginger once rather patiently explained to him that her public regarded her as the original white-collar girl and that, to please these admission-paying multitudes, she felt obliged—quite literally—to wear white collars; but the alibi failed to impress Uncle Don.

"Go away, girl," Don Loper said. "You wear them because you like them yourself."

It is barely possible that Hollywood—including the stellar Miss Rogers—may pay a bit of attention to the Loper edicts, because at least it is a sure thing that he is not sounding off to get himself noticed. He has built quite a solid reputation for talent in several directions without letting peep a syllable—a fact

(Continued on page 54)

Despite the soda fountain, Ginger Rogers looks anything but "the little navy blue and white piqué, very serviceable type." Don Loper, Ginger's dancing partner in Lady in the Dark, casts an approving eye on her outfit

THE OUTSIDER

By Elizabeth Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

DEBORAH to[illegible] unopened, a[illegible] through the ly[illegible] led past the Norman [illegible] climbed a slight rise, a[illegible] in an open field. You [illegible] of the village below [illegible] church, and a mile away [illegible] the rose-red chimneys of Wareham H[illegible] her home. She had come out here to read the letter alone and now she struggled with a feeling of dread. It's not easy to get a letter from a mother-in-law you've never seen, especially when it's too late to do anything about it.

Deborah opened the letter with icy fingers and read it slowly and carefully. When she came to the last line she gave a little gasp. "Oh—!" she said in dismay. "Oh, Johnny!"

WHEN she first saw him, that summer day two months ago, she had been walking up the nave of the church with a bunch of roses for the altar. He was standing under a marble tablet to the memory of William Aldridge, killed at the Battle of Blenheim, and she was struck by the rapt expression on his face. She also noticed that this young American officer was very nice looking. She was on the point of offering to show him the tomb of the crusader, one of the finest in Surrey, when the door of the vestry opened and Miss Mickleham, a sharp-nosed female in charge of the floral decorations for the altar, saw him approach.

"Doubtless you wish to see the church silver," said Miss Mickleham in a cold, dry voice. "This way, please."

"No, I don't want to see the church silver," replied the American tourist, style of 1942, "I came here to look at the tombs of my ancestors."

Miss Mickleham answered him with a supercilious smile: "You mean you find it amusing to identify yourself with the names on those tablets."

—In other words, you are playing a game, pretending these are your ancestors, usurping a part of England that doesn't belong to you, because you have the same name.

The American gave a startled flush but kept his temper. Miss Mickleham turned angrily on her heel, and the vestry door closed behind her with a faint slam. Feeling a little sick, Deborah walked toward him.

"Oh," she said in distress, "I'm so sorry that happened! You mustn't mind Miss Mickleham, though. She's like that."

"It's obvious," he said with a dry laugh, "that the old girl doesn't like Americans. Resents them, I suppose."

"Yes, but there are a lot of us who don't," she said quickly. And then, on an impulse because she was so angry with Miss Mickleham and because at close range he was even better looking, she had asked him to tea.

At first sight of Wareham Hall he stopped short. "Gee whizz!" he murmured with emotion. "You know," he [illegible]s they walked on, "I've heard about [illegible]ham all my life. But I had no idea [illegible]s as lovely as this. It's swell, isn't

He said it with a touch of pride.

"Yes, it's a nice village," she said, "but you mustn't expect too much of Wareham Hall—it's not what it used to be."

There were no butlers or footmen any more—only old Nana who had found an egg somewhere and made muffins for tea. Deborah's mother and father were sitting in the library, for the drawing room was wrapped in dust sheets. She introduced him briefly as "Lieutenant Aldridge."

"Aldridge—?" said her mother. "Why, that's an old name in Wareham. There are loads of them around here still."

"I know," he said, "we came from here." Once more the tone of pride at belonging here.

Deborah told what had happened in the church. Her mother was indignant. "How simply dreadful of that woman! I wonder if I ought to tell the vicar?"

"Most unfortunate!" added her father.

"Oh, I don't mind," said the lieutenant, with a smile. "I was a bit startled, that was all."

"We shall have to introduce you to your distant cousins," added her father. "They will be delighted to see you."

Deborah sank back in her chair with a feeling of relief. They were accepting him—making him feel at home. And that, she suddenly realized, had become very important indeed.

He said politely that he would love to come back on his next leave—but that was all he could say. American officers were birds of passage.

It was a week later when he returned. She'd been in the garden, pulling up carrots. Looking up suddenly she saw him, leaning against the wall as though he'd been there a long time.

"Hello!" he said. "How are you?"

"I suppose," she said in confusion, "you came back to have another look at the tombs of your ancestors."

"No," he replied. "I'm not interested in dead relations any more. I came to see the living."

She said she would introduce him to old Mr. Aldridge who lived in the Dower House. After the visit he said that Mr. Aldridge—who was very eccentric—was exactly like his Uncle Ned, and it must run in the family.

They were standing on a footbridge over the Ware. Below the bridge lay the village, bathed in afternoon sunshine. There were five white cottages with thatched roofs, a Georgian public house, and a few little shops with bay windows. His eyes were fixed on the scene, but she could feel his awareness of her as part of it.

"Deborah—!" he began hesitantly. "I was hunting for my ancestors, but I found something else I wasn't looking for—"

He stopped, and she helped him mischievously.

"You found a place where you belonged. An English village you could call your own. Something to help your homesickness."

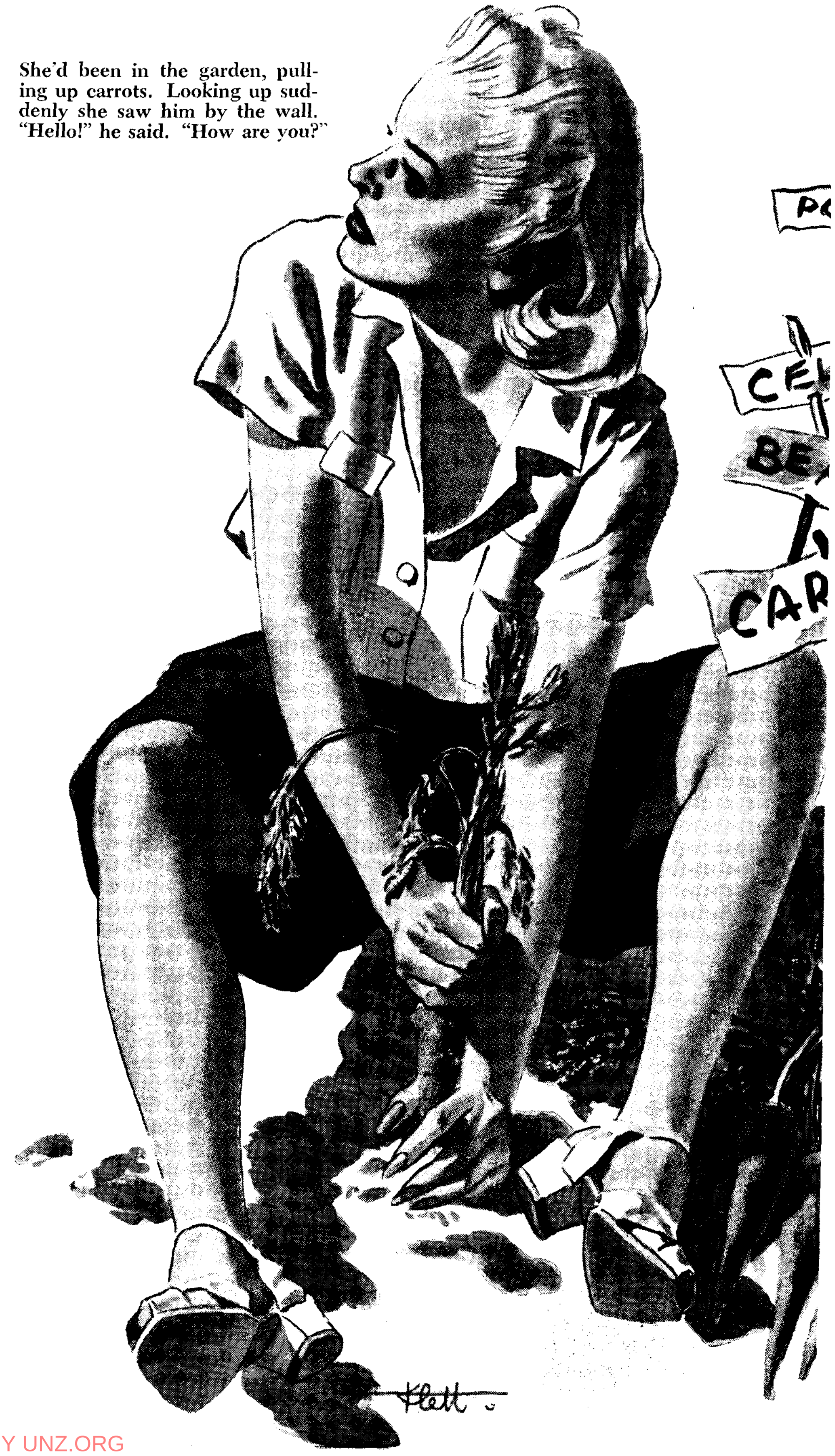
"All that," he replied in a low voice, "and Deborah, too . . ."

DEBORAH read the last paragraph of the letter again.

"Johnny is a darling, as you say," wrote his loving mother, "but the poor boy is terribly vague. I've told him for years our family came from Sussex, and your village, dear child, seems to be in *Surrey*. I hope he won't be too upset when you tell him that Wareham isn't where he belongs—"

The thin, reedy whistle of the afternoon train—Johnny's train—brought Deborah swiftly to her feet. She tore the letter to pieces and scattered them on the grass.

"But it is," she said. "Wareham is just where he belongs—now."



She'd been in the garden, pulling up carrots. Looking up suddenly she saw him by the wall. "Hello!" he said. "How are you?"

The Sky's the Limit

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

From 1912 and a 43-mile-per-hour record in a Wright box kite to 1943 and the command of the Army Air Forces, the story of General Henry Harley Arnold is the story of military aviation in America. The whole U. S. is his air base and the sky's his limit

Gen. Arnold, who likes people, halts his inspection of Briggs' aircraft turret plant long enough to talk things over with the girl operator of a drill press

Accompanied by Geo. T. Christopher, president of Packard, and Brig. Gen. Meyers, Gen. Arnold looks at work being done on the Rolls-Royce gear-case assembly line

INTERNATIONAL

"At ease!" was the order during this informal chat between Gen. Arnold and Army Air Forces students at the Packard Rolls-Royce Engine School

HE MOVES at almost a trot through the mile-long bomber plant, zigzags between the glistening rows of fuselage frames, threads his way past milling machines and lathes, dodges beneath the skeleton of a half-finished wing, cocks his head and peers up at a radial motor dangling from a rack. He looks around and above and on either side, never missing a detail, and his lips curl at the corners in the famous grin.

It's practically a permanent grin he's got, serene, imperturbable, warm as a fur-lined flying suit; it earned him the nickname of "Hap" back at West Point thirty-five years ago, and today, when he's commanding general of the Army Air Forces and boss of America's destiny in the skies, the nickname and the grin are with him still. Encouraged, the plant superintendent points complacently to the long vista of bombers on the assembly line: "Satisfied, General Arnold?"

The grin doesn't waver. "Satisfied?" Hap says, over his shoulder. "Course not. I won't be satisfied till we've got enough planes and motors to win."

The erect, wide-backed, stocky figure hurries on; and his staff mops its collective forehead and straggles wearily in his wake.

He never seems to tire; he's turbo-supercharged, they swear; he'll go eighteen or twenty hours a day like this without stopping, wearing out men half his age. He doesn't rely on secondhand reports or opinions, but insists on finding out things for himself.

He has an insatiable curiosity about people as well; now and then, he'll halt abruptly in his inspection of a factory—to the considerable relief of the rest of the party, whose feet by this time are killing them—and engage in conversation with a girl working a riveting machine, or crouch on his haunches familiarly beside a young mechanic with a grease gun.

"Nice work. Keep it up," he'll say. "We're counting on you." He likes people, is genuinely interested in what they think.

A visiting British air marshal in the party murmurs to us, behind the back of his hand. "You know, that's the thing about the general that impresses one most. He's able to see the forest *and* the trees."

Arnold completes his inspection, strides to his waiting plane with the commanding general's insignia painted on the fuselage, and turns to bid goodby to the perspiring superintendent. "Okay," he says cheerfully. "Now all we need is to double the output."

"But—" The superintendent rocks, and regains his balance. "That's impossible, General."

"Sure, it's impossible," Arnold grins, as he climbs aboard his plane. "But that doesn't mean it can't be done."

Lieutenant General Henry Harley Arnold—Hap down to the last grease monkey in the ground crew, for probably no officer in the services today commands a more universal affection among his men—doesn't believe in the impossible. He defines the impossible, roughly, as something that hasn't been done yet. That's why he's not dismayed by his current job of creating overnight the greatest air force in the world: 125,000 planes this year, a hundred thousand pilots annually—an air force with an estimated total of 2,000,000 men. He isn't sure himself how many men and planes will be needed before the show is over. There's no precedent to guide him; even 2,000,000 may not be enough. But he's sure of one thing: It can be done, no matter how big the job. It may be impossible, but it's going to be done.

A Man-sized Workout

He takes his accustomed place in the front left-hand seat of the converted passenger plane as the expert fingers of Major Peterson touch the controls, and the big Douglas takes off on the next leg of his rapid-fire swing. We flop into the seat opposite him, in considerable relief, and loosen our collars. This business of spending an average day with the general, we are beginning to find, constitutes a man-sized workout.

We were up at five-thirty this morning, and still he was ready long before we were. He's inspected half a dozen factories and airfields and training centers so far today, and he isn't even breathing hard. You wonder when he ever relaxes.

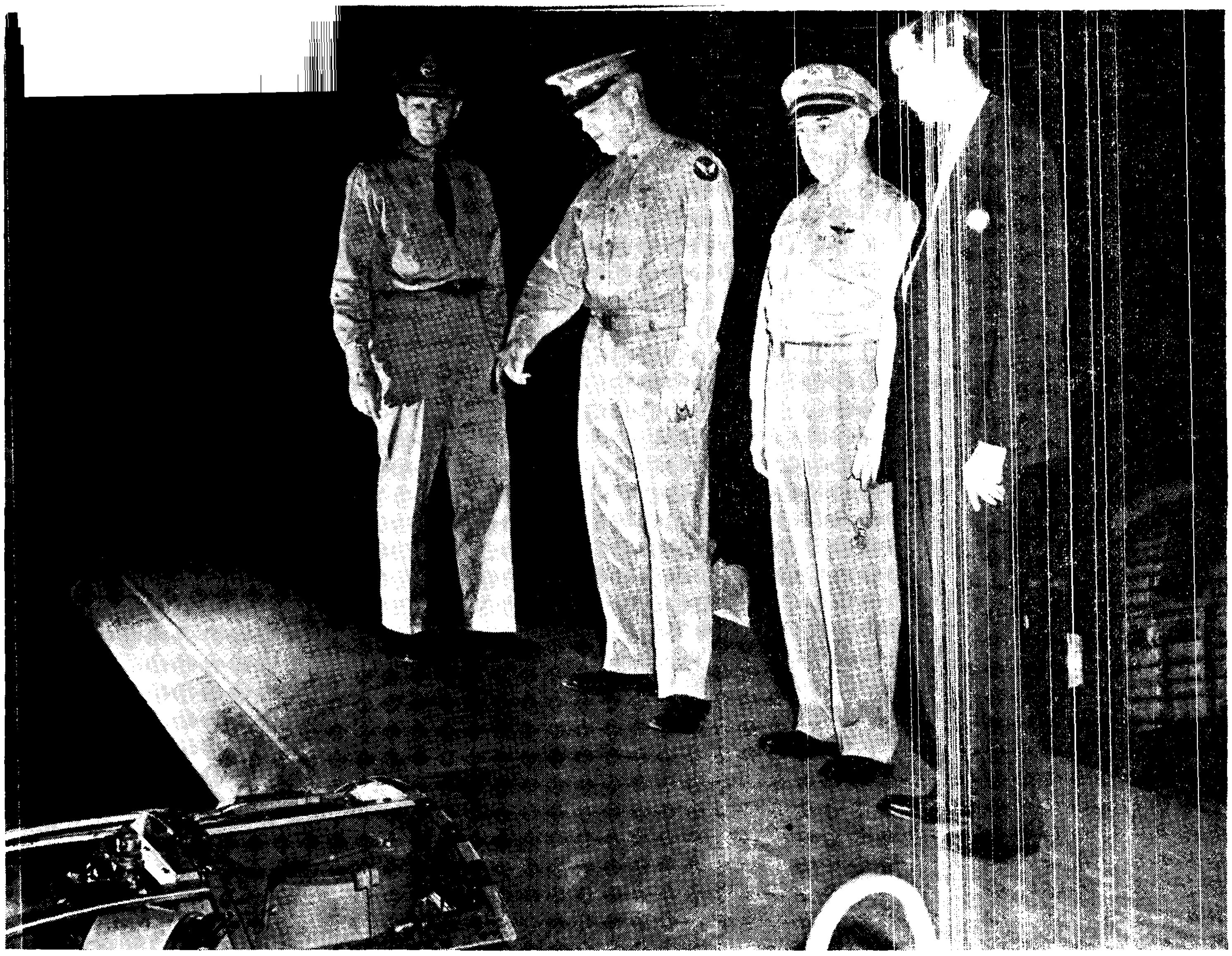
You glance across the aisle at him now—restless, alert, checking the schedule, calling notes over his shoulder to his aide (ten days later he'll recall every last word he said and ask if the job has been done), going over a sheaf of papers, peering down through the window at a half-finished staging field, glancing around to make sure that everyone else in the cabin is comfortable. His face, silhouetted against the light, is smooth-cheeked, ruddy and, as always, grinning. There's a white vertical scar on his chin; he catches us looking at it. "Did I ever tell you how I got that?"

When the general starts a sentence with "Did I ever tell you . . ." it's time to gather round. He's one of the world's best storytellers.

"It was 'way back in 1912," he recalls, "just after I graduated from the Wright Brothers' flying school at Dayton." (General Arnold is one of the first four military aviators in this country, with the longest record of continuous flying service of any pilot in the Army.) "In those days, an airplane was just a chain-and-sprocket box kite, with three control sticks, and wooden paddles for props. Well, I was flying from Salem, Massachusetts, down to Bridgeport, and I made a crash landing in the water. There I

According to the best reports of his staff, Lieut. Gen. H. H. ("Hap") Arnold is turbo-supercharged for work. He'll go eighteen or twenty hours a day, wearing out men half his age. Yet the famous grin, with sparks in it, never wavers

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT FENN-PIX



Inspection from the wing of a C-87 cargo transport. Left to right: Britain's Air Marshal Evill, Gen. Arnold, Maj. Gen. Yount, Geo. Newman of Consolidated

First stop on Gen. Arnold's tour of camps last Sept. was Atlantic City, where the Air Forces saved construction time by taking over hotels. Col. Glassburn, right

was, all tangled up in the wires and bleeding like a stuck pig, and just then I saw a couple of GAR veterans sailing past me. I yelled at them, and they hauled in close to the wreck, looked at me for a minute, and then squared away into the wind again. 'Anybody's fool enough to get himself into one of them things,' I heard one of them mutter, 'he can get himself out again.' "

The country's come a long way since then, you reflect. The general has finally won his lifelong fight for the recognition of air power; won it with the devastating abruptness of an explosion. Overnight, a penitent Congress started spewing money in his direction like a busted slot machine.

You can remember not so long ago when certain myopic lawgivers on the Hill voted down automatically every request the general made for an increased air force. You remember, as recently as the fall of France, that one well-known representative arose in Congress to denounce his modest plea for a thousand planes.

Has a Fighting Grin

"Ridiculous!" said this statesman. "Whom are we going to fight?" Now, forgetful of the past, they are clamoring for more and more planes, passing billion-dollar appropriations without blinking, giving him everything he asks for. "Everything," he says, with a grin, "but time."

It's a fighting grin, you realize, as you study him across the aisle. There are sparks in it; his aides will tell you that you haven't lived till you've been bawled out by the Old Man. It's more than a term of affection: it's a tribute. They know his achievements, know the spectacular string of firsts that he has hung up in the course of a record-breaking flying career.

His story is virtually the history of military aviation in this country. He won the first Mackay Trophy ever given, in 1912, by flying a Wright biplane around a thirty-mile course at the breathtaking speed of 43 miles an hour. The same year, he established an altitude record of 6,540 feet. Later in that crowded year, he carried the first air mail ever flown in the United States, a sensational five-mile hop from Nassau Boulevard Airdrome in Long Island all the way to Hempstead.

He was likewise the first to mount guns and wireless on planes; he pioneered air reconnaissance; inaugurated the initial forest air patrol; was the Army's first aerial engineer. In 1934, he won the Mackay Trophy a second time—a record in itself—by leading a flight of ten Martin bombers from Washington, D. C., to Alaska, proving his friend General Billy Mitchell's oft-asserted contention that the United States was within easy bombing range of Alaska. We were in Fairbanks that summer when he landed, and we remember a singularly prophetic statement.

"We've got to develop air defenses here in Alaska," we heard him declare, eight years ago. "Some day this territory will be of the greatest importance in our Pacific strategy."

He is an Ardent Sportsman

We remember a fishing trip to a fabulous grayling stream in the upper Tanana, that same summer in Alaska, when five rods were bent double simultaneously, and the general's yells drowned even the screeching of the reels. He fishes as enthusiastically as he does everything else; you wonder whether that's the secret of his energy. Maybe he finds relaxation in the variety of his enthusiasms. He's an avid sportsman. A group of old-timers in Tennessee, for example, don't consider a fox hunt is right unless the general is there to sit on the porch with them and argue which hound is running first.

In southern California, there's a rancher who won't tell anyone else where the quail are feeding—saving them for Hap. He makes friends everywhere. Death Valley Scotty is an intimate of his. He still gets letters from sourdoughs in Alaska addressed "Hap Arnold, Washington, D. C."

His interests are unending. He is a facile writer, author of the popular Bill Bruce series of boys' aviation books, as well as coauthor with General Ira Eaker of Winged Warfare and Army Flyer, authoritative volumes on modern air power. With his youngest son, he builds model airplanes. Once he almost patented a child's game in which toy bombers were catapulted by elastic onto a map of Germany; he dabbled briefly in hog raising; and while he was at March Field in California, he had a short and singularly unprofitable venture with an oil well.

The plane circles to land at another newly commissioned staging field, and he glances out of the window at the landing strip, marked by old automobile tires painted a bright orange. He frowns.

"Have them get some other kind of marker," he tells his aide quickly, "and turn those tires in for salvage."

He finishes his inspection, the staff cars are waiting to take him back to the flying line. A dusty jeep is standing at one side, a lone corporal dozing at the wheel. The general's face lights.

"Come on!" He beckons to us impulsively. "I want to have a look at the enlisted men's area."

To the consternation of the assembled officers, he jumps in beside the corporal, and we bump and rock down the unfinished company street in a cloud of dust.

(Continued on page 63)

THIEVES WITH UNION CARDS

By Westbrook Pegler

How Jimmy Petrillo and his musicians got away with it, and why our antitrust laws, in effect, let a union take money for services not needed and sometimes not even performed

THE editor who asked me to do this story started out something like this: "The decision of the United States District Court in the Petrillo case suggests to me that we ought to have an article explaining just how it is that the Wagner Act—"

Now the fact is that the Wagner Act is not the governing law in the Petrillo case. The Wagner Act is the New Deal law, miscalled Labor's Magna Charta, which is supposed to guarantee to workers the right to bargain collectively with their employers through agents of their own choice, but which, in fact, compels countless American citizens to accept bargaining agents (or unions), whom they detest and fear and who rob and otherwise abuse them with the connivance—indeed the active assistance—of the national government of their country. By a dangerous paradox, it denies the very right which it guarantees. It has bad faults, but it is not the law of the Petrillo case.

The Petrillo case is simply this: Jimmy Petrillo, of Chicago, is president of the American Federation of Musicians, commonly and hereinafter known as the Musicians' Union. It is a huge union with many good musicians among its membership and thousands of part-time or Saturday-night performers. It is a bad union and is at its worst in New York where incidentally it planted pickets in front of a theater to compel the management to employ pit musicians (for whom there was absolutely no need) because, in the course of the play, a phonograph record was used to furnish a few minutes of off-stage music. The pickets took their stations only a short time before Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt approached the theater with her political protégé, Joseph Lash, the inveterate youth, with tickets for the play.

The Picket-Line Question

Mrs. Roosevelt, without examining the merits of the controversy, refused to cross the picket line, thus publicly upholding the union's contention that the management was unfair to organized labor, although the theater was unionized from (as they say) the front of the house to the alley. The house staff, the stage crew and the actors were all union members, and there was not even a pretense of a controversy on any subject between the management and any employee. No musicians were employed and, therefore, no musician could be at odds with the management in the relation of employee and employer.

Thus, Mrs. Roosevelt took a position plainly unfair to the organized laborers who were employed by the show because, had the picket line closed the attraction, they would have been thrown out of work in an occupation which is spotty at best. The employer can be left out of our consideration entirely. Obviously, he has no rights if it is held, as a matter of principle, that a picket line will be respected and the union upheld, regardless of the merits of the case.

A few months ago, Jimmy Petrillo decided that, after a certain date, no member of his union would be allowed to make recordings to be played over the radio or in public places. His object was to compel the employment of idle brothers.

Of course, he could not succeed in that, for he knew as well as everyone else that the little hamburger dancing spots around the Army camps and in the humbler neighborhoods of factory cities could not afford to substitute live musicians for juke-box records.

He knew equally well that many radio stations could not afford to hire live musicians. Already, most of these stations were employing, at union wages absurdly beyond the worth of the work, individuals known as pancake turners, whose only duty is to put the record on the machine and click the lever.

This decree of Jimmy Petrillo stirred great excitement in Washington. Elmer Davis, of the Office of War Information, uttered a cry of alarm for the morale of the Armed Forces and the toiling civilians of the war industries. James L. Fly, the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, which governs the radio industry, came to the incidental defense of the employers, meaning the owners of the radio stations.

"Any time when significant public-service programs are shut down from the air," he said, "we have a breakdown in the very services for which such stations are licensed to serve to the public."

He added that, as everyone including Jimmy Petrillo knew, the many smaller stations with little local talent available, would be up against it. Jimmy's decree meant that these stations would have to import from other cities and support in idleness numbers of Jimmy's subjects as stand-by performers, their wages to be the price of permission to continue the use of recordings. For, Mr. Fly said, the smaller stations devoted sixty per cent of their time to recorded music.

Soon thereafter, Thurman Arnold—poor old Thurman, in charge of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, who is always being thrown for a loss by the United States Supreme Court in union cases—decided to challenge Jimmy. He carefully prepared and brought into the United States District Court in Chicago, which is Jimmy's home town, an appeal for an injunction under the Sherman Law. This is the law which forbids combinations and conspiracies in restraint of interstate commerce.

As originally interpreted by the courts, the Sherman Law was used to handcuff

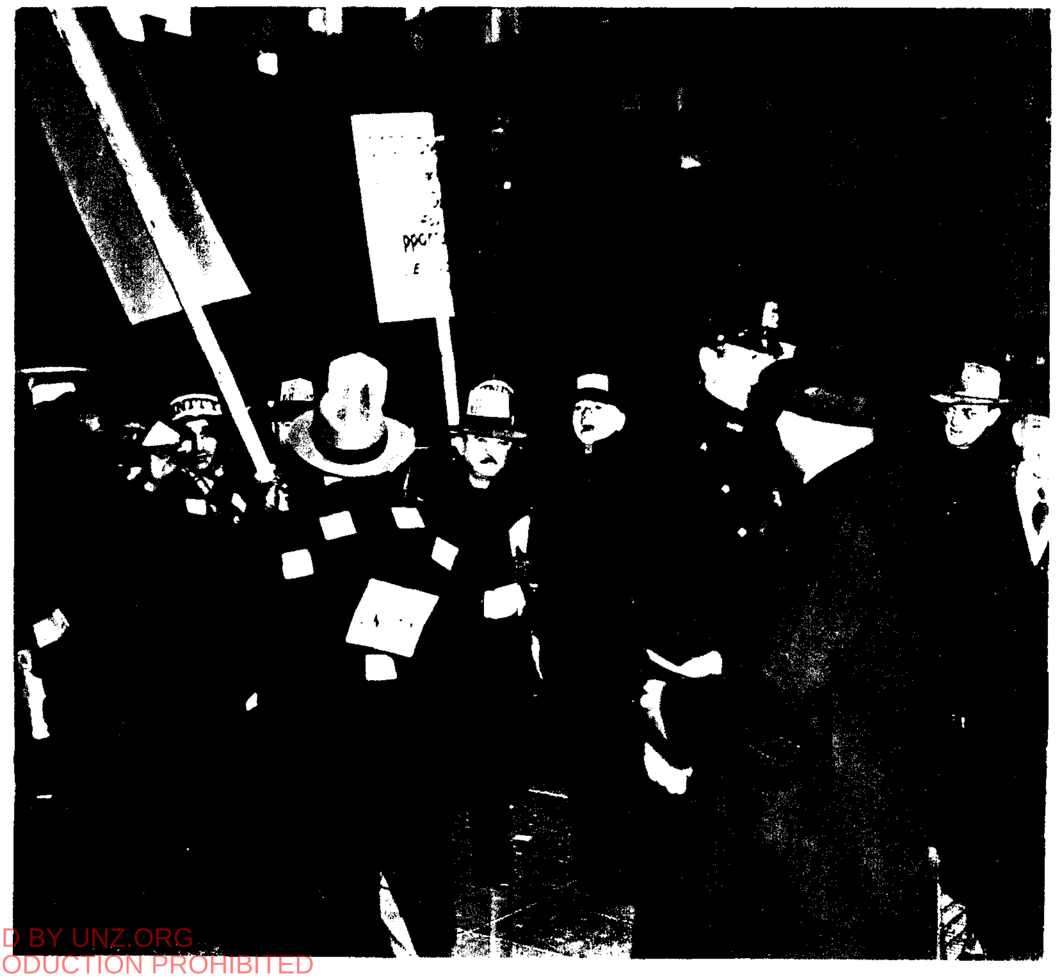
(Continued on page 30)

INTERNATIONAL

Good dictator by his own admission is James Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. Dissenting opinions have been filed by the Department of Justice, the FCC and the OWI

Huge, vociferous Local 802 of Musicians' Union rules with heavy hand nearly all musical New York and enthusiastically endorses Petrillo's decrees. Members, below, electioneer for local delegates

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN



Businesslike and arrogant is Fred, the handsome pointer, who is undisputed boss of the kennels and permits no canine foolishness, either at home or at work. "Bring 'em in and lay 'em down," is his motto

Lavish lickings and enthusiastic wrigglings make Butch—who's going to be man's best friend if it kills both of you—a hazard in a car. A short leash keeps her where she belongs

No good bird-dog man will ever admit that his isn't the world's best dog, nor will he ever give up the search for a better one. It's a paradox that pays off, once in a while

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE'S a pointer lying on top of the doghouse watching as if he's king of the kennel. He's not the best dog of the lot, but he is good. And he *is* the boss. Perhaps his story will illustrate something of what it's like to be a bird-dog man.

On a cold day, a couple of years ago, we stopped at a little country store and sounded the horn. A tall countryman in boots came out and he was the man who was to show us the hunting land.

"You got any dogs?" he asked. "I got two we can take."

We had brought our own dogs but I told him to bring his along, too.

As we rode to the hunting place we began to get acquainted. Our new friend had a certain hardness about him that is not typical of our Southern country people.

He asked my name again and then said, "You any kin to Judge Bell, the state judge used to be solicitor of this circuit?"

"He's my father."

He was silent for a while and finally he said, "He prosecuted me one time."

I asked, "What were you charged with?"

"Murder."

As you will guess, this caused the conversation to drag. In fact, it almost rolled over and died. Although I am a writer, whose job it is to unearth as much of a man's story as possible, I must say that this was one time when I was willing to change the subject. Later in the day he indicated that he regarded my father highly—but that was later.

It was the bird dogs who remedied things. First, let me say that every bird-dog man thinks his dog is the best in the world. So I thought his dogs would be ill-bred potterers, and he probably thought mine were half-wild idiots that didn't know a quail from a joree. We were both wrong.

After we had been hunting a while, he was moved to tell me that I had a couple of pretty nice dogs there, and true praise from another bird-dog man is a rare thing. But top dog for the day was his two-year-old pointer Fred, which he put down after my dogs had hunted a couple of hours. This was a fleet-footed rambler, and he covered those flatwoods. He found several coveys, handled them properly and pointed them stylishly.

"There's a dog," I admitted finally, "that I wish was mine."

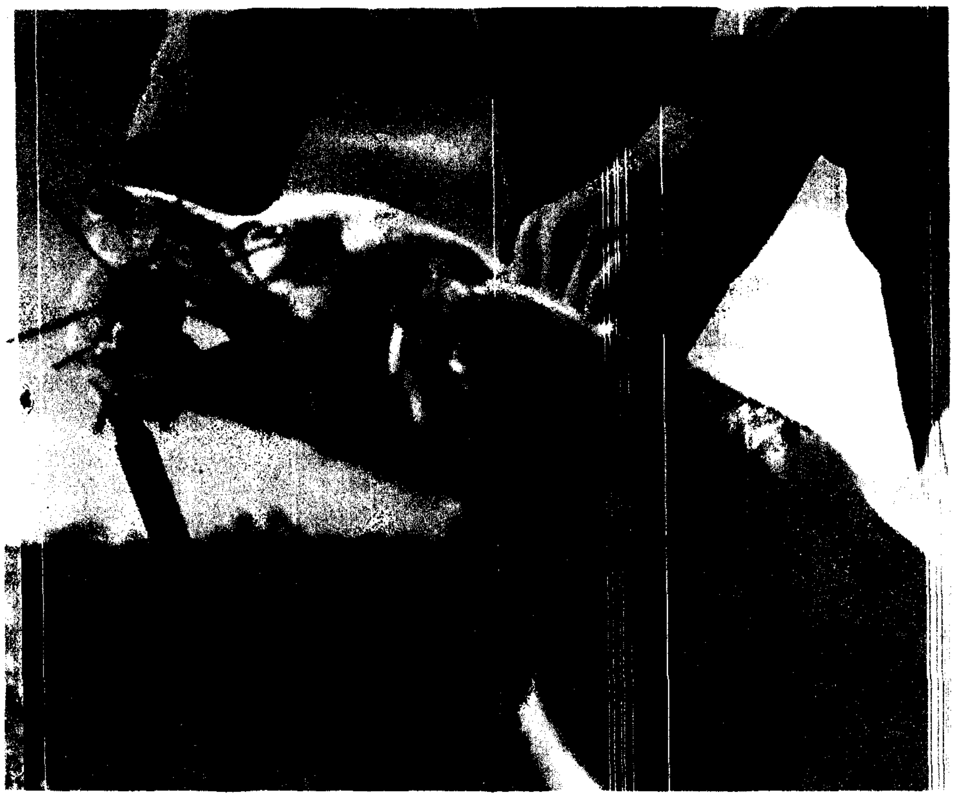
After that, things went along fine. We ate sandwiches by the bank of the river and talked about the war. He had been in the Rainbow Division in the other war. But mostly we talked about bird dogs, and when he started home that night, he mentioned that he was willing to sell his pointer. So Fred became my dog.

Like many dogs raised and hunted exclusively by one man, Fred did not quickly get used to changing owners. Fred's training was of an old-fashioned severity—judging by the birdshot to be found even now here and there under his hide—but for many months, his heart still belonged to the other man. His hunting for me was only fair; just when he was about to get his mind on his business, he would suddenly stop and look back at me and then wander on half-heartedly.

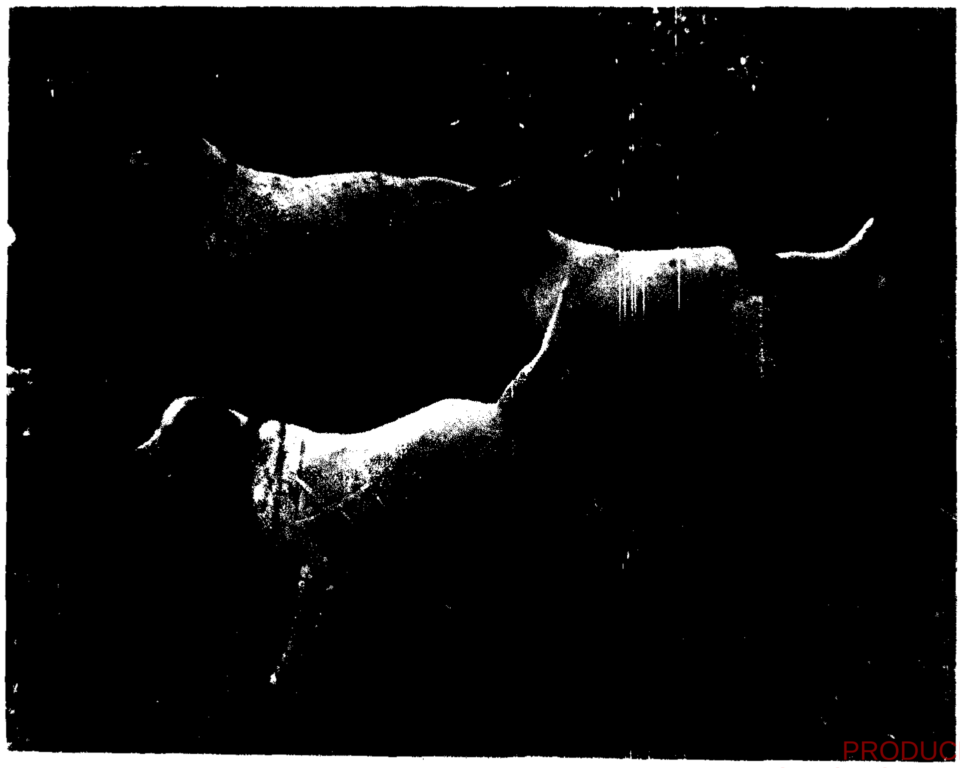
Before long, his health began to fail. He lost weight and became anemic. I won't say all this was caused by grief. I only say that Fred got sick, and three very good veterinarians in turn failed to find any specific disease. For months, we worked on him, feeding him liver and meat and eggs and milk, and injecting vitamins, and finally we got him well, in spite of himself.

With health came belligerence. Fred is boss of the

Any girl can make a mistake, and the ever-loving Butch is no exception. Here her master points out that flushing and retrieving box turtles get a lady nowhere



A nail-studded corncob quickly teaches youngsters that things, including birds, hould be picked up with loving care. This sly dodge is called force-breaking



The big day at last: the products of months of teaching hit a point while the owner, suffocating with pride in his handiwork, reaches for the camera. Other hunters will later examine the picture with great politeness

kennel He eats his food leisurely—"He likes to just mench along on it," says colored Henry—returning several times during the hour to take a few bites. When he is not eating, he doesn't need to stand guard over the remaining food. Although there are two or three larger dogs in the kennel, not one of them will touch Fred's food.

Furthermore, he now hunts the way he did that day I first saw him. Apparently he is satisfied with me as a master, or at least he has become too polite to show his feelings.

Snow was a similar case. Snow was a "drop," half pointer, half setter. Setters and pointers should never be crossed, for the result is usually a defective and mongrelish animal, and even the occasional excellent drop does not justify the cross. However, Snow did not look as bad as most; in fact, I didn't know he was a drop until later; I simply took him to be a setter of not simon-pure ancestry; and he was a good hunting animal.

Snow was raised and trained—and, like Fred, trained by harsh methods, judging by his tendency to overcaution in pinning his game—by a snuff-dipping backwoodsman friend of mine. I first saw Snow at work in the blackjack-oak woods of his owner, who had told me he had a dog to sell. Snow made a prodigiously long cast and pointed, and when we fired, two birds fell. I fired at another but apparently missed. Snow retrieved the two birds, and we went on. Presently Snow returned from somewhere with another bird in his mouth. The bird I thought I had missed had fallen at a distance, and Snow had found it and brought it in. That is retrieving of the highest quality.

Snow was a peculiar dog. Whereas, most bird dogs—especially setters—show a marked affection for human beings, Snow quite obviously cared for nobody. I had noticed his indifference to the farmer before I acquired him. Snow would stand still and allow you to stroke him, and would even wag his tail politely, but he really preferred to be left alone. What he wanted was to lie sleepily in the shade all summer and hunt all winter, with as little human contact as possible.

Although a one-man dog heretofore, from the first, Snow hunted quite industriously in my company. Only in one way did he ever show that he knew he had changed men. He never retrieved again. I hunted him for two years but not once in that time would he ever bring a dead bird to me.

The Affectionate Butch

Butch is as different from Snow as a dog could be. Butch is a small pointer, not yet two years old, and her idea of heaven is to be in my lap licking my face. She is intolerably affectionate. In fact, she's a nuisance in a car, because she absolutely will not stay anywhere but in my lap, wriggling and nuzzling and licking at my face. Push her away and she comes back immediately. Slap her—if you can force yourself to do it—and she cringes for five or six seconds and then she's at it again. The only way she can be transported inside a car without making you a menace to traffic is short-leashed on the back seat.

Unlike Snow, Butch's happiest moment is when she is bringing me a bird. In her play about the yard, having no bird to retrieve, she brings me sticks, old bones, or anything she happens to run across. Afield, she occasionally runs across a box turtle, and no matter if she is a quarter of a mile away, she stops hunting and brings the turtle proudly to me. This trait might become annoying if it weren't for the fact that the turtles aren't often encountered in the wintertime.

I might add that these turtles seem to have an odor similar to quail, because many perfectly good bird dogs point them. Jake Bishop, the veteran trainer, once had a dog that would pick up any stray box turtle and continue hunting with the turtle in its mouth; and if it happened upon another turtle, it would put the first one down, pick up the second and go ahead with its bird hunting.

Last spring, I sent Butch to John Gates, one of the better professional dog men, for training. About a week later I got a letter from him saying that he thought Butch could be a winner in the major field-trial circuit. Now a good steady shooting dog is one thing, and an open-field trial winner is quite something else.

"I want you to come up and see Butch go," John Gates wrote. "Her range is widening each day and she hunts every minute she's down."

Appearances Are Deceiving

Arriving at the village where John Gates lives, I suffered the ecstatic osculations of Butch, and we started to our hunting land.

"I'm going to hunt some territory I haven't used before," John said. "I'm taking along a farmer who'll show us the land lines."

The farmer was a six-footer, about sixty years old, with big hands and feet.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "I'd like to take them two puppies of mine and see what you think of them."

Since he was being good enough to give up his day to go with us, we could hardly refuse, although we had misgivings. He went back to his corncrib and let out two ten-months-old lemon-and-white pointers. One of them, the male, was a surprisingly fine-looking dog; however, the bitch was undersized, too sharp of face, and pretty scrawny all the way round.

"I'm gonna have to git shed of these durn dogs. They've took to killing chickens, and my wife ain't gonna put up with it any longer," the farmer said.

However, we weren't interested in the puppies—we were interested in Butch. We put her down and she started hunting, while the puppies chased each other and barked at the horses and made nuisances of themselves generally. But it was at once apparent that something was wrong with Butch. She didn't have her customary sparkle; she seemed stiff and sore. We stopped and examined her, but could find nothing wrong with her pads.

Later, the veterinary diagnosed the trouble as a temporary ovary condition. ("Oval trouble," Henry called it.) We thought it might be helpful for her to stay down and work out some of the soreness.

Gates and I were disappointed, and it looked like a day wasted, except that our farmer turned out to be as entertaining a talker as you'll find anywhere. His job was to point out land lines, and he not only did this, but told us bits of country history to go with it.

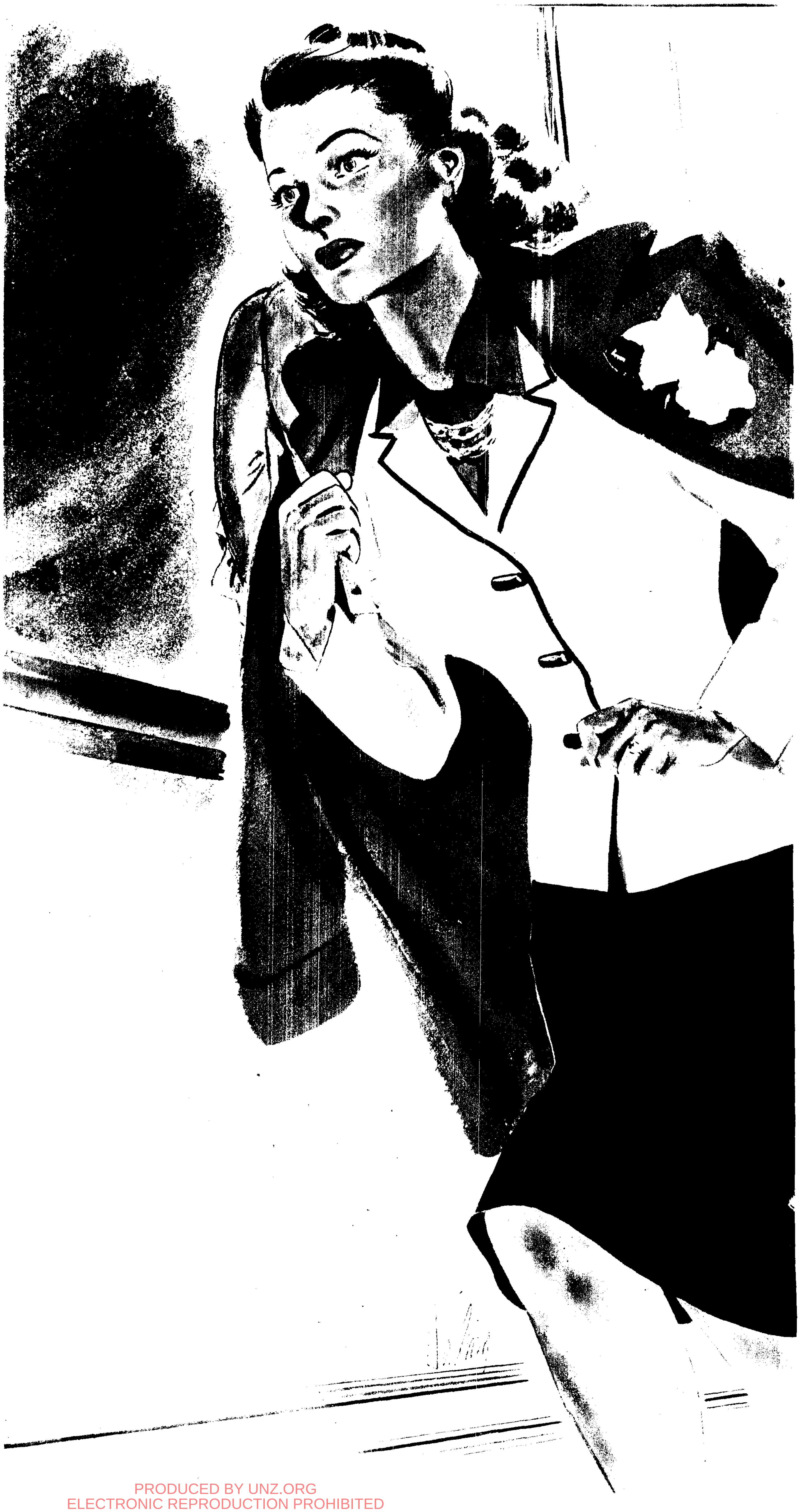
"Used to be birds aplenty in this country," he said. "I used to git me a quart of whisky and hitch up my buggy, and

(Continued on page 62)

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning a girl—her face partly hidden by a handkerchief—enters Jason Amboy's apartment in San Francisco, knocks Jason out, trusses him securely, takes some letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne, in Hawaii) and steals away.

A few seconds later, Jason's manservant—a man named Flack—releases him, then goes on the trail of the girl. While Flack is away, Jason is informed—by phone, from Honolulu—that his brother, who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered.

Jason decides, at once, to go to Hawaii. Before he leaves, he receives a number of telephone reports from Flack, who says that the girl is Luana Topping, of Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii. In the man's final report (telephoned, like the others) he mystifies Jason by telling him that, should they ever meet again, he, Flack, will be known as Rodney K. Kitchener, and that he will be disguised!

Jason boards a boat for Honolulu. To his amazement, Luana Topping is among his fellow voyagers: he meets her, has several friendly chats with her; but she gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. Luana is a member of a very important party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, domineering head of the great Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin Grazzard, who is Luana's fiancé; her plantation manager, Channing Mace, who is accompanied by his wife, and one or two others. . . .

As the ship leaves San Francisco, Jason goes to his stateroom. There he finds a man—a stowaway—who, seemingly terror-stricken, says that he is Arthur N. Garson, a former assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that he is in great peril. Jason inquires the nature of the peril. The man says that two killers—members of a gang against whom he, and he alone, has damning evidence—are on board; he insists that he will be murdered if Jason does not permit him to share his stateroom.

Jason (who knows Arthur N. Garson) is aware that the man is an impostor. Nevertheless, he decides to co-operate with the fellow, for the time being at least. Then follows another surprise: Flack (disguised and using the name of Rodney K. Kitchener) appears on the scene. He warns Jason to beware of the Grazzards, who, he believes, know more about Wayne's disappearance than they might care to admit. . . . In the course of a talk with Mrs. Grazzard (to whom Jason is related) the old lady asks Jason to visit her, be her house guest.

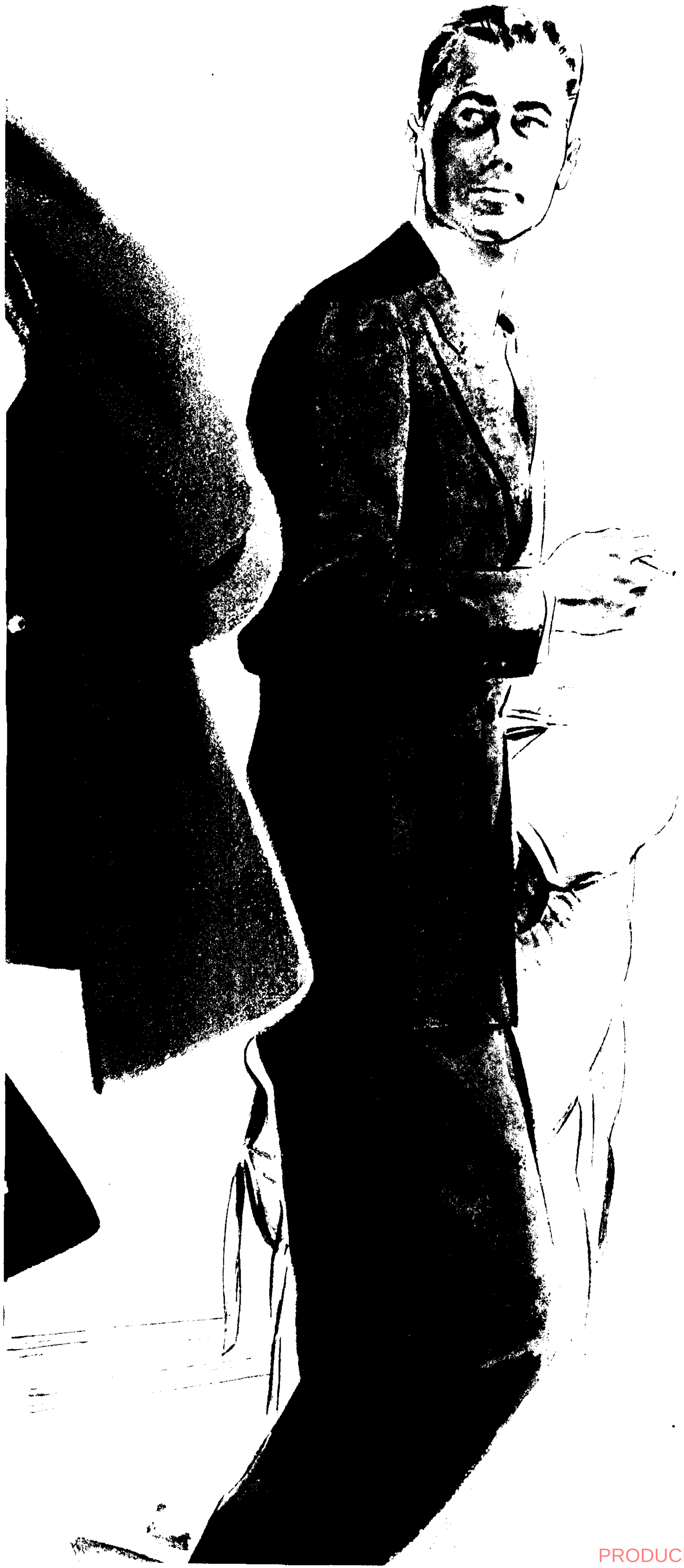
Jason is glad to get the invitation. "Thank you, Mrs. Grazzard," he says, "You are very kind."

III

JASON unlocked his stateroom door and went in. His stowaway was lying on the bed nearest the side of the ship. He was in vest and shirt sleeves and he was propped up on pillows. He had a magazine on his knees and on this there was a long narrow slip of yellow paper on which he was writing with a fountain pen. He looked up at Jason with a vague smile. He screwed the cap on the fountain pen and clipped the pen in his vest pocket. He folded the slip of yellow paper the long way down the middle and, folding it again, tucked it into the pocket with the pen. Jason noticed a stain of green ink on his forefinger.

The stowaway seemed in much better spirits. "Well, everything is under control," he said briskly. "I got things fixed with our room steward. It took some doing, but he finally saw the light. He brought me some dinner, got me toilet supplies at the post exchange, and he's

Miss Topping picked up her life preserver. "I'm not afraid of anything," she said. "And now I'm going to bed. Good night, Mr. Amboy"



also lending me a pair of his pajamas."

"I've been curious," Jason said, "about these two men who are on your trail. Who are they?"

The stowaway slowly sat up, and his light blue eyes remained steadily on Jason's as he swung his feet to the floor. "Why?" he asked in a soft voice. "Has anybody been asking questions?"

"No."

The stowaway stared at him a moment longer and said, "Their real names are Benny Jagman and Tony Canuto, but they seldom use them. Jagman is a big blond guy, partly bald, and Tony is a dark wiry little fellow. He looks Mex or Italian. They're about the same age—about forty. You aren't thinking of doing anything about them, are you?"

"No."

The stowaway relaxed. He grinned. "It's a pretty touchy subject, you know . . . Do you object if I turn in early? A rabbit chased by whippets gets pretty tired."

"I run this place," Jason said, "along the old English manor-house lines—guests do whatever they please."

HE HESITATED. He was very curious about this young man who resembled his brother so closely. He suspected that the stowaway was somehow connected with this whole mystery which concerned the Grazzards, but he was certain that the young man had no intention of harming him. If his roommate did not talk tomorrow of his own accord, Jason would, he decided, insist on an explanation.

Jason went out and strolled about the ship. Soldiers and civilian passengers were sitting about on the floor in corridors and passageways. Some of them were reading. Others were playing cards. In one foyer he came upon a ring of soldiers on their knees shooting craps.

Jason was looking for Miss Topping. He found her sitting alone on the forward stairway between A and B decks. She was glancing through a magazine. He sat down on the step beside her.

She put the magazine down and said amiably, "Oh, hello, Mr. Amboy."

"This is an amazing coincidence," Jason said. "I was just thinking about you and here you are."

"Isn't that odd?" said Luana. "I was just thinking about you too—how helpful and efficient you are."

"I," Jason said, "was thinking how marvelous you would look in a cerise satin dinner dress. I've a photograph in my mind in full color of you wearing it. I was thinking how effective it would be against that beautiful dark complexion of yours."

The girl with green eyes smiled at him. "There is something uncanny about the way coincidences are popping all around us," she said, "because it happens that I have a cerise satin dinner dress. The Grazzards will be dressing for dinner tomorrow night, war or no war. Shall I wear it?"

"Will you?"

"I'd love to—just to please you."

"That's awfully considerate of you," Jason said.

"But not at all, Mr. Amboy! You've been thoughtful and kind—and so efficient—and I'd love to do something to repay you. What else can I do?"

"Tell me why it wouldn't be a good idea for me to go to Kokala."

She looked at him and laughed. "Because you might be bored?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Because you might grow tired of coming up to me and saying, 'May I be of any assistance?' "

"No," Jason said.

"Perhaps," she said gravely, "if you'd tell me why you're going to Kokala, I might think of a reason why you shouldn't."

Jason placed his hand over his heart. "The lure of the tropics!" he breathed. "The whisper of the trade wind in the palms—the orchid moon, the long blue combers rolling in on the silver beach at Poipu while the perfume of night-blooming jasmine scents the languorous air."

"It's lovely," Luana said, "but it sounds lonely."

"There's a woman standing beside me under the palm tree, helping me look at the orchid moon. The jasmine, you see, is in her hair."

Luana was nodding. "Is that the reason?"

"There are others. You see, I'm trying to collect reasons."

"Do you," she asked calmly, "make a hobby of collecting reasons?"

"We belong to a very similar school of thought," Jason replied. "I hoped you might help with my collection."

"But I'd love to!" Luana cried. "It's a new game, isn't it?"

"It's a new version of the truth game," Jason answered. "For example, might you have a reason why a person should have stolen into my apartment at four forty-five this morning and taken a packet of letters written to me by my brother Wayne?"

Luana was gazing at him gravely. "Was the burglar a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"But that makes it too easy, Mr. Amboy! She was a collector, too. Stamps!"

Her dark green eyes were clear and without guile.

"That's a wonderful reason," Jason said.

"Am I really being helpful?" Luana asked. "I do so want to be helpful."

"You're being very helpful," Jason said. "You'd make a wonderful wife—you're always so amiable."

"That's awfully curious," she said. "It wasn't more than two hours ago I was thinking what an ideal husband you'd make—you're so efficient. You really have an engineering mind, haven't you?"

"You have something else I would love my wife to have," Jason answered. "Acute perceptions. I have a manservant who insists that I have a caliper mind . . . but I need another reason."

MISS TOPPING laughed and said, "Something that you can measure with that caliper mind? Very well. Ask me anything!"

Jason smiled. "Can you give me a reason why my brother while working as a clerk in the Kokala plantation store should have vanished into thin air on the night of December third?"

Luana was watching him dreamily. "The same brother?"

"The same brother."

"Let me think a moment. This is harder than the other one. There aren't enough clues. Was he in love?"

"I don't know."

"Was he in trouble?"

"I don't know that, either."

"He just vanished into thin air?"

"Yes."

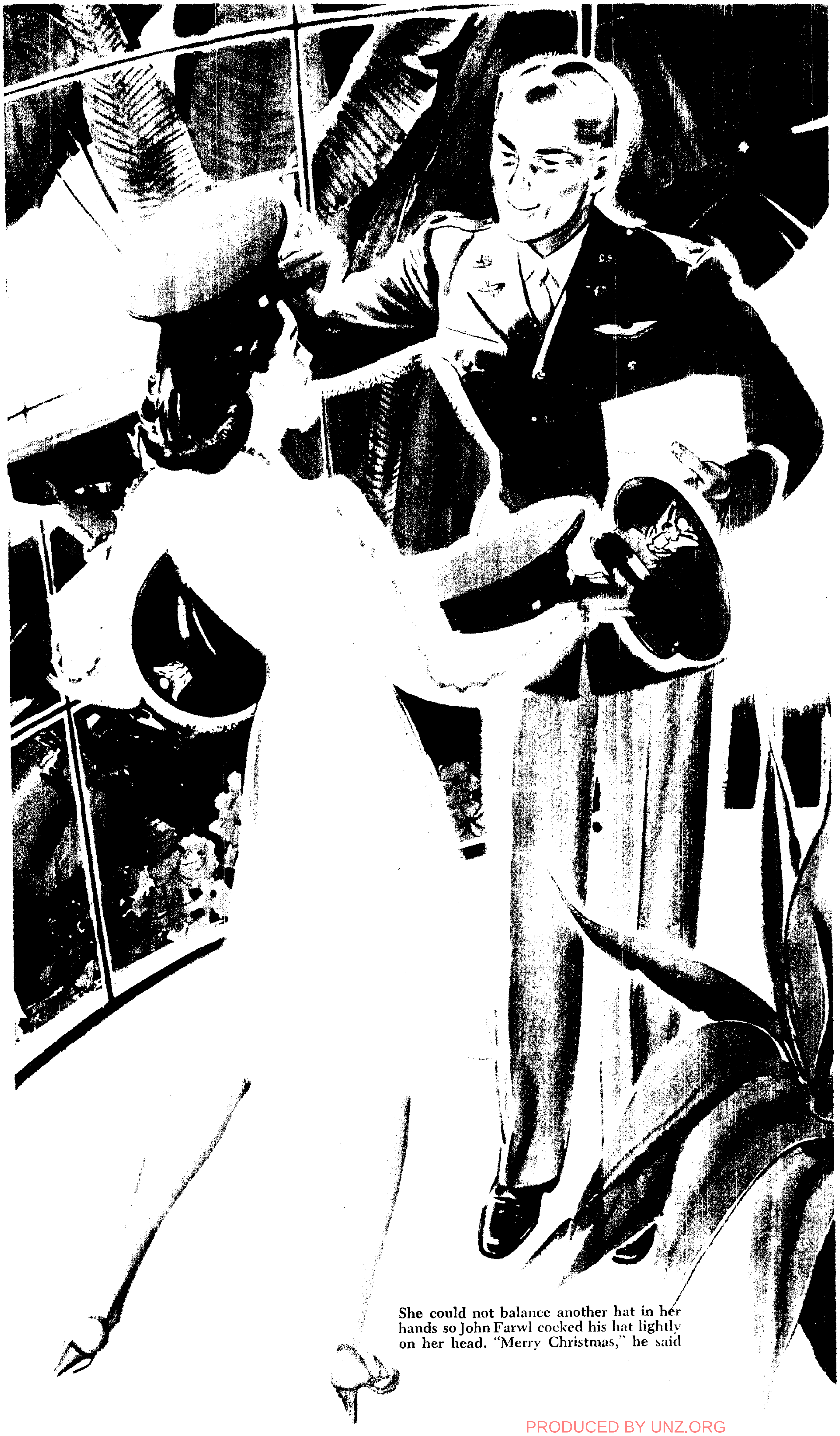
Luana was gazing at him, speculating. Suddenly her eyes cleared and glowed. "I know!" she cried. "You gave me the clue! Thin air, you said. He took a rocket ship!"

"When you play this game," Jason said sternly, "it isn't fair to be fantastic. Let's come back to earth. Let's be absolutely literal. Did you know my brother Wayne was working in the Kokala store?"

"If I did, Mr. Amboy, it's slipped my

(Continued on page 42)

Love, as always, laughed at logic, and the girl stopped running away



She could not balance another hat in her hands so John Farwl cocked his hat lightly on her head. "Merry Christmas," he said

IT WAS her aunt who mentioned him first that day. "I can't imagine why I let myself be talked into inviting five."

"You'd invite twenty if the apartment would hold that many."

Aunt Lavinia cast a critical, birdlike glance at the table. A stream of sunlight came through the open windows, slanting warmly across the silver and glass and the crystal bowl of circus-red poinsettias.

It was Florida sunshine. It was an especially warm Florida Christmas.

"Fliers!" Aunt Lavinia said, "and five of them."

"Fliers aren't so bad."

"That's right," Aunt Lavinia said, "you knew one. Whatever became of him, Holly?"

Holly said, "He was transferred."

Aunt Lavinia stood perfectly still for a moment. "For heaven's sake," she said, "I've forgotten the place cards. And they'll be here any minute—the USO promised to send them promptly at twelve."

"Never mind, darling," Holly said. "I'll do them in a jiffy."

"They're on the desk. There, under the list."

HOLLY sat down at the spinet desk, curling her legs around the rungs of the high-backed chair. She found the place cards and she wrote the names swiftly, Bob Graawin, H. E. D. Smith, Jim Moore . . .

She heard the doorbell peal and saw the last name on the list at exactly the same minute: Maj. John Farwl.

It was wrong. It must be wrong.

And if by the wildest chance it was right, it could not be the John Farwl who . . . That was five months ago; anything could have happened in five months. Please, she thought, please don't let it be the same . . .

Voices sounded in the hall, gay male voices. She got herself together, but her heart was jarring so that she wasn't sure of herself.

Yes, the place cards. She wrote the last name carefully. Then she got up and went into the dining room, and put the cards around.

"Holly," Aunt Lavinia called. "Do please come here and help me with all these hats."

There was good, loud, embarrassed laughter at that, and Holly went into the living room on it, and tried not to see anybody particularly.

She was introduced around. She did not catch the names; she was not trying to catch the names. She accepted the four hats, smiling, and by the time she got to the fifth it was obvious that she could not balance another in her hands. So John Farwl cocked his lightly on her head.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

Holly's heart stopped rattling around. It just came to an abrupt halt. She found herself becoming poised, under cover of the conversation.

"Imagine! How—however did you get here?"

He moved his shoulders. "It wasn't an accident," John Farwl said. "I pulled all the wires there were, except Santa's beard. I might even have tried that."

She said, "You're looking well."

"I'm feeling well."

She could tell nothing from his face; she had never been able to tell anything from his face.

She said stiffly, "I'm sure we'll love having you."

That reminded him of the package under his arm. He moved away from her quite civilly, across the room to her aunt. He presented it with a little bow.

Holly was never very clear about dinner. She knew that she pretended to eat; she knew that she made conversation.

John Farwl was seated next her aunt at table; he did not address one single word in Holly's direction.

She would not have known if he had. She was remembering. Remembering.

SHE lay on the beach, on the deserted desolate strip of beach above the town, with the warm sand against her back, and the breathless stinging hot July wind on her face, when she first saw him come walking up the beach.

His hat was tucked under his arm. His corn-yellow hair caught the wind, and the *(Continued on page 36)*

These British infantrymen, above, have captured a German strong point after hard bayonet fighting

"Complete, Absolute Victory!"

By Chester Morrison

CHICAGO SUN CORRESPONDENT
BY RADIO FROM CAIRO

Those were the words with which General Montgomery greeted correspondents after he had crushed, once and for all, the vaunted Afrika Korps. Here's how he did it—an elementary, brutal slugging match that taught the tacticians no new lessons but proved again the value of old ones

NOBODY was satisfied. The battle that had begun at the end of the last week in August ended, suddenly and unspectacularly, in the beginning of the second week of September.

The correspondents who had covered the war in North Africa since its beginning wrote their papers that it was less like a victory won than like a battle that had never been fought. They were disappointed, and among the people of Egypt there was only the accustomed feeling of tenuous momentary security, the customary cynical belittling of this "temporary" jackpot and waiting to see which side was really coming out on top before betting on the future.

Yet a cocky little Irishman who had taken over the British Eighth Army two weeks before the battle made an astonishing announcement—made it, incidentally, through Wendell Willkie, who dressed it up in terms that seemed at the time to be extravagant. He announced that the Axis armies in North Africa had been thoroughly beaten, that the threat to Egypt had been removed for all time.

A month later—at the end of October—Montgomery swung again, this time with power so tremendous that the German and Italian armies reeled and broke, reorganized clumsily and fled in what seemed like panic. They fled out of Egypt into Cyrenaica, fled back through their own mine fields, fled westward on the one main highway along the Mediterranean coast, fled along desert tracks hub-deep in sand.

And Montgomery stayed on their heels. Montgomery, in his tent or in his dugout, riding in his tank or his jeep in the field, talking of "my plan" with other generals putting his plan into effect. Now, without question, the enemy was beaten. Montgomery had succeeded where a succession of other British generals had failed.

There came a day early in November when the little gray man stood like a pugnacious sparrow on a white rock ledge at the edge of the Mediterranean. He stepped daintily down toward a group of correspondents he had summoned to hear his proclamation.

"Shall we stand here?" he asked, stepping off into the soft sand of the beach.

"This seems all right," his aide replied.

The general considered. "No," he said finally, turn-

Gen. Ritter von Thoma, commander of Rommel's Afrika Korps, salutes his captor, Gen. Montgomery, left

ing again toward the white ledge which formed a sort of terrace for the cave he was then using as headquarters. "Surf makes too much noise."

The correspondents followed him, scrambling for places, crowding to sit on a rock, producing pencils and notebooks, and resting their notebooks on their knees, pencils ready.

The general stood in the center of his terrace. He was wearing a gray homeknit sweater with a silk scarf knotted about his throat, khaki pants, unscuffed brown calf desert boots and the jaunty black beret of the tank corps. The beret seemed somehow too large for his small gray head. There were no ribbons on his chest. None of these articles of clothing was strictly uniform, but uniform regulations were seldom closely observed in the field.

Always cocky, he was cockier than ever that morning. His small, sharp blue eyes flicked over the correspondents and his close-clipped gray mustache twitched. Suddenly—such was the magnetism of the little man himself—one noticed another figure standing beside and a little behind him. It was Coningham—chief of the R.A.F. in the western desert—ordinarily a commanding figure; tall, heavy and solid, with a hawk nose of the kind which belongs to a man commanding the R.A.F. in the field. Coningham wore the proper uniform with ribbons.

The correspondents waited.

The Smile of Victory

"It was a fine battle," Montgomery began. Here was that past tense again—the same way Willkie had spoken two months earlier—as though the battle was already over. "It was a fine battle," he repeated, and now he no longer could suppress the smile that had been making his mustache twitch. "Complete, absolute victory," he snapped. "Boches finished. Finished!"

Montgomery has that habit of repeating his own phrases, and when he speaks, his letter "r" comes out softly.

"On Tuesday night (this was Thursday) I drove in two hard wedges, with three armored divisions, some of which are now operating in enemy territory. Those of the enemy that can get away are in full retreat. Full retreat. Those that cannot get away are facing our troops and they'll be put in the bag."

Here was a winner talking. "Hello, Mom," he was saying, "It was a tough fight, but I won."

"How do you like my new hat?" he demanded unexpectedly, and waited for the laugh. Montgomery has more hats than most generals in the British forces, but none of the correspondents had ever seen him wearing a tank beret.

He resumed his air of sternness and went on:

"I had not hoped for such complete victory," he began, then amended himself. "Yes, of course I hoped, but I had not expected it would come so quickly. The enemy is completely smashed. Completely smashed."

And it turned out that the enemy *was* smashed. Not completely smashed, not yet, but Montgomery has the knack of reading the future. "He's like the conductor of a great orchestra," one of his most respectful minor subordinates told me once. "He's always at least one bar of the score ahead of the players."

While Montgomery fought on the ground, Coningham fought in the air. The R.A.F. and its adjunct, the U.S.A.A.F., fought by day and by night, with fighters and bombers, and they achieved a triumph such as has never been achieved by any allied air force in any other theater of war. It wiped out—in Coningham's own words, it annihilated—the Luftwaffe on the ground and in the air.

Banked today along the sides of airfields which were German in October are piles of junk—junked German and Italian planes, wrecked before they could leave the ground.

So the little Irishman seems to have succeeded where others had fallen short of complete success. The enemy fled to El Alamein, fled to Tel el Eisa—the Hill of Jesus. He gave battle for two days at Tel Aqqaquir—Bad Man's Hill—then turned and ran, ran past Fort Capuzzo and Tobruk, past Mersa Matruh and Ain el Gazala, fled into Jebel Akdar—Green Hills—toward Tripolitania, where Americans and another army of British were closing in on Tunis and Morocco.

Egypt had been saved once more.

It was simply done, a simple thing to do, given the weapons with which to do it. And for the first time since the battle for North Africa began in 1940, Montgomery had the means to apply the perfect setup of good big man against good little man.

In the battle of August and September—the battle so disappointing for the spectators—Montgomery had won a passive defensive victory. He massed his tanks, his antitank guns and his field guns in fixed positions south and east of the long sand hump called Ruweisat ridge, which runs east and west for twenty miles south from the coast. He planted his armor there, with orders to his commanders that the tanks were not to move, were not to accept battle whatever the temptation, but were to remain where they were fixed and destroy any enemy armor which came within range.

The enemy came, his panzer divisions nosing eastward past Ruweisat, and swinging north toward the coast. It was an old maneuver. It succeeded the summer before when the Germans swung south around the Free French at Bir Hachéim and cut northeast to within sixty miles of Alexandria, where they stopped.

But in September the maneuver failed. The oncoming panzers met the massed fire of Montgomery's positions, met it and fell back, and the battle was over. Mr. Willkie, who had it on the highest authority, called it a victory comparable to Nelson's Abukir Bay.

Then there were two months of inaction, and nobody was satisfied, least of all Montgomery. The enemy sat on the Alamein line, sixty miles from Alexandria. He always had attacked before, he probably would attack again. Any day now he'd attack, and nobody was doing anything.

But one idle day I took a long ride in a truck, and at the end of the ride was a wide, flat desert plain covered with tents and, among the tents, thousands of men.

Elsewhere—I never knew all the places—other fresh forces were gathering. New tanks, new guns, new trucks with their fresh paint unscratched, new stores of food and clothing and ammunition and huge dumps of fuel brought to Egypt and laid down where they would be handy.

And in General Headquarters for the Middle East, the Eighth Army general staff was digesting Montgomery's plan. It wasn't altogether the same staff he had found when he arrived in August to take command. The changes had been swift and numerous, and sometimes ruthless.

His gathering power funneled now into the desert; power so tremendous it was breathtaking. Tanks numbering well in the hundreds, guns in hundreds, field guns, howitzers, self-propelled American antitank guns, new American General Sherman tanks with high-velocity 75-mm. cannon which can kill a tank at ranges previously impossible. Montgomery was ready.

He had planted hundreds of guns on a line running twenty miles from the sea at El Alamein southward toward Hemeimat. He put the Free French at the southern end, disposed the rest of his forces to balance the enemy distributions, and concentrated fire power in the northern sector of the front he had chosen.

At twenty minutes to ten on the night of October 23d it happened.

As though he really were the conductor of a great orchestra, Montgomery's baton dropped, and all his guns—his hundreds of guns—roared in unison. It was a barrage such as no one hereabouts had ever heard before.

It was a terrible barrage. Days later I saw dead men without a mark on their bodies, killed by the terrible concussion of shells that had burst near them.

Tricked by the Wind

But a barrage is not intended to kill men. It is intended to keep men under cover. In that purpose, the barrage of October 23d was successful. But the element of complete surprise had been lost through a freak over which even Montgomery had no authority.

The enemy, it was learned later from prisoners, knew the attack was coming, but nobody knew just when or where. Then the wind, which had been blowing steadily from the west for days, shifted, and enemy outposts heard it coming. They heard on the wind the sound of tanks moving up along parallel tracks through the desert, and they knew.

General Montgomery, wearing beret, confers with Air Vice-Marshal A. Coningham

But the knowledge was useful only to the extent that it relieved the tension of uncertain waiting. Nothing could be done to stop it. The enemy had made his plans for meeting the attack. What he didn't expect was the terrible fury of the opening barrage.

That barrage, nevertheless, was textbook tactics. The enemy knew the routes by which the attack must come through his mine fields. He knew that while the barrage lasted, the British engineers were cutting gaps through the mine fields; he knew that armor would follow; and after the armor would come the infantry. He prepared for all these things, and on the first night of Montgomery's new tactics, the infantry and armor were only partially successful. Not all of his infantry and none of his armor achieved their assigned objectives.

But Montgomery was a good big man now, and Rommel a good little man. Montgomery had the power to strike and keep striking. He had power to pound and crush and override and to take punishment and still keep pounding.

It was almost elementary. It was almost brutal. It was a slugging match, and the enemy couldn't take it.

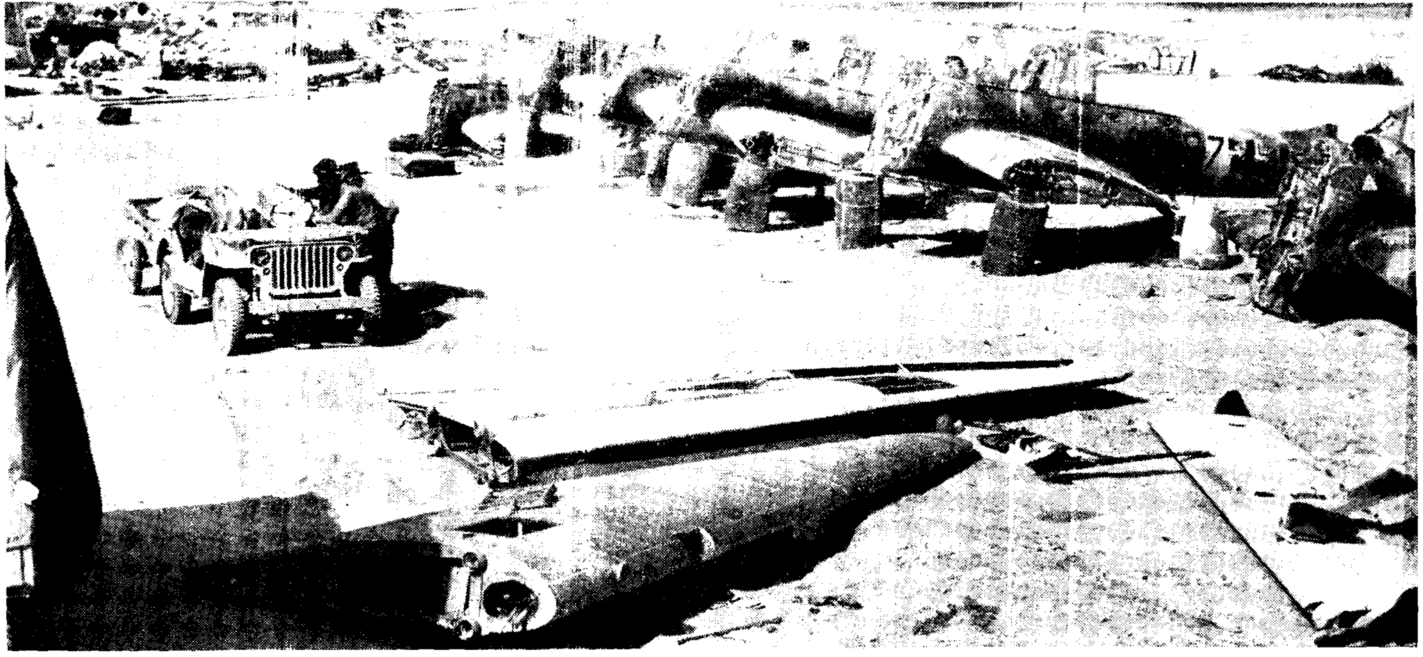
The Free French, who had had faint success against considerable opposition in the southern sector, now poured in on their objectives against no opposition at all. German armor and German infantry began their retreat, leaving the Italians in the south to fall into the bag held open by Montgomery's containing force. Prisoner camps began to fill with men who sat dejectedly under the sun, stripped of their possessions and professions, stripped of their hopes if they ever had any.

Not all the German tanks fought to the end. As shown by the dramatic picture below, many surrendered to British infantry

EUROPEAN

British supply trucks splash through a stream on the outskirts of Matruh

EUROPEAN



So rapid was the British advance that [illegible] fighters and bombers were smashed before they could get into the air. The picture [illegible] the Nazi planes destroyed on the ground at Daba. Below, safely behind barbed [illegible] the thousands of German and Italian prisoners

Light bombers of the S.A.A.F., escorted by R.A.F. long-range fighters, attacked a Nazi supply train, below, south of Sidi Barrani. Most of the cars were left shattered and burning on the railroad tracks

"Last night," General Montgomery told correspondents that November morning, "I captured a commander of the Afrika Korps, General von Thoma." As a matter of fact, that capture was made by a young armored-car captain.

Montgomery told of spending most of the night fighting over the war on a tabletop with his opposite number. He spoke highly of Thoma's ability as a soldier. What he didn't tell them was the circumstances of their first meeting.

It was on the threshold of Montgomery's comfortable motor-caravan truck that he first met the limping captive, still unkempt and smeared with clotted sand. Montgomery led him immediately into the austere truck he used as a map room.

The advance was swift at first, past acres of enemy munitions dumps and enemy trucks packed for flight and left where they stood when the pursuing forces enveloped them, past wrecked trucks, theirs and ours, past the bodies of unburied dead lying in grotesque poses, their faces black in death.

At El Daba it began to rain—just a night's hard rain, at first. It was enough to bring out ravaging hordes of mosquitoes, enough to slow down the pursuit just a little. As the pace slackened, as the movement of vehicles on the one main highway was interrupted for half an hour, for an hour, the long, long line of the huge Eighth Army stretched into an almost endless queue of trucks and guns and tanks and supply wagons.

An Orderly Retreat

As the pace slackened, the enemy paused and took a breath. He took time out to burn his supply dumps, to sow the sides of the roadway with mines, to blow up difficult passes along the highway, to post rearguard detachments which stayed put for a day, holding up the movement of our soft-skinned vehicles until our tanks came to blast our machine-gun nests, or until the enemy rearguard could withdraw after dark to make a new stand a little farther along.

The rain grew heavier and almost continuous. The enemy was withdrawing in a skillful, orderly manner. What had seemed like a rout a few days before had become a hard chase.

Now there was no question of strategy. It was all tactics. It was a race for Mersa Matruh, for Derna—where the steep winding roads of both entry and exit were blown up—for Bengasi, for El Agheila, for Tripoli. Behind its advance elements, the unwieldy Eighth Army hunched along like a nightmare caterpillar. The Navy ferried in fuel for planes and trucks, food for the men, spare parts for machines. Bases were built where they'd always been built—at Matruh, Capuzzo, Tobruk—and the rain turned the tracks to mud. Airfields turned to mud, and for days only a few planes got into the air—a few of ours, almost none of theirs. Now the good little man was boxing, and the big man was slow on his feet. But the end was inevitable.

So what had been learned? That superior force is a good thing to have. That it must be properly employed to extract its full advantage. That air superiority is essential for victory. That bad weather can bog down the best of armies. That a retreat needn't necessarily be a rout. Nothing tacticians didn't know before.

Montgomery demonstrated it again in this battle, and it's still true—when a good big man meets a good little man, the big man always wins.

THE END

Thieves with Union Cards

Continued from page 21

unions in legitimate fights against unfair employers. A union which was entirely in the right would persuade another union, say the Teamsters, to refuse to deliver raw materials to or cart away finished products from the plant of the unfair company. In addition, it would ask union men everywhere to boycott the company's product.

This, plainly, was a combination and conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce, but to enjoin such conduct or punish it as a crime apparently had not been the original intent of Congress. Or, if it had been the original intent, then a more enlightened Congress had seen the injustice of the Sherman Law. Therefore, further laws were passed, modifying the Sherman Law with the stated purpose of correcting this condition. Unions now had the right to interfere with interstate commerce, provided a legitimate labor dispute existed and provided the union acted in the interests of its own members and did not conspire with one employer to ruin another.

Thus empowered, certain unions themselves became the oppressors in many cases, and early in his administration of the Antitrust Division, Thurman went after several of them in criminal proceedings under the Sherman Law. The first case to reach the Supreme Court was the one known as the Carpenters' case.

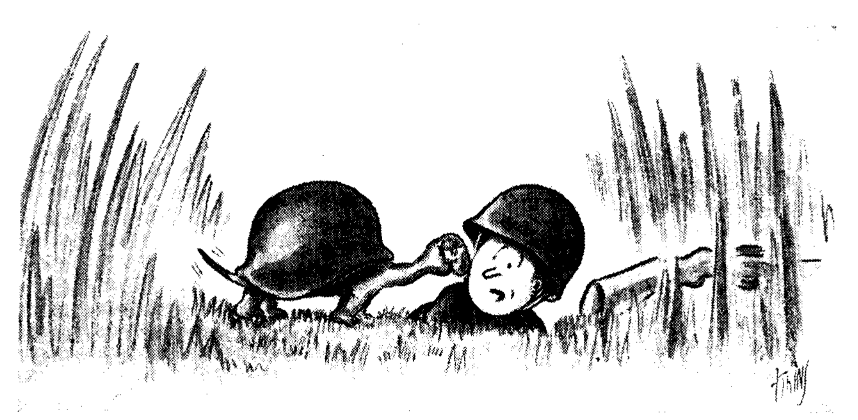
In this one, Arnold proved that the Carpenters' Union and the Machinists' Union, both members of the American Federation of Labor, agreed in writing to a certain division of the work of dismantling a plant in the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company in St. Louis and that the Carpenters, repudiating their solemn treaty, demanded for their own members certain jobs, which, by agreement, had been handed over to the Machinists. Arnold argued, and, of course, with absolute truth, that the Carpenters were preventing the company from carrying out its contract with the Machinists. And he showed that the Carpenters had lied to their members and to the public in declaring the company to be unfair to organized labor. The company was caught in the middle and was powerless.

Justice Frankfurter's Opinion

Thurman had good reason to think he had saddled a winner but the Supreme Court, in an opinion delivered by Justice Felix Frankfurter, set him down. The opinion was a combination of ideological wind and fog and probably would defy the efforts of most laymen to understand it. But, in general effect, it held that Congress had meant to permit such unprovoked injuries to noncombatant companies, to excuse unions from the fulfillment of their obligations, and that deliberate and injurious lying about innocent parties was permissible as familiar union practice. Of course, it is familiar union practice, but this was the first time the doctrine had been presented to the American people that Congress had intended to endorse it.

However, Thurman thought the Petrillo case was different, although considerable editorial opinion predicted that he would lose because the decision and the doctrine of the Carpenters' case covered exactly the same ground.

Meanwhile, Jimmy hired Joseph Padway, the general counsel of the American Federation of Labor and of seven international unions in the Federation and special counsel to numerous others, and they went to work. Jimmy insisted that he was within his rights.



COLLIER'S "Please go 'way. I'm not what you think I am, really!" ELMER ATKINS

Padway knows the laws pertaining to unions. He ought to. Congress consults his wishes and defers to them, notwithstanding the fact that he was special counsel to George Scalise, the Brooklyn-Chicago underworld racketeer of the Capone-Nitto mob and counsel for the union of movie and theatrical employees during the heyday of the malodorous crew of extortioners headed by Willie Bioff and George Browne.

But Padway had the law on his side and when Arnold went into court before Federal Judge John P. Barnes, in Chicago, late last September, the judge shut him off before he could finish what he had to say, with the obvious judgment that, under the Supreme Court decision in the Carpenters' case, Petrillo was within his rights.

Although Judge Barnes did not say so, because the Carpenters' decision was sufficient guidance and justification for his decision, the dictum of the Supreme Court in another reversal of Thurman Arnold was involved. That was the one called the Teamsters' case.

In that one it was proved that the Teamsters' Union of New York waylaid trucks entering the city with goods in interstate commerce and, like common brigands, compelled the owners to pay tribute. The rate was $9.42 for each large truck and $8.41 for each small truck entering the city. In some cases these guest drivers actually did take the wheel and drive to the destinations in the city. In others their services were refused but they were paid anyway. And, as the Supreme Court said, "in several cases, the jury could have found that the defendants . . . refused to work for the money when asked to do so."

Amour de Fleur
Parfume
Nuit de Indiscrite
dave Gerard

COLLIER'S "I just told her the name of that new perfume!" DAVE GERARD

The law under which Arnold prosecuted the union is known as the Antiracketeering, Act, which contains a proviso inserted by the American Federation of Labor stipulating that money obtained as wages from a bona fide employer to a bona fide employee must not be regarded as money obtained by extortion. Of course such wages would not be illegal tribute. But the Supreme Court, in a shocking opinion delivered by Justice James Byrnes, held that a highwayman becomes an employee if he but offer his services, even though he refuses in the end to perform the services for the money. So a robber who holds a union card may stick you up and beat you up and be innocent of racketeering if he remembers to say "I want a job driving your car 100 yards."

Stick-ups Approved

Here is what Justice Byrnes said on that: "The doubtful case arises where the defendants agree to tender their services in good faith to an employer and to work if he accepts their offer but agree further that the protection of their trade union interests requires that he should pay an amount equivalent to the prevailing wage even if he rejects their proffered services. We think that such an agreement is covered by the exception." In other words, he thinks such conduct was approved by Congress.

Of the 72 original defendants in this case, incidentally, 27 had police or criminal records and there was one case in which a regular driver who, for his own safety and that of the public, refused to let a drunken guest driver take the wheel, and was beaten up.

Well, this opinion ratifies the so-called stand-by principle which was the basis of Jimmy Petrillo's action. The stand-by principle gives a union the right to extort money from an employer for services not performed even though there is no need for such services.

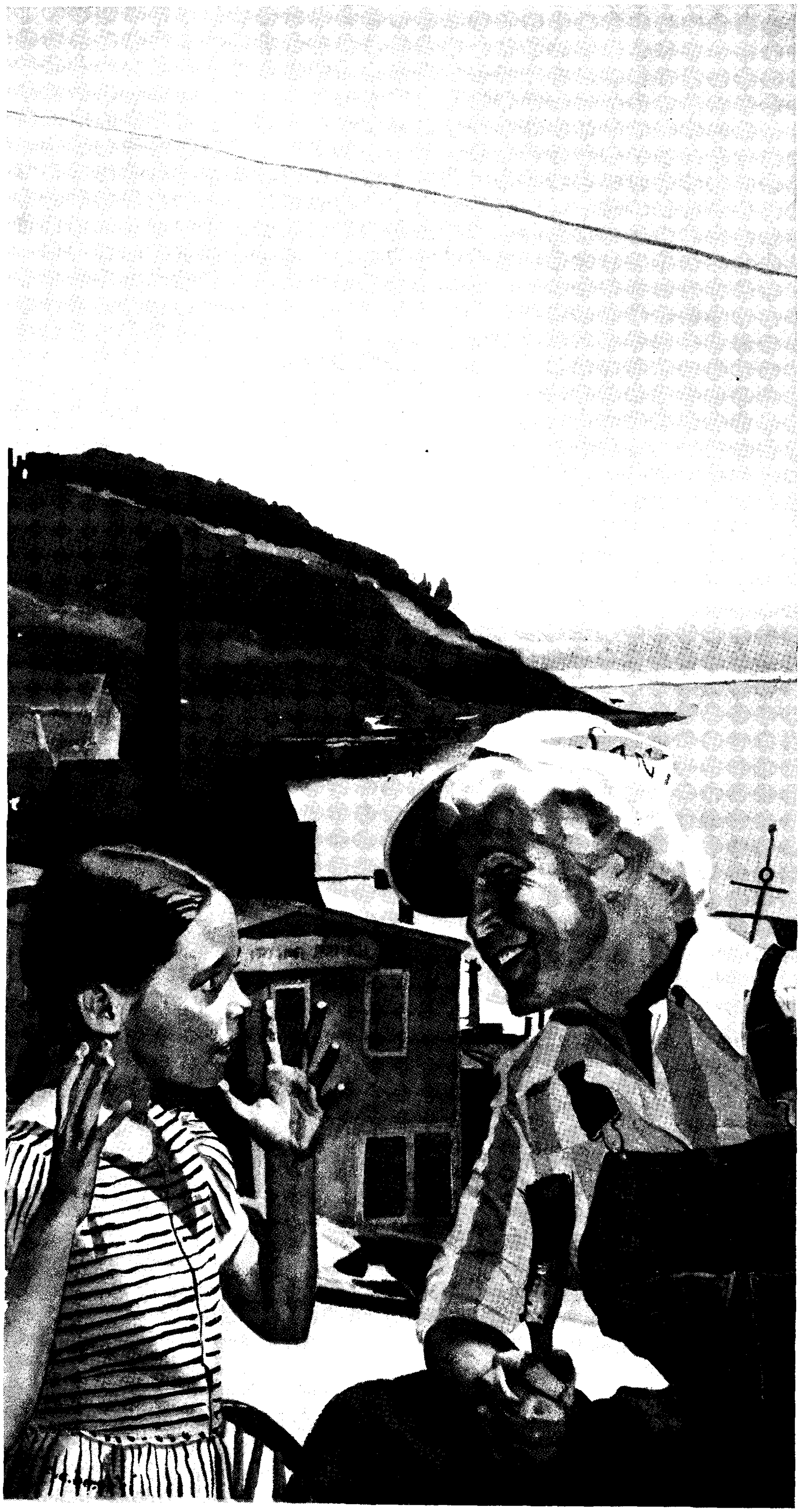
So, you see, the Wagner Act is not the law immediately concerned in the famous Petrillo case. The laws which govern are the Clayton and Norris-La Guardia acts which modified the Sherman Antitrust Law.

Under these two opinions the public and the employer, indeed, even the workers on the wrong end of a raid by a union have no rights and no chance.

What about Petrillo, himself? Well, Petrillo isn't so bad. He is an amusing little roughneck who gets about $80,000 a year in salary, expenses and perquisites, and is, to my almost certain knowledge and to my strong conviction, not a crook. He is several cuts above many other union bosses of the A. F. of L. and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and he says he is a good dictator.

It is not for him to say whether he is a good or a bad dictator, but that he is a dictator, nobody can deny. For the constitution of the American Federation of Musicians leads off with a proviso that the president, meaning Jimmy, may suspend any part of it at will and substitute therefor any desire of his own.

THE END



Miss Jinny eyed the excited small creature. "You didn't ought to talk like that," she said

Something Specific

By Victoria Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A natural-born fighter was Miss Jinny. She would have made some man a fine wife

ALL along Vanity Cove the little boats bobbled up and down on the incoming tide, and the dawn mist thinned and dried off under the climbing sun. As far as Miss Jinny Hicks could see, she was still the only human creature awake anywhere around. This, however, was a matter of such frequent occurrence that she did not give it a thought. Instead, she tested the ropes of her homemade scaffolding, mounted up, and began to paint over the big signboard.

"Hicks' Landing," it had read. "Gas and Live Bait."

The letters still showed faintly under the coat of white paint she had given them the day before. Now she took the tip of her tongue between her teeth, dipped the brush in the black pot, and with a lean, high-veined hand, remarkably steady for her fifty-seven years, she blocked in the new words:

"Hot Dogs. Fried Clams. If Becalmed Don't Be Hungry."

The blocking-in finished, Miss Jinny dropped the brush, rubbed her arm hard, and threw her legs, still neat and slender in their dungarees, over the board so that she sat facing the water.

"No call to finish it up all at once," she told herself. "Take my time, may's well, and finish it up tomorrow."

She pushed the short, curly gray hair back from her face, which was brown and fine-wrinkled as an old sailors, and looked out toward the open sea. Suddenly her blue eyes narrowed from their open vagueness to sharp attention. She had noticed a long iridescent streak of oil, far out on the water. "Funny," she thought, "that couldn't have been made by any of the campers along the shore. Hasn't been a motorboat, neither, since the lobster man last night, going out late. The tide was running in, a streak of oil couldn't have been there long, like that, a ribbon of green and purple on the blue water."

Then her farsighted eyes saw the periscope moving rapidly out toward the entrance of the cove.

"Well," she thought, "a sub. Come in from Portsmouth Harbor, most like."

SHE dropped to the float, took the paint pot and swung up the slanting gangway to the two-room shack which was her place of business and her home.

It was now seven o'clock, and Miss Jinny was hungry. She liked to wait until she was good and ready for her breakfast and then not stint herself. Oatmeal, fried eggs, apple pie for vitamins.

As she ate, she read her Bible, for which she had an enduringly fresh and surprised sort of fondness. "Never find the end to the common sense in it," she used to say fondly.

Two men driving a truck back to Boston from the shipyard came in for breakfast. After they had eaten they stood out in the little screened veranda on the side of the building for some minutes, looking across the water at the huge gray stone pile of Shane's Castle on the hill across the way.

"Boy," said one of them, "what a joint! Who lives there?"

"That's Shane's Castle," Miss Jinny told them. "You know, Bluebelle Whisky Shane's. He's dead and the old lady's sick. Didn't come up this year. Renting to some feller from New York."

"Gee," said the other, "they must pay plenty for that."

"Got twelve bathrooms," replied Miss Jinny. "Seen 'em one fall. Lady caretaker showed me. Twelve, tubs and all. Different colors."

"Well, for the lovva Mike!" the driver replied.

"That's right," Miss Jinny reiterated. "And you know what old Shane used to call it? He used to call it, 'We got a cottage at Vanity Cove.' That's what he'd say."

"Some cottage," said the driver.

They got on the truck and Miss Jinny waved them away.

Around noon Manuella arrived. Manuella was a pretty Portuguese thirteen-year-old who came in to wash dishes and help keep store until the supper rush died away.

Manuella's eyes were big.

"I was washing dishes for my Auntie Leonora that's cooking for Sawyers in Shane's Castle, last night," she said. "And you know what they say, up there my auntie and all? They say like the Sawyers are agents. You know, spies. I betcha they are, too, Miss Jinny."

Miss Jinny eyed the excited small creature before her for a moment. Then she said amiably, "Set down, Manuella. Don't you know you didn't ought to talk like that?"

The big dark eyes dropped, but the girl stuck to her guns. "Miss Jinny," she said stubbornly, "it's so. Last night they was setting off fire drums, red ones and green ones, signaling out to sea."

Miss Jinny sighed.

"Manuella," she said, "Mis' Sawyer was in here yesterday. They was having a party last night for her husband's birthday, she told me. They had an exhibition dancer come up from New York. They had them lights to light up her act out on the canvas under the trees. Mis' Sawyer said her husband was worried about they'd show up from the water, but she was aiming to set them in behind the wall that marks off the sunk-in garden."

"But she never."

"WAS you out on the lawn? You pick up the burnt-out drums after? Well, then how'd you know?"

Manuella squirmed. "They all said so, Miss Jinny, honest."

Miss Jinny smiled, a firm, easy smile.

"Manuella," she said, "before you was born, back in the last war, when the Shanes lived up there, people decided *they* was German spies. When Shane put in a cement tennis court they said it was a gun base covering Portsmouth Harbor. They said the Bluebelle distilleries was developing a secret gas for the Kaiser. Well, last year of the war Shane's boy got the Croy de Gare and there was his picture in the paper with this old Frenchman General Joff kissing him in the face; and then it come out that Old Man Shane was doin' secret work at the distillery all right, only it was for the U. S. A.

"Well, that's all, Manuella. Get the point?"

"Okay," said Manuella.

That was Saturday. Manuella got Sundays off, Sunday being the slack day this year. On Monday she came in with eyes like fifty-cent pieces.

"Miss Jinny," she said. "When did you see that German submarine? They think you was making it up, but I say if you said you seen it, you seen it."

"What you talking about, Manuella?"

"The submarine you was telling everybody about. You never told me about no submarine." Manuella's voice was aggrieved.

"Child," said Miss Jinny, "you talk more nonsense every day you live. It must be your age. Submarine?"

This time Manuella sat down. She held Miss Jinny in deep love and awe, but now she was sure of her ground.

"Miss Jinny, this ain't no my-auntie-said. I hear them, so you can't fool me."

"Hear who, Manuella?"

Manuella fetched a long, patient sigh.

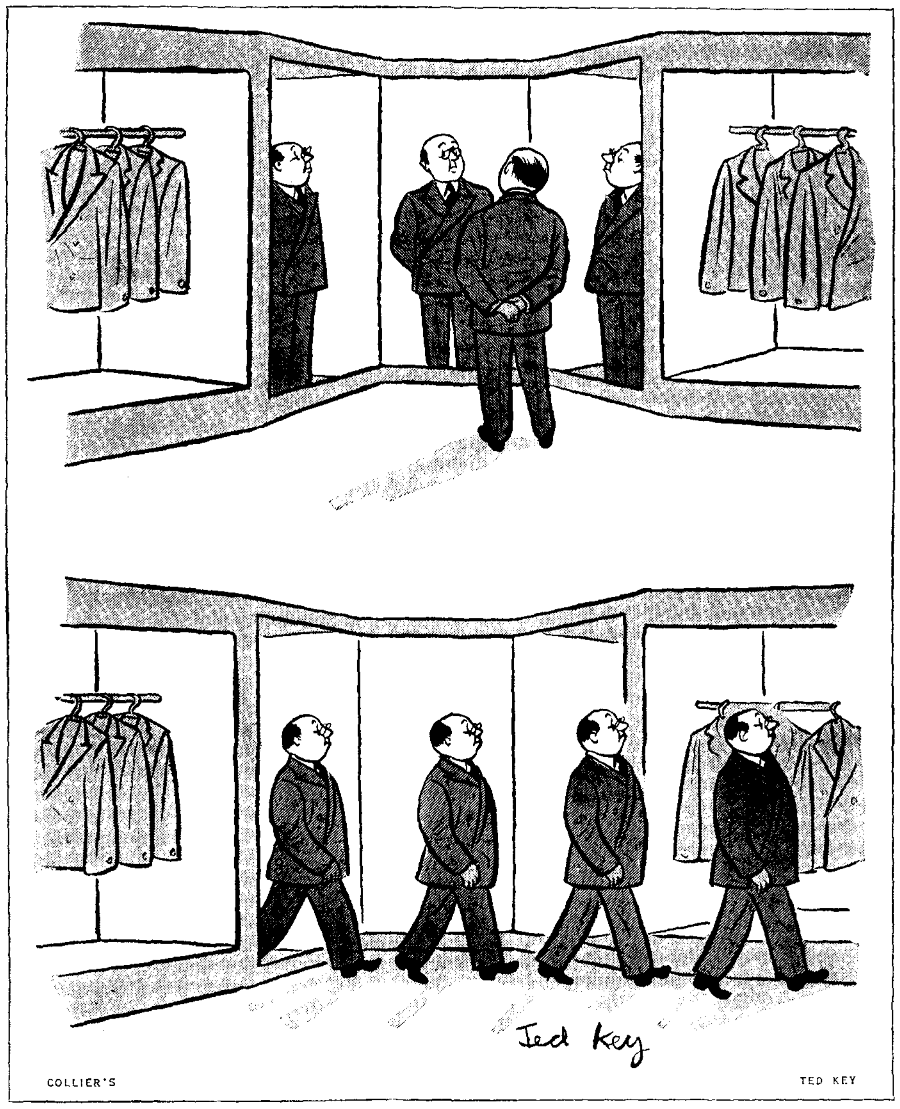
"Yesterday at Shane's they was giving a cocktail party. The betweenmaid's sick and my auntie got me to come up and help. They was talking 'bout you."

"Oh, get out, Manuella."

"Well, they was. Mrs. Sawyer, she said wasn't it funny how the very most unimaginarying folks got notions in wartimes. Just like you talked to me yesterday, she was talking. Only she said she come in here and you was going on about you seen U-boats right in Vanity Cove and you bet they was after your gasoline. That's what she said."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Jinny.

And then she remembered something. An oily streak on the water, a periscope moving toward the open sea. She had taken it for granted that it was from the Navy Yard; she had forgotten it. Well, of all things.



She decided that a small untruth would do no harm.

"Don't that beat all, Manuella," she said. "I was kiddin' with her, and I thought she seen the joke all along. Well, city folks are hard to understand, lots of times."

THAT night Miss Jinny went out on her float and stood with her hands on her lean old hips for a long time looking at Shane's Castle.

"There's something mighty funny in that story," she thought. "I got to go slow and figure it out.

"Seems hard to think of any real people like the Sawyers having queer doings, though. Oh, probably there's nothing to it."

That was Monday. On Tuesday a young man in Coast Guard uniform came walking up the road.

"Hey, there, Cousin Jinny!"

She straightened up from her work. She had been whitewashing the rocks that surrounded her dahlia beds.

"Nice to see ya, Howland," she said.

"My, how they grow up," she thought, looking at him with warm family pride. Maybe he was just her Cousin Abbie's boy, but he felt like real close kin.

"Real glad you happened by," she said cordially. "How you been?"

"I been fine," the young man replied. But his manner was hesitant.

Something on his mind, thought Miss Jinny shrewdly, but she only said:

"Come in and set down. I just baked a huckleberry pie."

HOWLAND was a thick-set blond young man, with close-cropped curly hair that was like her own; and he had her same sailor's eyes. She sat and watched him with a comfortable sense of family solidarity. He did have something on his mind, not a doubt of it. Maybe he wanted to borrow some money. Wanted to get Cora a ring, p'raps. They'd been going together six months now. Well, he could have it. Nice girl, that Cora.

She did not hurry him and finally he pushed away his plate and cleared his throat. "Cousin Jinny," he said, "what sort of a line you been stringin' out to that feller Sawyer up to the Castle?"

"What you talking about, Howland?"

She was not easy and superior as she had been with Manuella. On the contrary she was alert and disturbed.

"You can tell me, Cousin Jinny. No matter how screwy it sounds, I'll believe you."

"Listen to me, Howland Hicks Freeman, I tell you that I do not know what you're talking about."

The young man stared at her and his jaw sagged. "Well, I'll be darned," he said.

Miss Jinny Hicks stood up straight and began to walk up and down the screened porch.

"Listen," she said. "Talk fast. There'll be more customers here any minute. I got no idea what you're goin' to say, but whatever it is, I ain't surprised."

"You mean Sawyer was really here botherin' you?"

"What? Oh, begin at the beginnin', Howland."

"Well," said the young man, "yesterday afternoon, Sawyer comes by the station and stops in to have a look at the new breeches buoy. You know them seagoin' city fellers. Well, so he begins to talk, questions, how we been makin' out, does the war make much difference to our work and so on. Just like if we knew something we'd tell it to him! However, he was polite.

"Then he says it's the busy fellers like us that don't get so much of the war hysteria. Why, the lady that runs the gas station—Miss Hicks—he says she always seemed like a sensible woman (he don't know we're related and all the fellers begin to kick me on the sly). 'Well, what a spiel she gives me today,' he says, only he expresses it more refined; all about people try to get gas from her without no identification cards and there's U-boats out in Vanity Cove trying to get gas from her, and she's going to tell the Coast Guard and the F.B.I. and all like that.

"Well, now, listen, Cousin Jinny. What the fellers mostly think is you been stringin' this guy. Only the more I thought about it, the more I thought, somethin's fishy and I'm going to tell her.

"Besides, do you know what that guy is?"

"No," said Miss Jinny. "Quick, Howland, here comes a car. What is he?"

Howland brought his head down, level with hers.

"He's the Laird Cregar type. That's all. I got to get going."

SO MISS JINNY was not at all surprised when she looked out at eleven o'clock that evening and saw the Sawyers' smallest car stopping by her pump.

She went out, smiling.

"Good evening," she said. "You're one summer feller that's no headache to the government. Don't know when you've been by for a drop of gas."

"Good evening, Miss Hicks. No, I like to walk. I'll be young and handsome again by the end of the summer."

"Fishin' good? Well, here's your three gallons. Don't spend it all in one place as they say."

Mr. Sawyer leaned out over the door. He nodded Miss Jinny closer with a jerk of his head. He was not really the Laird Cregar type, she reflected. Flabbier.

"Got your pump filled up today, didn't you?" he said.

"Nope, tomorrow," replied Miss Jinny, and bit her tongue, too late.

Mr. Sawyer cleared his throat. His next words came glibly, but with a certain lack of conviction. The act, you would have said, had been rehearsed.

"With gas so hard to get, I should think a handsome woman like you could make some extra money," he said. "Take a nice vacation."

Miss Jinny snorted with surprise. "Where to, Alcatraz or Atlanta?" she inquired sharply.

"Why, Miss Hicks," said Mr. Sawyer, "can't you take a joke?"

He started the motor. Suddenly Miss Jinny felt that she was catching on. She made her voice shake. She tried to look incompetent.

"I'll report you!" she exclaimed. "Why, I can't believe it, a nice man like you and in Shane's Castle and everything."

A comfortable laugh sounded from the dark of the car.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Miss Hicks. As you say, a nice man and in my position. And there's been considerable amusement lately at the way you've been carrying on about plots and U-boats and so on. Considerable amusement."

"That's it," she thought, almost elated at the clarity of the picture. "That's it. He wanted to fix it so's no one would believe me, just like I guessed."

"Mr. Sawyer," she quavered, "what you talking about?"

"Oh, considerable."

The words floated back to her lightly as the car moved out of the drive.

Miss Jinny went indoors and sat down at one of the little restaurant tables. Her knees felt queer in the back and her stomach was light and empty.

Suppose it was so, suppose Sawyer was trying to manage to get gasoline for U-boats, could he put her on the spot as easy as this?

How did you tell the F.B.I. about a thing? Guess you wrote to Washington. And what did you say? She'd have to say, "A neighbor asked when I got my tanks full up. He asked if I wanted to make some money. I thought he was suggesting something illegal about gas, but then he laffed and said he was kidding. I seen a sub a few mornings back. Thought at first it was from the Navy Yard, but now I ain't so sure."

Yeah, that would certainly bring out the Marines. Like heck it would!

"I can just hear myself and them, too.

"'What's happening now?'

"'Nothing. He said he was kidding and drove right off.'

"How do you get help before you need it," thought Miss Jinny, "if after you need it it's going to be too late?"

She opened her Bible and closed it again. There was a lot of vague general comfort in it about not being failed or forsaken, but that wasn't what she wanted at the moment.

"I feel like there ought to be something practical in it," she thought. "Something specific. Bet there is, if I can just manage to remember it."

The memory did not come and after a few minutes Miss Jinny stood up.

"Well," she said, "faith without works is dead. I got to do something."

And then she thought of Howland.

"Thing is, I got to think of a way to get a hold of him and tell him," she thought. "I can't go over there—that wouldn't work. And it's a six-party line, everybody listenin' in. And the way things are now, if I need help quick and call up the station and get someone else besides Howland, they'll waste a lot of time before they get going, arguing out about am I screwy or am I kidding or is it straight.

"But I'll figure it out. What I need now is a good sleep."

THE next morning she went down to the float early, although the signboard was now finished. The water was clear. It was a still day at the full tide, in the brimming lull before the turn.

A figure in white flannels, small across the sweep of water, but still clear to her farsighted eyes, came down the lawn at Shane's Castle, and stopped by the sea wall. There was a quick flash of light.

"Got binoculars," she reflected. "Sun shining on 'em."

As she looked she saw an arm raised, waving. He had seen her, too.

She raised her own arm.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" she said aloud. But her voice was unperturbed, almost friendly. Now, in the morning light, Miss Jinny felt extremely happy. Though she never suspected it of herself she was a natural fighter. She strolled up the gangway again, ready for breakfast.

The dishes washed, she took up the telephone and called the Coast Guard station.

"Hello, that's you, Lieutenant, ain't it? This is Miss Hicks. Can I talk to Howland a minute? Don't call him if he's busy. 'Tain't important."

She waited, smiling.

"That you, Howland? This is Cousin Jinny. I went to the movin' pitchers last night."

"Oh, you never."

"That's right, Howland. I seen Laird Cregar. He was good, like you said."

"He was, hey?"

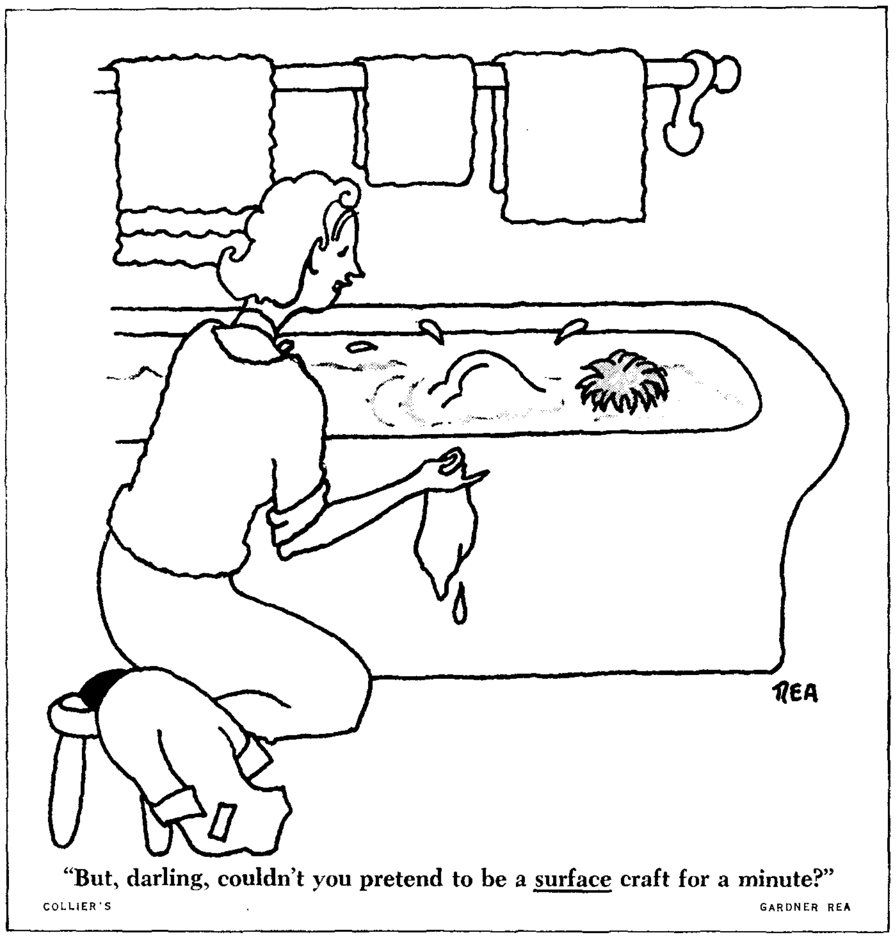
SHE was pleased that his voice did not change.

"That wasn't what I called up for, though, Howland. Cora was by yesterday, about two in the afternoon."

He knew that wasn't so, or she'd have told him so yesterday.

"She was, hey?"

"That's right. And she wants to call you up tonight when she gets through to the store. Stocktakin', she may have to work late. She don't want the boys up there to know she called up though. Says you stick round the phone and get to be the one to answer if you can. I told her she's foolish, but I said I'd tell you anyways."



"But, darling, couldn't you pretend to be a surface craft for a minute?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Well, thanks, Cousin Jin. You know how she is. Shy."

"You bet. Makes her nervis, folks to laff at her. That way myself."

"Well, thanks again, Cousin Jinny. You tell her I'll stick round."

"That's okay, Howland. Drop by when you get a chanst."

"I'll do that. Well, so long."

"So long, Howland."

She heard the two telephones up the line click down. Poor Cora, would she get a laffing-about behind her back! Well, that's war for you. We all got to put up with things. . . .

In the afternoon, Manuella said suddenly. "Say, I forgot to tell you the excitement."

"What's excitin' today, Manuella?"

"Why, about the fire they most had up to the castle, last night."

Miss Jinny was before the stove. She closed the oven door.

"Fire, hey?"

"Sure. They got paper blackout shades on all them big windows on the water side. Well, Mr. Sawyer was doing something to his radio, and he lays his pipe on the sort of flower box right under the shade. Wow, it flared up that paper shade. It caught on the drapes before he got them pulled down. I was over to see my auntie and we all come running and throwing water, just for the heck, but I guess he got it out all right by himself, quick."

"That was a signal," thought Miss Jinny. "And of all the ham actors! What does he do everything the hard way for?"

The evening was quiet and long. Miss Jinny sat by her radio until midnight and then she went out on her back porch and waited in the dark and quietness. From time to time she looked in through the window at the clock.

At twenty minutes past one there was a crunching step on the gravel and a tap at the door. A low voice said, "Miss Hicks."

It was Sawyer, and he had come on foot. "Well, he ain't forgot me," Miss Jinny thought, and smiled. She rounded the screened porch and opened the door.

"Evening," she said. "What brings you by so late?"

"Business," said Mr. Sawyer, and stepped inside. He drew his hand from his coat pocket. There was an Army revolver in it. He regarded it silently, as if in surprise. He dropped it back into his pocket.

"About that little proposition from last night," he said. "I wonder if you have changed your mind."

"I'm scared of guns," said Miss Jinny flatly.

"Most ladies are," said Mr. Sawyer.

HE SAT down and wiped his face.

"What are you here for?" asked Miss Jinny. "What do you want?"

Mr. Sawyer sighed heavily.

"I have a stick of green fire here," he said. "I am going to set it off up here on the end of your porch. When it has burned out I shall pick up the stick and go home. After about ten minutes a dory will dock down below and four men will bring a tank up to the roadside. It's too bad that your pump down below isn't in use any more, but we must make the best of things. They will fill up and row off. That's all. By that time I shall be home in bed. Matter of fact I went to bed early—I haven't been out all evening."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing."

"I'll call for help soon's you leave me."

"Sure. Sure. But you'll be a long time getting action, because of the way you've been acting lately. The boys in the boat will have time, I figure."

"Why don't you disconnect the phone? Why don't you tie me up?"

"And really have something to explain? What for?"

He took the fire drum in his hand and started down the porch.

"Too bad you didn't have the nerve to co-operate," he said. "A permanent arrangement between us would have been very profitable all around."

"I've been thinking," said Miss Jinny.

Mr. Sawyer turned and paused.

"Mr. Sawyer, if there was some way I could always be tied up or something, so's I'd have a good story if anybody was to come in unexpected—well, there's ways you can fool the records, you know, about gas."

"Well!" said Mr. Sawyer.

HE SAT down on a chair and smiled. "Now we can talk," he said. "I'd like a drink of water, please, Miss Hicks."

"Water," thought Miss Jinny. *"That's it.* All day long I been thinking there was something in the Bible real helpful, not just generally comforting, but *helpful.* That's it.

"'He asked water, and she gave him milk, she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.'

"I knew I'd get it."

"I was just going to have some pie and coffee, myself," she said, "for my late supper. Could you eat a mite, you suppose?"

"Coffee? Sounds fine."

Miss Jinny regarded him with a sort of detached sympathy.

The coffee was hot on the back of the stove, the pie crumbling and delicious. She bore them in and set them down.

"I'll just go out in the kitchen and get the cheese," she said.

She went right to the shelf by the window where she kept her tools, picked up a hammer, returned to the front room and hit Mr. Sawyer on the head.

"I always thought Jael was dreadful messy, using a hammer and a nail both on Sisera," she reflected cheerfully. "Some women do everything the hard way."

She struck a match and set off the green flare. She called the Coast Guard station. Howland answered, as she had been sure he would.

"Listen," she said. "Let on like this is Captain Phipps and he seen 'em from the ocean. Close the mouth of Vanity Cove. The U-boat won't be submerged, I guess. Send some people here quick by land. That's all."

"Okay, Captain Phipps. Okay, we're snappin' right into it."

Miss Jinny hung up and sighed happily.

"Ain't had so much fun since I was a kid," she thought. "Yep, there's all kinds of notions in the Bible."

She regarded the recumbent form of Mr. Sawyer thoughtfully and took down from the bookshelf another volume, the First Aid Handbook.

"Let me see," she murmured. "There's three kinds of head injuries—concussions, simple and depressed fractures. I wonder which kind I done?"

Mr. Sawyer stirred and groaned.

THE END

Lt. Rober

Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Because Hollywood was both shortsighted and oversensitive, its actors and technicians are marching off to war instead of making the films essential to the war effort. Result: America faces the loss of its most valuable single morale weapon—the movies

EVERY sin Hollywood ever committed is coming home to roost. The result is that the movies are taking a terrific shellacking, and nobody dares lift a voice in protest.

What Hollywood is saying secretly and can't say publicly is: The Armed Forces are taking away all our actors, all our technical men. Things are serious now; in six months they will be desperate. But if anybody in Hollywood got up and said that unless a great change in public policy is made the movies might be out of business in six months, an exultant chorus would sweep across the country: "So *what?*"

This doesn't mean that people hate the movies; it means that they have a mental image of Hollywood parties, Hollywood swimming pools, Hollywood castles, Hollywood income-tax returns, Hollywood scandals. The idea that all this might be lost makes America laugh right out loud. Hollywood knows it and can't say a word. One peep from that sector, and the repercussions would be tumultuous.

"Go on, you dirty slackers!" the cry would come, followed by hoots, threats and vegetables.

Well, somebody had better start speaking up soon. The movies *are* threatened, and there is no use kidding about it or hiding it any longer.

I'm speaking on my own because I don't want to get anybody in Hollywood involved and I don't want anyone taking the blame for my views.

Do I care if Hollywood is seriously crippled? Yes.

Do you care if the movies go out of business? Yes.

Do either of us care if every big shot in Hollywood goes broke? *No!*

But I care and you care and America cares if anything keeps Hollywood from making the best pictures of its life in these war days.

There's a thing called morale. The word has been overworked and perhaps I shouldn't use it here. Let's just put it like this: We don't have movies any more, or the ones we have are inferior. Then what?

There are two ways of looking at that: (a) It would be a relief. (b) You're exaggerating.

It wouldn't be a relief because, generally and nationally speaking, we'd go nuts without the movies. When President Roosevelt wants to relax, he has a movie run at the White House. Stalin bombarded Willkie with questions about Hollywood. Churchill laughs himself back to health with Hollywood films. When we want to relax, we have a picture run for us down at the corner theater—90,000,000 of us a week planking our dough down on the ledge and getting relief from work and war and worry.

Well, that's beating an old horse; everybody admits we can't get along without the movies. And I say flatly that if the present trend keeps up, we'll either have movies so horrible that their morale value will be gone or we'll have no movies at all.

Don't be too sure that's wild talk. Hollywood itself wouldn't agree with it, but Hollywood never knows anything until it's over. Look what's happening to the strange place.

Twentieth Century-Fox has lost Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, George Montgomery and Cesar Romero. That takes every leading man they have but Don Ameche.

William Holden
Army Signal Corps

M-G-M has lost James Stewart, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Lew Ayres, Gene Raymond and Richard Ney. Mickey Rooney and Robert Taylor will probably be gone by the time these words are in print. Spencer Tracy is breaking his neck trying to get into the service.

Practically every promising young leading man in the industry is now in the service—Robert Stack, Robert Preston, Ronald Reagan, Richard Greene, Jon Hall, Louis Hayward, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Holden, Jeffrey Lynn, Sterling Hayden, Tim Holt, Wayne Morris, Ray Middleton, Burgess Meredith, David Niven, Laurence Olivier, George O'Brien, Robert Sterling, Van Heflin, Melvyn Douglas.

Are there others still available for films? Well, bide your time, my friends. They'll either be on their way while you're reading these words or they'll be summoning up their courage to face the reign of terror that is now sweeping over all actors.

They tell the story of the Hollywood agent who whispered to a producer: "I got a great prospect for you—a young guy with a double hernia."

Very funny—and there actually are a few cases like that, but even these aren't going to be happy. No actor is going to be happy much longer unless he has a long gray beard and a noticeable limp. Actors uncalled in the draft because of dependents or ill health are even now reluctant to appear at camps or at benefits for soldiers and sailors. In far too many cases, they have been met with: "How's about getting into a suit, you punk?"

When Bob Hope returned from his tour of the camps in Alaska, it required all the persuasion of his friends and finally an unofficial order from Washington to keep him from enlisting. Although he has two small children and is in 3-A in the draft, he was met by a bitter cry during one show in Alaska: "You'd be even funnier in a uniform, buddy!"

The Threat of Public Scorn

Every actor in Hollywood has received angry letters asking when he's going to join up. Our armies are fighting in Africa, in the Pacific Southwest. With the passing months, the fury of the struggle will mount. Our thoughts will be of fighting men, of bravery and victory. All other problems will seem trivial and puny. It will take a strong man to face public clamor then. The producer who comforts himself with the thought that he can get by with lesser names or older actors may find that there are no names of any sort available.

If the war lasts only another six months, what is being written here will seem the sorriest kind of nonsense. But if it lasts another two years or longer? Can we afford to neglect our strongest morale weapon? It isn't only our own problem. Without American films, the theaters of England couldn't keep open a month; Canada and Australia are in the same position. It will take a world of convincing to prove to them that Bob Hope with a rifle is as important for the purposes of the war as Bob Hope in a new comedy.

Five million Russians have lost their lives in this war. Russia has lost half its industrial capacity, half its best farm lands. Anybody is crazy who thinks Rus-

Pvt. Tyrone Power
Marine Corps

Capt. Gene Raymond
Army Air Forces

Coxswain Victor Mature
Coast Guard

iery

Lt. Clark Gable
Army Air Forces

lelvyn Douglas
Army

Cesar Romero
Seaman, Coast Guard Reserve

Ensign Richard Ney
U.S.N.

sians are strange O[illegible] who crave death as an adventure. They love [illegible] they hate death, just as all of us do. But when their armies were being pushed back and their soldiers were dying by the millions, they still kept their heads. They know the worth of morale; they've built a nation on morale, they are a practical people.

Their movie stars were kept making pictures. Their stage actors continued to act. When the Germans besieged Moscow, the theaters kept playing; they are still laying in beleaguered Leningrad. The theater is rought to the trenches, the cinema is brought to the oldiers by a remarkable method of projecting films gainst the open sky. But actors remain actors, muicians remain musicians, dancers remain dancers.

During the crisis of last winter when it seemed ceraain that Moscow would fall, a Russian delegation ere finally made arrangements for showing, in the oviet Union, Charlie Chaplin's The Great Dictator.

"We need every pound of war materials we can get," they said, "but if it were a choice of sacrificing boatload of armaments or Chaplin's picture, we vould unhesitatingly take the picture."

The Russians have made no comment on American olicy toward Hollywood's actors, but I have heard ther foreign opinion.

"You build up the greatest good-will medium in he world," a Norwegian said to me, "and then you eliberately throw it away. Are you quite sure you now what you're doing?"

The actors themselves have asked no favors and, in act, have refused favors. Early in the game, Clark able wrote to President Roosevelt, offering his services in the Armed Forces. The President, in a famous etter, advised Gable that he was far too valuable as an ctor to waste his services anywhere else. It was all lanned in Washington to make the movies an essenial industry—and then a horrible error was made. Intead of the news coming officially from Washington, t was announced by a Hollywood producers' group n a release from its New York office!

Because that gave the impression that Hollywood ad pleaded for special dispensation, the Screen Actors uild immediately repudiated the idea and demanded hat actors be accorded no favored status. They easoned that anything else would inevitably throw hem open to the charge of draft dodging.

This was a brave, gallant, patriotic and thoroughly umb gesture. The producers had been stupid, but he actors made certain that nothing sensible could ome out of it. The Guild made the characteristic istake of considering the actor an individual. On he contrary, an actor is a public character, created by he public and answerable to the public. In wartime, his is even more true.

Putting it bluntly, I am not concerned about the ersonal welfare of the actor. I care equally little bout the financial woes of Hollywood. A point can e reached in the movies where top-ranking executives o into the bread line, for all I care. But I *am* conerned about American morale and I maintain that he present policy of ruining our best and chief moraleuilding institution is insane, suicidal and nonsensical.

I haven't mentioned the loss of technicians, although it has been a great blow to the industry, and the effect is already felt in the quality of the product. Hollywood has 186 sound cameras, which is eighty per cent of all such cameras in the world. The Army right now is in need of 300 sound cameras. Cameramen have gone by the dozens; technicians by the hundreds. According to the estimate of a man whose judgment I respect, by June of this year, Hollywood will be producing 75 per cent fewer pictures, and the quality will be little better than in the early days of sound films. This man is calculating entirely on the basis of the loss of technicians, not bothering at all about the actors.

Movies Sell America to the World

In any case, the result will be catastrophic. Anybody who has traveled in Latin America knows the influence of the American movies. Army camps in this country can't get films enough or halls enough to provide for the soldiers. When our forces went into North Africa, Hollywood films went right along, not only to entertain the fighting men but to offset *Axis and Vichy-French ideas among the natives.* As we reconquer territory, our films will do the work of selling America to the world. Before you start smiling at memories of silly films you have seen, remember that much of our store of good will as a nation comes from those very flickering images.

It is no longer a question of what the actor wants or what the producer wants; it is a national problem. In England, the authorities have permitted the loan of film stars in the Armed Forces for making pictures. Some have been propaganda films; others have been commercial films; but all are films that tell Britain's story and keep up British courage and hope.

In our case, it has reached a point where it may be necessary to *order* our actors back to Hollywood. They will refuse to come now, if it means they will be subjected to criticism from people who feel they are avoiding their military duty.

Because of that feeling, Washington must take the lead. The time has come for Washington to proclaim the movies an essential industry, exactly as necessary as steel and coal and ships and farms. That is not merely a flowery statement. It is the plain truth that must be recognized.

Let actors be brought back from the services before it is too late. I'm not offering a plan for the best way of doing it. They can be returned to civilian life or they can remain military men who have been delegated to special detail, with the proviso that their usual salaries will be turned over to the Red Cross or the USO. Tyrone Power gets $150,000 a picture; Clark Gable is paid even more. Their contributions, added to all the others similarly detailed to the films, will raise more for charity than all the football games and charity balls ever devised.

As for the producers, if income taxes do not remove any benefit they might get from having James Stewart or Ronald Reagan working for Army pay, the government can easily see that every cent of profit is squeezed out of the transaction.

The movies are one of our lines of defense. It is as stupid to throw away a Mickey Rooney or a Henry Fonda as it would be to draft an airplane designer to make him a grease monkey.

The job is to make the best pictures in the world and to keep on making them. Putting the problem in its simplest form, Clark Gable shouldn't be *allowed* to be a soldier. War is too serious for us to be playing sentimental games. He has a duty and Hollywood has a duty and they should be made to stick to it. ★★★

Henry Fonda
Apprentice Seaman, U.S.N.

Capt. Ronald Reagan
Army

The Stars Came Down

Continued from page 26

strong wind also pressed his uniform against his body. He carried a sheaf of papers, typewritten papers, and he seemed to be reading them as he plodded along in the sand.

Deeply concerned with the papers, he nearly stumbled over her. He looked down at her, his face wrinkled in a frown. "I beg your pardon."

Then he looked again. People always looked twice at the eager glowing face. She smiled. "It must be something awfully important."

"It is," he said. "I'm trying to figure out how to ask a girl to marry—"

"Oh," she said. "You write out your love scenes in advance."

He dropped down in the sand beside her. "It's a radio script," he said. "I'm stuck on the last scene."

"That's too bad." She did not know how to go on from there.

"It's going on a national hookup on Saturday evening," he said, "from the base auditorium. Gloria Henson's coming to play the lead."

"Gloria Henson!"

"They picked on me to write it. I used to do stuff like this." He sighed. "They even gave me every afternoon off this week to work up the program."

SHE sat up, shaking back the dark mass of her hair which managed somehow to get in her face distractingly.

"It's about an English boy who comes here to learn to fly," he said, "and goes crazy over an American girl. Look here." The gloom in his face sharpened. "Maybe you could help me."

"I?" Holly said.

"You're a girl," he said. "I'll feed you the lines, and you make the answers you think a girl would make. Would you?"

Holly was astounded. "I'm—I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good."

He moved closer.

"Please—I'm really desperate!"

She said, "All right—I'll try."

It was settled: like that. He read her the preceding part of the script.

"They're alone now," he explained. "He has to ask her. He's leaving for flight duty the next morning. This is the last line I've written." He read it slowly, " 'Anne, I've got something to tell you.' "

He had a pencil, and he bent over the paper, holding the pencil poised, ready. Holly felt frightened and oddly upset.

"You've always got something to tell me," she said.

He wrote that down; Holly watched the words coming on the page. She thought that he could not be serious. She thought, *Well, I can be amused, too.*

"I didn't think I talked much."

"Everybody talks," she said. "Even if it's only with their eyes."

"Do I talk with my eyes?"

"You've been positively—er—chattering all evening. Like a monkey."

"No! Really!" He wrote that feverishly: He pondered. "What have I been saying?"

Holly hesitated. "You've been telling me that you like my dress . . . that you get lost in my eyes . . . that you—"

"Love me," he finished for her.

He muttered, "Pause." He wrote that down. "Probably soft music."

"No," Holly said. "Not music. That would be too obvious. Just keep it still."

Reluctantly he nodded. "Okay," he said. "Go ahead."

"You've been telling me you want to marry me."

"Yes," he said. "And I've never said that before."

"You're teasing."

"Never before. Anne!"

"Tonight?"

"Would you? I—I know I'm nothing. I'm mud. I'm—would you, Anne, tonight?"

"Oh, but we couldn't. There's an awful lot of red tape. Everything's closed. Everything—"

"But—Anne! I've got a license."

The wind crackled the sheets of paper. He wrote furiously, catching up with what they had said.

"And I thought," Holly said, "that Englishmen were slow."

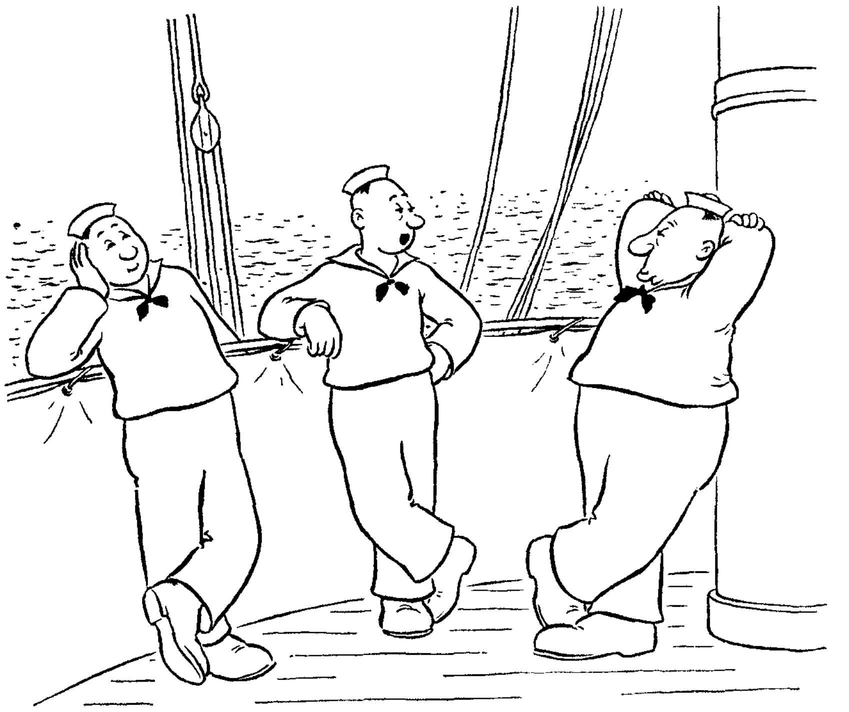
That was it; that was the end. She looked at him and he looked at her, and he grinned. It was a nice grin. It made his face younger, more alive.

"Not bad," he said.

She felt excited and gay; she watched him under her lashes.

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Yes, we all dream of our ideal girl, Alfred, but you'll have to look pretty far to find one with a Southern accent and a baby-talk lisp"

COLLIER'S

He fixed everything in its place, the pencil in his pocket, the papers folded neatly and squarely, the hat on his head. Then he looked around, surveying the sea and the glaring white beach and the road above.

"Hey," he said. "How about walking a little? Down as far as the reef there?"

HOLLY felt the sick faintness. Things had been wonderful for a minute. But the minute ended. "I don't walk," she said. "Doctor's orders," she added.

"Oh?"

Holly laughed. "It was an accident. I'll be about as good as new in another . . . week. It's fun, really," she said, "to be ordered to rest when everybody else is positively rushing around. I think how big the world is," she said, "and how much fun it'll be to dance again. My aunt will be along any minute to pick me up and take me home to bed again." Holly was a little breathless when she finished.

Strangely he did not say any of the things there were to say. He did not say, I am sorry. He did not ask, How did it happen?

He touched her shoulder lightly—her shoulder that was damp with the heat. "It was nice of you to help," he said.

He got to his feet and brushed his uniform; it required several seconds to brush the clinging sand away.

"S'long," he said.

"Goodby," Holly said.

A LONG while after he had disappeared, she lay in the sand; then she got up and climbed the embankment to the road. Her aunt's apartment was hardly more than three blocks away.

She walked with a slightly stilted motion. But it was not the result of an accident. It was clearly what was left of a child's disease.

Over and over she was saying, *Why to me? Why to me?* And she could not imagine why she was crying. . . .

The strange young man did not appear the next day and Holly thought, *I ought to be glad;* and when he did not appear the day after, Holly thought, *I really am glad.*

On Saturday she wore her white bathing suit with the blue stars sprinkled around the edges. The zinc-gray sky hung low like a heavy door against the placid sea. Holly spun a story for herself, a story of what she would say if he came, of what jokes they would have together *if* he came.

She saw him coming a long way off, a darker shadow against the sky, plodding along in the sand. She felt the tight pain in her chest, and that was happiness. And she was startled to know that that was the way happiness felt.

Holly closed her eyes. She would pretend that she had not seen him. But it did not work. His nearness compelled her to open her eyes, and the way he looked at her made her breathless.

"Hello," he said.

Deliberately he settled himself in the sand. He had a small brown-paper bag and two bottles. "I brought refreshments," he said. "I couldn't decide if you were an orange or a milk girl, so I settled on beer."

His eyes were brighter. Or perhaps it was only that the day was very dark. He looked happy.

He produced hot dogs. "Do you like beer?"

"Not very much," she said.

"I hoped you wouldn't," he said in a satisfied voice. "I hoped I'd get both bottles."

"There we go again," Holly said, "sounding like a radio drama."

They laughed. It was wonderful laughter.

"The program is all set."

"Don't tell me you're going to use that stuff we wrote the other day?"

"It's swell." He considered. "Everybody says it's swell. I don't suppose," he said, "that you could come and see the program?"

Holly shook her head.

There was an awkward moment. He began on the second bottle of beer. "Sure you don't want a swallow?"

"Oh, no."

She lay back, quite content.

He said, "I always like to know the names of the girls I kiss."

"It's Holly," she said. "Holly Bentley."

"I'm John Farwl."

IT WAS like that; it was as simple as that. He kissed her, and it was as if the stars fell down and one landed squarely between her eyes and she saw candy colors.

"Did you say your name was Holly?"

Rolling over in the sand, she nodded. Nodding was a silly thing to do. Nodding got her mouth and her eyes full of sand. She choked a little.

He said swiftly, "Are you crying?"

She could not answer, and in any case he did not wait for an answer. He freed his arm and gently turned her face up to his. She dared not look at him. Then she felt the handkerchief, and he was brushing the tiny needle-point sand away.

"It's funny about your name," he said. "Does Holly come on a Christmas tree?"

She managed a strangled, "I—I don't think so."

"Well," he said, "when I was a little boy I always used to say that I'd get my wife off a Christmas tree. My grandfather put the idea in my head. I was raised on my grandfather's farm." He talked easily. He was being nice. He said, "When I was five I got a red wagon and I announced that that was the best present of all. But my grandfather said, No—a loving wife was the best present."

Holly gulped. "Did he have a loving wife?"

"A very loving wife," John Farwl said, "with a knack at apple butter."

She looked at him fully, and she smiled gratefully. She knew, then, almost, what his face meant: that he had been raised in gentleness and had not found the world very gentle.

He said, "What else do you do except think how big the world is?"

"I'm a sort of companion for my aunt," Holly said. "I get paid for it," she added proudly. "A tiny sum, ever since I was twenty-one in March."

"I'm twenty-five."

It was not inspired conversation. They did not need inspired conversation.

After a lingering, long while, John Farwl said, "I suppose I'll have to go."

"Yes."

"Are you all right here alone?"

"Oh, yes." Her heart contracted. "Quite all right."

He touched her shoulder lightly with that familiar gesture, and then wordlessly he left. He did not turn back. He did not wave.

"Good luck," she called after him. Her voice got lost in the wind.

Holly decided to go home; there was nothing more to want.

Because her aunt was away for the afternoon at the Red Cross canteen, she fumbled around for her key as she got off the elevator. She had difficulty finding it and she wasn't seeing very clearly; and she had difficulty fitting the key in the lock.

A hand came down over her hand on the knob. It was John Farwl blocking her way.

After a minute she got her breath somehow. "How did you get here?"

"Simple. I followed you."

"You had no right."

"I had every right."

"You're beastly . . . beastly!"

"Look," he said, "when I find something that makes the stars come down on me I don't let it go that easily."

"I hate you!" Holly cried. "I hate you!"

By that time they were in the living room. Holly flung her towel and the bottle of sun-tan oil and the round beach bag down on a chair seat.

"Go away," she commanded. "Go away."

He made a discovery. "You're afraid."

"Yes."

"But, my gosh—you're afraid of me."

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid because you make me want things and I can just barely live if I don't want anything. Anything at all." She spread her hands. "It's been that way all my life. There's always a wall; there was a wall at school. There's a wall growing in your eyes now."

He looked incredulous. "You're crazy."

"Go away," she begged. "Please . . ." A dry sob caught at the word. "Go away!"

HE STOOD there. He was trying to figure something out. His face was deadly serious.

"I hadn't intended telling you this," he said, "but I'm going into the Ferrying Command tomorrow. I'll probably never see you again. I wanted to take you to dinner. I wanted you to go with me to see the program tonight."

She said, "No."

John Farwl did not argue. He made a statement. "I'll be back for you in about half an hour," he said, "with a car."

He arrived well before the half hour was up. He had changed into a fresh uniform. His eyes approved her, grinning for all the world like a small boy bent upon a holiday.

John Farwl had a shiny blue roadster which he said was a friend's; he took her to a quiet place where there was music. But people did not dance. She was relieved to see that people did not dance.

The program went on the air at seven; he had said they'd better get there a little early. The base auditorium was crowded with girls and air cadets; it was loud with voices. Guiding her with a pressure on her arm through the crush, John Farwl found her a chair. Chairs were arranged only around the walls. She sank down, sitting stiffly straight, her hands in her lap. The stage was just above her, swarming with actors and engineers and men looking weary.

John Farwl sat on the steps. "I can tell better if it's any good by watching your face."

His play was only part of the program. The words and the music and the shyness of the cadets sending messages home stirred her especially; she did not lose her awareness of John Farwl; but he lost his sharpness; the night was not quite real for her.

At the end of the program the roar of approval from the audience must fairly have shaken the roof. "John," she said. It was the first time she had used his name. "John! It was wonderful."

The band struck up another tune, and she could not catch his answer. But she saw his lips move. She saw that he was pleased.

"Dance?" a voice said.

SHE was startled. Blood rushed to her face and she glanced appealingly at John Farwl. He offered no help. "I'm sorry, I don't—dance," she was saying, over and over. "Thank you, but I can't."

Then swiftly, without reason, without warning, the fabric of the evening collapsed, like fine ancient cloth exposed to air. She had to escape.

Holly got to the door, out of the fog of cigarette smoke, into the warmness of the night, and there was mist before her eyes and the music followed her heartlessly. Holly would have stumbled; but John Farwl caught her.

"Shall I take you home?"

She could not speak.

He said, "There's no disgrace in being afraid. Everybody's afraid."

He waited. He stood patiently, his face partly in shadow. He said, "The only disgrace is running away."

"I don't care. I don't care. I can't stand that music, those eyes, those eyes. . . ."

They did not speak again. He was politeness itself; but a withdrawn politeness. He drove the shortest route. Holly huddled in the corner, crying, wildly angry with herself but unable to stop crying.

He idled the motor in front of the apartment house. "Do you want me to go up?"

"No," she said. "Thank you."

"Good night," John Farwl said.

Numbness overcame her. She heard the roadster gather speed away from the curb. She felt the motion of the elevator upward.

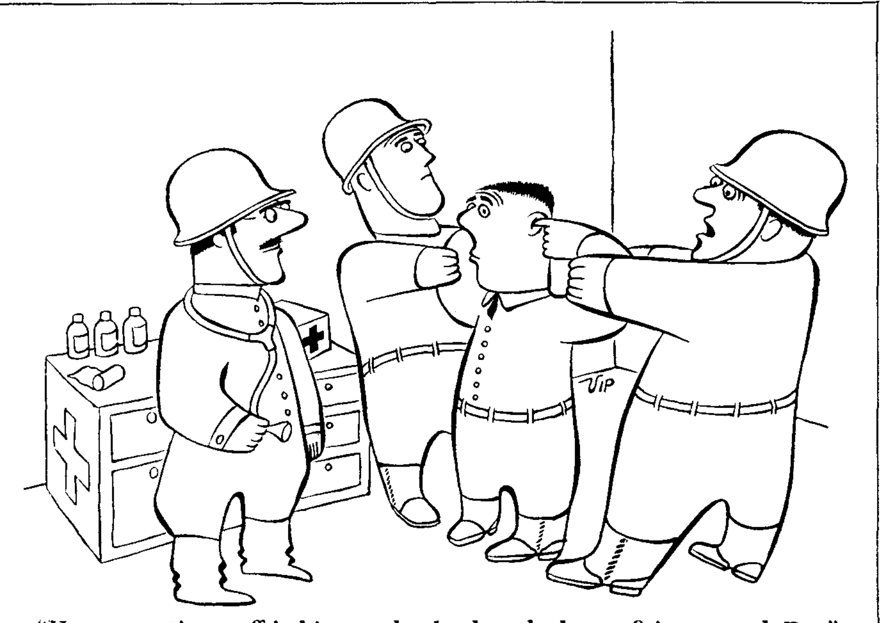
Her aunt regarded her oddly. "I thought you might bring him up," Aunt Lavinia said.

"He was in a hurry."

"Was he nice?"

"Very nice," Holly said.

She did not sleep that night. She lay in the dark alone, and what he had said was true; and what she was was also true. . . .



"He was pasting stuff in his scrapbook when the heavy firing started, Doc"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

All that was five months ago; that was an eternity ago. Holly Bentley came to herself with a little start; and she discovered that they had finished dinner and were all in the living room again, having coffee in small fragile china cups. It was Christmas Day.

The boy called Bob managed the cup awkwardly, his face beet red. Holly smiled encouragement. John Farwl held his cup politely, but he had not even sipped.

Her eyes fled to the clock.

"Aunt Lavinia, it's quarter after two!" Holly exclaimed. "You all had better get going if you don't want to go tripping down the aisle in the middle of the second act."

"Yes, indeed," Aunt Lavinia said. "I'm told it's a naughty show. I wouldn't want to miss any of it."

There was a general rattle of coffee cups, and a general search for hats.

"See?" Aunt Lavinia said. "Holly thinks of everything. I don't know what I should do without her. I'm so sorry you're not coming with us, Holly."

"Never mind, darling," Holly said. "I shall have my fun tonight, and somebody has to stay and help Martha clear up."

Aunt Lavinia gave herself a last look in the hall glass. "Holly's clever," she informed the little group. "She's helping put on a play for the children again this evening in the park."

"Darling—hurry!"

Aunt Lavinia stood her ground. "I wouldn't know what to do without her," she said. "I should be a lonely old lady having a lunch of baked apple and caraway buns."

The boys laughed.

"Coming, Major Farwl?"

THERE was a pause. Everybody looked at John Farwl—except Holly. Holly was enormously occupied with collecting the coffee cups.

"I wonder if you would excuse me, Mrs. Hall? I'd much rather sit where I am. It's"—John Farwl tried to make sense—"it's rushing around from one place to the other: on Christmas I'd like to sit still and look at four walls."

Aunt Lavinia's birdlike head nodded. "Of course. You poor boy!"

And, all in a second, they were left alone.

Holly went on collecting coffee cups for the silver tray. A patch of sunlight came from the window. Holly felt its warmth on her arms, as she bent over the low table.

"You are beautiful," John Farwl said. "You are quite astonishingly beautiful."

Pinkness bloomed in her cheeks. "Oh, no," Holly said. "I am young. I am—perhaps I am appealing sometimes." She looked at him. "But I am not beautiful."

A little of the tightness went out of his face. He felt around for a cigarette, offering her one. Holly shook her head. He lit the cigarette; she watched with a numb fascination.

"Sit down," John Farwl said, "I want to talk to you."

"I really must help Martha—"

She did not sit down.

He said, "I had forgotten how you looked. Oddly. Yet whenever I smelled the sea or saw the sun on the rocks I thought of you. I met girls in London and Sydney and Bombay and New York and all I heard was your voice and all I ever saw was your eyes. It was wacky. It was as if"—he uncrossed his legs, leaning slightly forward—"as if. . ."

"We had exchanged hearts," Holly said.

He grinned. "Very nicely put."

He was not in a hurry. He let the seconds drip slowly away. He crossed the room, and he kissed her.

Desperately Holly held herself rigid; then she felt herself going, going, completely gone. It was like being caught in a current in the sea, but with this, you did not want to come back.

"Merry Christmas," John Farwl said softly.

She said, "I never believed that about your grandfather. I don't even believe you have a grandfather."

"I had one," he said, "truly. Holly, you're the nearest I'll ever get to a Christmas tree. Marry me."

SHE was talking against his coat. "You mustn't ask me," she whispered. "You mustn't. I'd be miserable and you'd be miserable—"

"Why?"

"Because I'd be wondering if you wouldn't rather be dancing, wouldn't rather be racing down a hill—"

"Holly," he said, "marry me."

She felt the waiting in him. She felt the waiting in herself, and it was not fear; it was logic. Logic saying, not for you. Not for you. Love is not for you. But why not for her? The logic stopped there.

"John?"

"Yes."

"I've been waiting to tell you," Holly said. His buttons against her were cool and hard and very solid. "I'm better. Did you notice? I'm much better! I swim and hope now and the doctor says in time. . . . I think it's because I don't feel alone any more."

"You'll dance," he said. "And soon." He laughed deep in his throat. "Don't avoid the issue."

"I'm not avoiding the issue!" Holly said.

"All right," he said. "It's that way in a plane, too. When you're alone, just sitting up there in the clouds, you're scared as hell. But when there's somebody else, even yourself, watching you, you put on a show." He added, saying the opposite of what he meant, "You're not so remarkable, angel-puss."

Maybe it was not logic. Maybe there was something beyond logic. Something between them.

"Must—must I decide today?"

His arm tightened. "Yes, today. I have only today."

"Oh, but we couldn't," Holly said. "We couldn't, John. Everything's closed."

"I have a license," he said. "My gosh," he said, "did you think Englishmen were the only fast thinkers?"

THE END

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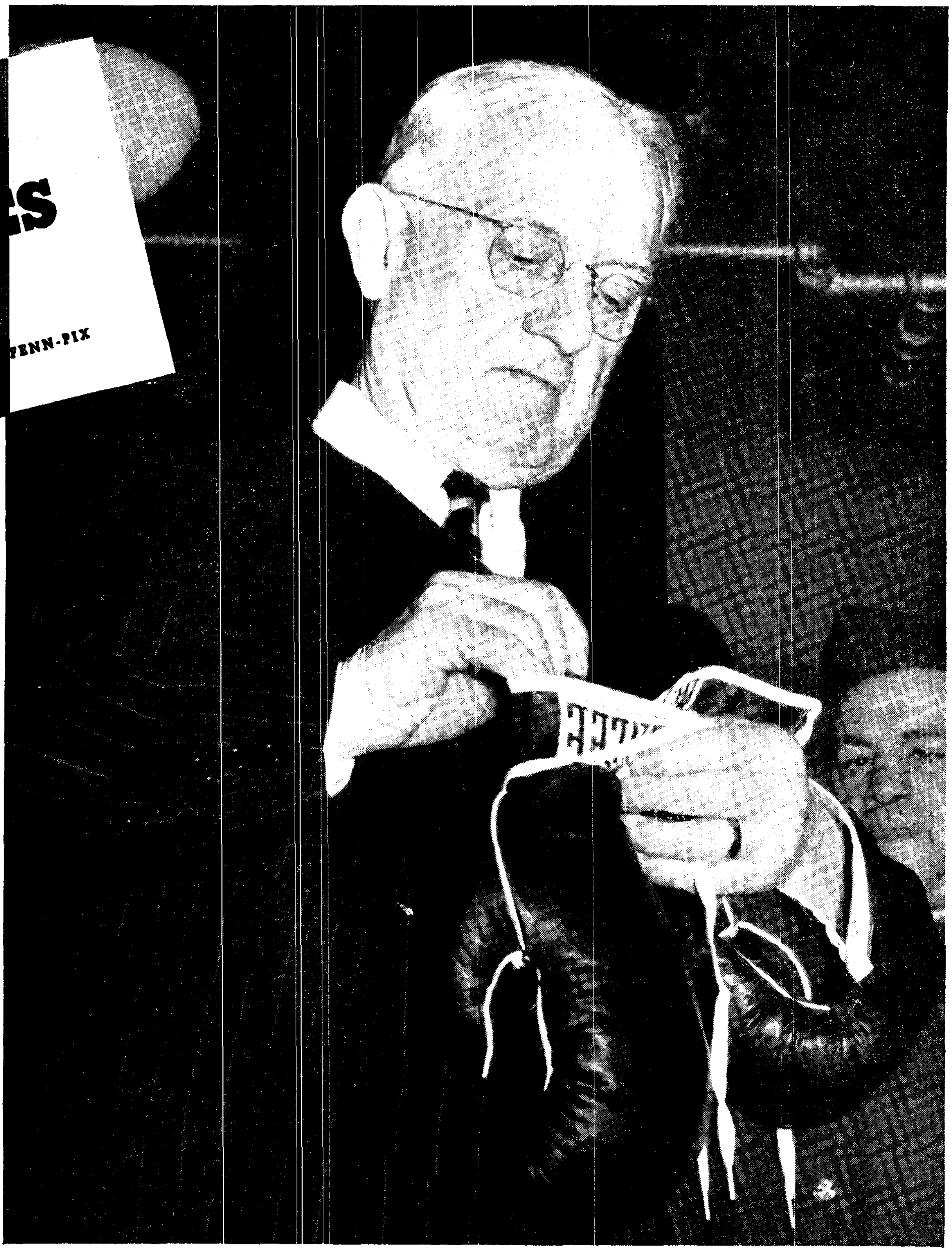
FENN-PIX

With the possible departure, as political casualties, of the double-talking bumblers who control boxing in New York, the fight racket may add up to something more than scrambled syntax and weird decisions



The No. 1 droll duke, General Phelan, is shown above absorbed in the intricate task of writing his initials on a pair of boxing gloves to be worn by a fighter. This part of the "weighing-in" ceremonies takes place on the same day as the fight

IF NEW YORK'S new governor, Thomas E. Dewey, does what everyone expects and slaps down the three delightful gamins of the State Athletic Commission, the sporting world may witness the singular spectacle of nation-wide control of pugilism by the National Boxing Association. By ousting the triumvirate which, though possessing power only in its own state, has attempted to rule boxing everywhere, Governor Dewey will bring to a close an era of hilarious confusion and will replace delightful chaos with dull order. Eventually there may even be only one champion in each division. As a result, boxing will probably make more sense, but it will never again be as funny. There'll never be another trio like the Three Droll Dukes.

Since the New York State Athletic Commission, more commonly referred to as the Boxing Commission, came into being with the passage of the Walker Law in 1921, it has taken the world for its oyster, refusing to be circumscribed by either state boundaries or its own rules. Refusing to join with the other states in membership in the National Boxing Association, it frustrated all efforts to establish a supreme authority for the sport. Instead, by delegating to itself powers it received from no other source, the New York commission created and abolished champions and boxing divisions at will, declared all state commissions which disagreed with it to be null and void, and in general behaved like three comic-opera dictators on the loose.

Its last official act bearing on a world's championship was to declare that Lou Salica was still bantamweight champion, even though Manuel Ortiz had beaten him in a 12-round bout, advertised as a title match, in Los Angeles. This move followed a brief spell of co-operation with the N.B.A., during which superfluous champions in each division had been abolished. New York's fistic Fuehrers reasoned that, since Ortiz and Salica had fought only twelve rounds, it couldn't have been a championship match, because the New York commission's rules say that all title bouts must be arranged for fifteen rounds.

Who are these characters that set themselves up as the final authority on boxing matters but may now be set down by a governor of opposite political faith? Reading from left to right, they are:

Honest, double-talking Brigadier General John J. Phelan, former lingerie manufacturer and dilettante military strategist, who doesn't know a left hook from a right eye. A well-meaning, square-shooting old-timer who wouldn't intentionally harm a flea.

Honest, blunt, plain-talking Bill Brown, health-farm proprietor and former boxing promoter. He knows his tin ears inside out, but is so loyal to General Phelan that he has strung along with him, right or wrong.

Mild-mannered, silent, Colonel D. Walker Wear, a Binghamton politician who likes to get passes to fights, sit up near ringside in Madison Square Garden, puff on a cigar, look wise and say nothing. Colonel Wear thinks an inside counter is something a ribbon salesman leans against during a lull in trade.

Brown's term expired on January 1, 1943, but General Phelan and Colonel Wear still have two years to go. Theoretically they can be removed only by proved incompetence or by the abolition of the commission, which would require action by the legislature. A governor, however, can usually find a way to induce resignations if he so desires.

If the New York commission weren't constantly confusing issues, reversing itself, falling out with other state commissions, creating superfluous champions, refusing to recognize authentic ones, issuing communiqués that can neither be parsed nor gainsaid, and breaking its own rules, the boxing world might be more orderly but it certainly wouldn't be half as gay. Unedited news releases from General Phelan's headquarters are collectors' items. Interviews with him are delightful adventures in the realm of scrambled syntax and suspended sentences that have neither subjects nor predicates.

Their Mistakes Are Honest

The New York commission not only is the laughingstock of the nation but also commands its wholehearted respect. The explanation of this paradox lies in the fact that in an atmosphere reeking with graft and corruption, the New York commission, comical though it is, enjoys a spotless reputation for integrity. Its mistakes are all honest or, at worst, dictated by political exigencies over which it has no control.

A boxing writer once told General Phelan he didn't agree with the stand the commission had taken on a certain matter and intended to say so in print.

"I don't care what you say about us," retorted the general, "as long as we're not honest."

Of course, the general didn't mean to indict the integrity of his own body. What he had intended to say until he dropped a clause in transit was that he didn't care what the writer said as long as he didn't charge that the commission was dishonest.

General Phelan is regarded with the same affection by the hard-boiled mugs of the boxing racket as an eccentric college professor is by the members of his class. Even pugs who are due to have their mushroom ears turned inside out in the ring that night welcome the weighing-in ceremonies over which the general presides, because in his bumbling, dead-serious way, he hands them more laughs than a cageful of cross-eyed monkeys.

Until the general came to the commission, as chairman of the licensing committee back in the days when Jack Dempsey was detouring a bout with Harry Wills, he thought that boxing was an adjunct of the lingerie business. Now the general knows that boxing is something done with gloves as well as with a hammer and nails.

What else he has found out about the plug-ugly profession is, like the general's conversation, not quite clear. Yet he has been known to strike James Figg and Jack Broughton poses in explaining the fine points of boxing to such tyros as Billy Conn and Joe Louis, after weighing them for important matches.

It is worth a year of any man's life to watch the

general, with soft fists clenched, weaving his dukes one over the other like a woman unwinding a skein of yarn, while fighters who have spent hundreds of weary hours in gymnasiums becoming proficient at all branches of their profession, look on with dead pans, behind which a million imps are teasing them to burst out laughing in the good man's face. The general will feint, sidestep, duck, bob, weave, pirouette, prance, backtrack, counter, jab, hook, uppercut and sometimes step on his own feet and trip himself.

Fight managers, skilled at double talk, are wont to take advantage of the general's utter lack of guile on these occasions by feeding him a bit of jabberwocky.

As the general explains the rule about breaking from a clinch, one of these comical rogues will interrupt.

"Now, General," the knave will ask, in tones reeking with reverent awe as spurious as store bicuspids, "suppose he gets in a clinch and, on the way out, he should, all of a sudden for instance, as the fellow says, then what happens?"

"What's that?" asks the general sharply, but never suspiciously.

"I say," repeats the unconscionable scamp, "suppose he's standing there, and the other fellow should frammis it in the deviating circumstances, if you know what I mean, does that or doesn't it?"

"That's all taken care of in the rules," replies the general. "If you fellows read the rules, you wouldn't be asking me all those foolish questions."

The charge that Promoter Mike Jacobs twists the New York commissioners around his calloused fingers is termed by them a canard. It's probably only a coincidence that Mike always gets what he wants. The commissioners think that if it weren't for Michael, there wouldn't be any big-time boxing in America. Outsiders may think that every time Czar Jacobs ties up a boxer to fight exclusively for him, he is driving one more nail in boxing's coffin lid. The way the New York commissioners see it, he is thereby performing a service for the dear old game by insuring that one more fighter will be paid the amount due him, and that the bouts in which he engages will be reasonably free from larceny.

Whenever the New York commission votes to set down a boxer for life, Mike Jacobs lowers a sophisticated eyelid in a wink that means: "But they didn't say positively!"

The commission never says positively. Well, hardly ever. There's the case of "Bummy" Davis, that wonderful little character from Brownsville, as lovable an urchin as ever broke a nose.

Bummy was fighting Fritzie Zivic in the Garden one night a couple of years ago, when he suddenly started hitting Zivic below the belt, claiming that Fritzie had thumbed his eye. Pulled away by the referee, Billy Cavanaugh, and warned to desist, Davis pushed the referee aside and resumed his foul attack. There was nothing for the referee to do but disqualify Davis for foul tactics. As the official did so, Davis aimed a kick at him that could have disabled him for life.

The Bum's Rush for Bummy

By this time, policemen had piled into the ring and pinned Davis in a corner until he could be subdued. From his ringside seat, Commissioner D. Walker Wear, who had witnessed the disgraceful scene, exclaimed with what for him was considerable heat, "If that fellow Davis ever fights in this state again, it will be over my dead body."

The number of dead bodies Davis would have to climb over in order to fight again in New York State (aside from his extracurricular street-corner brawls in Brownsville) piled up in the next few days until they reached a height only recently equaled by the German cadavers in front of Stalingrad. The Boxing Commission vowed to die in a body if Davis ever darkened its rings again. A sports columnist or two also contributed his hollow shell.

Seven months later, Davis and Zivic fought again in New York under the promotion of Mike Jacobs, for the "benefit," as the quaint phrase expresses it, of the Army Fund. The first step in the regeneration of Brownsville's problem child was his enlistment in the Army on the advice of "guess whom?" You said it: Promoter Jacobs! Next, columnists who had advocated that Bummy be barred for life melted with patriotism when they saw the little rascal in uniform and launched a press drive to have him reinstated.

Finally, the Boxing Commission, moved only by the loftiest patriotic motives and possibly by a desire to help Mike Jacobs sign up a return bout that was a "natural," hurdled its own pile of figurative corpses to sanction the match. Announcer Harry Balogh performed the final rite in the canonization of Bummy at the Yankee Stadium one night. The grinning street fighter from Brooklyn's toughest purlieu climbed into the ring in Army uniform, performed four of the smartest left faces General Phelan has ever been privileged to witness in or out of National Guard maneuvers, following up each with four salutes worthy of as many major generals, then stood by, amid a deafening volley of catcalls, for Balogh's accolade.

The redundant announcer waited with arm aloft—or "raised aloft" as he himself put it—until he had his audience in the palm of his other hand and then, he proclaimed, in what will probably go down as the classic *non sequitur* of all time: "And that, ladies and gentlemen, proves that Al Davis is a great soldier and a great American!"

The next week, Bummy was knocked out by Zivic in the same ring and a few days later the great soldier was tossed into the clink for being A.W.O.L. from camp.

The New York commission doesn't consider consistency a jewel. Anyone can be consistent. Only contortionists, swivel-hipped halfbacks and genii can reverse themselves gracefully. When

(Continued on page 64)

General Phelan explains, in a manner of speaking, a fine point in the New York State Boxing Law. Commissioner Bill Brown, below, looks on, loyal to the core but wondering what the general is talking about

The Hunters

Continued from page 15

mad plan of his. Bob might listen to reason. If he gave it to Bob, straight and hard, instead of staging that devious scene—

After a little while he got up and went back to camp. Tommy and Claire were not in sight. Bob was under a patch of tarpaulin rigged to shade the lion, working away at the skin with his boy and some porters helping. Bob was saying *"Poli, poli!"* warningly at each tug on the skin.

Michael went over to them and stood looking down for some little time in silence.

Cutting into the head was a messy business and Bob's hands grew red.

"Gory," said Michael at last. "Why not let Ali—?"

"Not on this skin," said Bob. He sat back, handing his knife over for resharpening, and nabbed a tick starting up his arm. Then he looked up, his good humor conquering the aloofness that that unwary "Michael" of Mrs. Winston's had brought him. "It's a topping skin, isn't it?"

"Topping. . . . You had luck."

Bob nodded. "Rather. It might have been anything."

"She's a lucky lady," said Michael musingly. He added, "And a very pretty piece of goods."

BOB did not look up again. He took his knife back from the boy and set to cutting. Then he said, very quietly but with a harsh intonation, "That's no way to speak of her."

Michael lighted a cigarette from his stub. "It's the way of any man with eyes in his head."

"But not with a decent tongue."

"Good lord!" Michael laughed. "You sound as if she were a plaster saint! Do you mean to say you don't see—"

"I mean to say this." Bob laid down his knife and got up, as if he wanted to say what he had to say upon his feet. He was a shorter man than Michael and he stood stiffly erect. The squatting blacks looked up at him and at Michael with round, eager eyes; they knew no English but they were quite undeceived by the levelness of the voice that the white man used.

"I mean to say *this*," Bob repeated. "You are being too—presumptuous—with that lady."

Michael stared in mock astonishment, then smiled. "You think she doesn't like it?"

He blew a ring of smoke. His histrionic sense applauded the gesture, approved his light, ironic voice: "The only thing she's worried about is that you'll see how much she likes it!"

"*Don't be a blackguard. You've been* drinking. Go sleep it off."

"Drinking, my eye! I'm telling you, as one man to another, that Mrs. Winston is a very pretty piece and doesn't mind my knowing it. And other men before me. She's not squeamish. No more am I. So why not—"

"Stop it. Do you want a row in camp?"

"Why have a row?" Michael was unperturbed; he noted, with sardonic interest, the white ring about Bob's mouth and he thought, "I'm none too soon. He's taking it hard." He expostulated mildly, "I've done nothing to row about, you know."

"You've got a rotten mind. You know I won't knock you down because you're Tommy's husband, and your heart's a crock. But I can chuck you out of camp—"

"Oh, no, you can't! You need me here. Me and Tommy."

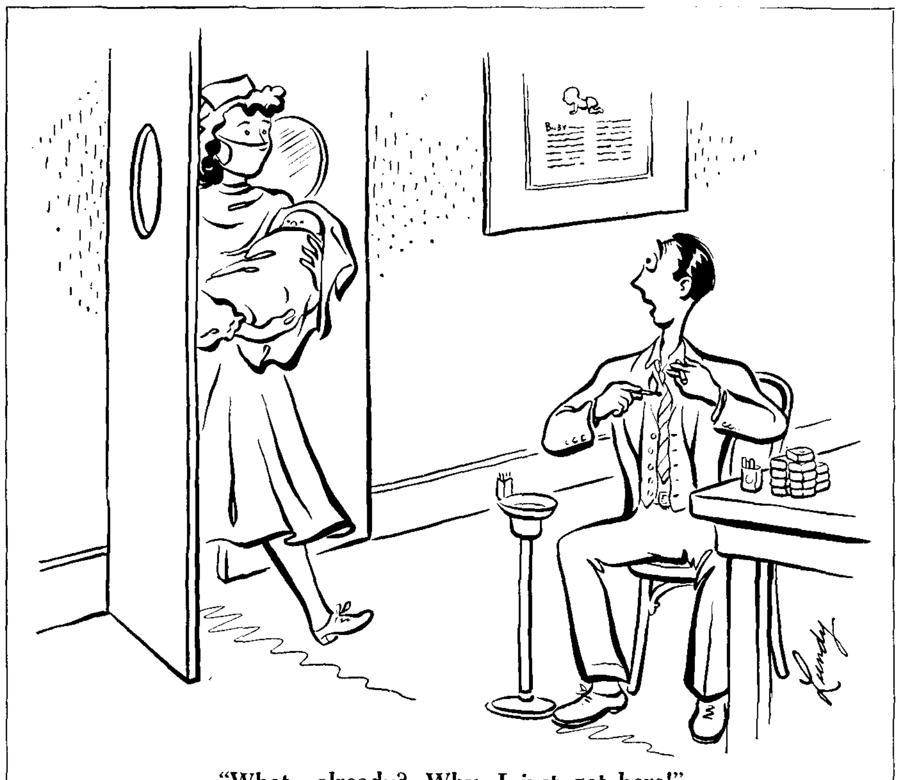
He paused on that, meeting Bob's hot eyes with bland irony, then went on, "And why the talk of chucking out? What have I done? I merely say the lady would go a good deal farther with me than she has gone—given the chance. You disagree. Your chivalry against my intuition—plus my experience. You must admit the experience."

"Yes, you're rotten with it."

"Better keep your voice down if you don't want these beggars to twig."

"I'm keeping my voice down. And I'm keeping my temper down, because you're what you are. And we're tied together here, as you've reminded me. But you look out you behave yourself."

"I always behave myself. It's never been said of me that I embarrassed an unwilling lady." Michael gave a short laugh. "It would take a whole lot more encouragement than you might guess to get me to play the bally Romeo again!"



COLLIER'S "What—already? Why, I just got here!" FRED LUNDY

He dropped his air of persiflage; he asked seriously, "You mean to say you don't see what she is?"

"I know what she is. She is the lady I intend to marry. If she will do me that honor."

MICHAEL thought, "I've forced his hand!" *He felt a wry self-disgust at* his unlucky tactics and a bitter impatience with this stubborn idealist but his face showed nothing but a glint of quizzical apology. "Sorry. I'd no idea. . . . Holy ground, eh? . . . Just the same, you'd better keep your eyes open."

"You'd better manage to say as little as possible to me these next few days. Until we can part company."

"Separate tables, if you like," said Michael indifferently.

"Not that. I want everything to seem as usual. I wouldn't have her know."

"I see. I still drink your whisky, eh?"

It was an old white-hunter expression, indicative of enforced companionship.

"And not too much of it," said Bob.

"That's a dirty crack. All because I have one opinion of a lady and you another."

Bob turned his back. He stared down at the lion, trying to command his expression before the blacks; he said, "No, not like that," to the boy who had begun hastily working on a paw, and reached for his knife and squatted down again.

MICHAEL turned away. Reason had not been a success, he thought dryly. His approach had been all wrong. Too abrupt, too antagonizing. Too twisted with that infernal mockery of his. He could not rid himself of it. He could not play the game any other way. He had thought that it would get under Bob's skin, that it would provoke the suspicion that must surely have been kindled by that "Still writing poetry?" and that inadvertent "Michael."

It had got under Bob's skin all right, but it had stirred his male protectiveness.

"If she *will* do me that honor." He had not asked her then. There was still time—for what? "Think fast, Captain, think fast." That old war play—what was its name? What Price Glory. Of course. He'd seen it in—never mind that now. He'd have to think fast and work fast. He'd have to fall back on that mad idea of his and try to work that out. To what? There were several possible endings to that extremely complicated situation.

He went to his tent. Tommy lay dead asleep in her pajamas, cheek down upon her small camp pillow, her short brown curls, still wet from a bath, spread upward to leave coolness for her neck. She had a very childlike neck. She was a childlike creature, he thought, with the virtues so persistently ascribed to children and so infrequently possessed by them—candor, simplicity, good will. It must have been the deuce of a predicament for her to find herself in love with Bob.

Irresolute, he hesitated a moment, then took off his hat, sat down and pulled off his shoes, and stretched out on his cot. Suddenly a bone tiredness possessed him. A long time seemed to have elapsed since the early morning advent of the hunters with the lion.

Under his half-closed lids he stared out through the drawn-back tent flaps to the mess tent; one of the little black and white birds, the familiar of African camps, was walking cockily about there, picking up crumbs beneath the chairs, beside the chop boxes. Uncomplicated beggars, birds! Or were they?

Something was happening among the porters out in back; there was an incessant jabbering going on, an angry-sounding vociferousness very different from the morning jubilee over the lion. Now the cook was yelling at them. He'd like to tell the fellow to shut up but it was too much trouble to get up. And Tommy wasn't wakened. He could hear her even breathing.

Old Parrish had given them this double tent when he retired—a double tent gave you no privacy but he had brought it along because it was the best they had and because a double tent might prove something to Claire Winston.

Was she going to have that headache or wasn't she? If she decided against it then all this fantastic scheming going on in him was waste motion. "Don't be too sure of one!" Had she meant, not to be sure of the success of their plans or sure of her? A little of both, perhaps. A pretty fool he'd feel, after working himself up to a dramatic finale, to have her rise from the table and go off to the boma.

NEVER mind that, his mind said; just make sure of what you will do if you have the chance. He thought about it. His imagination set up one scene after another, and his judgment stood back and scrutinized each effect. There were three, no, four, possible endings. "One, two, three, four—sometimes I wish there were more." A chap from Honolulu had sung that for the ship's concert, going out. "One, two,three, four—" He moved his head against the pillow, as if to shake off the silly, buzzing tune. He wanted to think clearly. He wanted to think each scene through to the last detail.

The porters out there were still wrangling away; they sounded sour about something. Woman palaver? Hadn't seen any bibis about camp. More likely some row with the cook; the cook was shouting at them again. He was calling them shenzis, and that ought to be stopped. These were bush fellows and they might take it into their heads to bolt.

Michael sat up and swung his legs over the side of the cot. He began groping beneath it for his shoes and Tommy stirred, opening her eyes. She took in the fact that he'd been lying down and said quickly, "You all right?"

"Felt a bit seedy. Nothing to make a song about."

"Fever?" She sat up quickly, and he moved away before her expert hand could reach his wrist.

"Just a touch," he said then.

She looked worriedly up at him. "Why don't you lie down again? I'll fetch you some tea."

"Stay where you are." He clapped his hat on his head. "Get all the sleep you can—you'll need to keep your eyes open tonight. I'll take care of myself."

He sat down on the end of his cot to tie his shoelaces. "I'm going out to give hell to those porters. They've been making an infernal din. Then I'll have a spot of tea. Want any *chakula* sent in?"

"Thanks, no. I'd rather sleep. . . . Has Bob turned in yet, d'you know?"

"Just now. Took all the morning to skin Claire's lion."

"It was a big skin," she said, defensively.

"Maybe you'll get a bigger."

"Oh, no. I don't want a bigger."

"That would be tactless." Michael looked back at her, a faint grin edging his lips. "The times call for tact. Thomasina. Tact and vigilance."

SHE gave a little embarrassed smile, the smile she had when she was afraid he would say too much. Michael went out. . . . He strolled unhurriedly toward the altercation that was going on about the porters' camp; he saw a knot of porters, the headman in their midst, everyone talking at once in the interminable, argumentative way of natives, and on the outskirts he saw the cook and a couple of the boys, shouting futile commands and invectives, the cook brandishing an empty pail. As Michael approached, the cook became even more voluble, feeling backed up by white authority.

"Softly, softly," said Michael. "The Wazungu sleep. . . . Now what is this palaver about?"

He wanted water, the cook said, for the baths had taken all the water, and he wanted firewood and these shenzis would get no more wood and water, and that headman was no proper headman or he would make them do their work. They were wild people, eaters of monkeys; they were shenzis who did not understand that white people must have water, much water, and wood to heat it. They were—

His men were not shenzis, the headman said sullenly; they were good men, but they wanted meat. The Bwana had promised them meat and there was no meat. They could not work without meat.

"Yesterday they had a buffalo," said Michael.

"What is one buffalo? The Wazungu took their meat, and the servants of the Wazungu took much, and there was little left."

"So little you had the bellyache," shouted the cook. "And before the buffalo there was antelope—"

At the word antelope the men began to shout back; the trouble, Michael discovered, was that they had expected to eat the antelope which had been used as bait. Bob had left that out for another night, and disappointment was souring them. "As if they feasted on meat every night!" said the cook scornfully.

"But you, Bwana, promised us meat every night," said the headman.

"The men are right," said Michael. "I will get them meat. . . . But the cook is right, too. They must do their work. Send them for food and water, and after I have eaten I will get them not one antelope but two."

He'd shoot two bucks, he thought, and have a fresh one staked down in place of the old bait. He rather liked the notion of altering Bob's arrangement. Senseless, to sit up by a stinking antelope—better to trust to the scent of a fresh blood trail. Moreover, if he went to the trouble of getting new bait, that would be so much more reason for their going out. . . .

THE table was set out of doors, in the leveling light of five o'clock. The sun was still an hour from the horizon but the fierce heat was gone from it, so the four whites about the table were hatless, freed of their day-long felts.

Mrs. Winston's wave, Tommy thought critically, was not as good as when she had started on this trip, and her hair was a little darker at the roots and the ends too bleached by sun—that was what happened to long bobs in Africa. Sometimes she looked a trifle too old for a long bob, but this was not one of those times; her sleep had been refreshing, and she looked very youthful in her soft, gray-green hunting clothes, the shirt open at the throat. She looked a lovely Rosalind in the Forest of Arden.

Green-wood smoke drifted to them from the dozens of small fires where the porters were toasting their meat; there was a hum of voices, gloatingly happy voices now, except when some greedy snatch provoked a yell of warning.

"They'll be gorged like pigs tonight," said Michael. "I had your last night's bait brought in and left you a new buck. You ought to thank me, for you'd have found that chap too high for good company."

Claire smiled faintly over her cup of tea. Bob gave a quick glance toward him but made no comment.

"And you'll have better luck with a fresh blood trail." Michael addressed his wife directly. "I got you a fine buck. Had the *wapagazis* drag him in, then out and in again. Maybe he'll lure two lions, so you can bag another," he finished, turning toward Claire.

"Maybe three," said Claire, with that faint smile again. She looked at Bob McNare. "Then you can have one. All this vicarious hunting must be frightfully dull for you."

"That charge this morning wasn't exactly dull," said Bob.

"Was that only this morning? It seems incredibly long ago. Heavens, how I slept!"

"That was awf'ly nice of you, Michael," Tommy told him. "I hope you didn't—"

She broke off, for Michael wouldn't like her to say, "I hope you didn't overdo," before Claire Winston, and she was surprised when he said casually, "Didn't do myself in? Well, I'm a bit seedy, but nothing the night won't cure."

Bob gave him another quick glance but said nothing. Claire said, in a somewhat uncertain voice, "Did you say—this morning—you were having fever?"

"Just a touch."

"Michael isn't really having fever." Tommy sounded anxious to have that understood. "I mean, he isn't having a go of it, or anything like that. It's just that sometimes, when you don't take enough quinine—when you've got it in your blood—"

"Let's talk about the weather," said Michael, "instead of what I've got in my blood. The natives say we're lucky to have such clear nights. They say it will be clear tonight, but that a storm may blow up, any time soon. That's the way the rains start here."

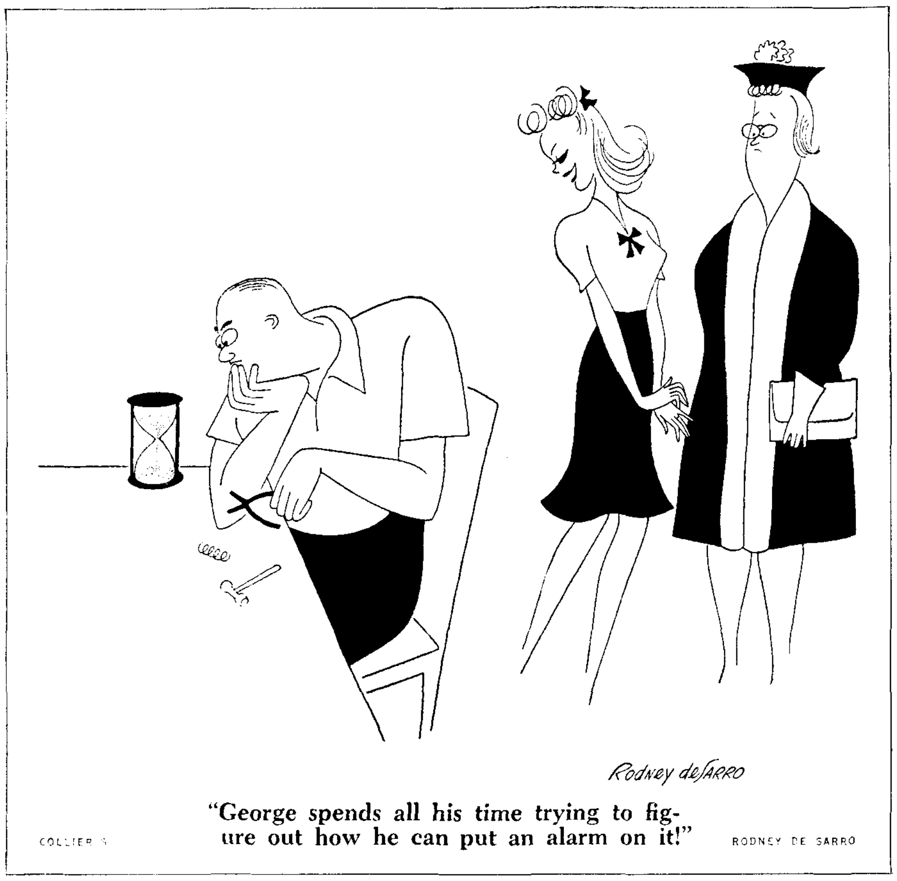
"Too early for the rains," said Bob curtly.

"They come early here."

"I thought rains came in the afternoon," said Claire Winston. "At Entebbe, at a dinner, a man told me for hours about the rains at his station—said he could set his watch by them. Two-ten they started. It sounded like a train to Tunbridge Wells."

"He was showing off," said Michael. "Letting you know he had everything under control."

"They are like that, usually," said Bob. "After they settle in. But the times vary, in different places."



"George spends all his time trying to figure out how he can put an alarm on it!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

"At Kivu it used to pour at twelve," said Michael. "Buckets of water, for about an hour. But you could have a storm any night. The Kivu rather fancies its thunderstorms."

"Let's not even talk about storms," said Tommy. "We aren't going to have one tonight." She glanced toward the swiftly dropping sun. "Don't you think we'd better have our coffee now, with our peaches? Boy, *lete kawa!*"

"I'll keep to tea," Mrs. Winston murmured. She took a spoonful of tinned peaches, then put her spoon down. "No, I think I *will* take coffee. Very strong."

Michael's eyes flickered.

THERE was a queer constraint about this meal, Tommy thought. She could not understand it; everything at breakfast had been so jolly. Now Bob seemed very stiff and Mrs. Winston vaguely preoccupied. Perhaps it was because they were tired and not excited about lion, any more. But it was to be her shoot, she thought childishly, and she was entitled to it. She glanced toward Bob who was finishing his peaches hurriedly, and he caught her glance and sent her back a perfunctory smile. He rose and said, "Well—shall we push along? Are you two ready?"

"All ready." Tommy jumped up, and tapped those bulging pockets of hers, "Torch, cartridges, hard chocolate," she enumerated.

"You and your chocolate!" said Bob with a flash of his old banter toward her. "Mind you don't make a noise chewing it."

Mrs. Winston did not rise. She sat with her elbows on the table, slim fingers pressed against her temples, and looked up at them with an air of rueful, hesitant appeal.

"Would you think it terribly unsporting of me if I didn't go out with you? I've got a beastly headache."

It was not so much an inquiry as a gently contrite statement; she met Bob's startled look with a prolongation of her smiling ruefulness. Bob was too clearly at a loss to speak; he stood, staring, rather blankly, and Tommy stared, too, her face all frank dismay.

"I tried to shake it off," said Mrs. Winston, "but it got worse. . . . And since it isn't to be my lion there isn't any real use in my going out, is there?"

"No. No, of course not," Tommy said mechanically, as the blue eyes moved to her, then she said, "Of course not," in an altogether different voice, seeing, suddenly, what Mrs. Winston implied. Involuntarily she glanced at Bob, her gray eyes unguardedly eager.

"Not if you feel seedy, of course," Bob was saying. "Though if there should be a second lion—"

"I wouldn't be up to it. I've been trying to make myself go through with it but—"

SHE continued to look up, expressively, her fingers still against her temples.

"I say, I am sorry," Bob told her. "But we can put it off, you know. We'll go tomorrow night."

"Oh, I wouldn't have that! I'd rather go than have Mrs. Garrick disappointed. . . . We may have to go again, anyway," she reminded him, "if you have no luck tonight."

"Yes, that's true—"

"I don't think you ought to miss one night."

"Not if there's any chance of rain," said Tommy."

She sounded overanxious, she knew, but she could not help that; all the tenacity in her had fastened on the hope of those hours alone with Bob. Nothing would come of them, nothing would be changed for her, but they would be together, and she would have been less than a woman if she had not hoped against all the reason in her.

"I'd take you out myself," Michael said to his wife, "but I'm not up to it. Not after that buck."

Bob looked uncertainly at her. "Would you be—" he began, then stopped.

"Of course she would," Michael answered for her. "And it isn't good sense to wait. So you two go along—I've no objection. Take a boy with you, if you like, for Mrs. Grundy," he added laughingly.

"No sniffy boy," said Tommy. Her voice was merry, though her cheeks were burning. "He doesn't want to go—he doesn't want to go," ticked through her, over and over.

"Well, I've no objection," said Michael again. He glanced at Bob. "Unless you have—?"

There was an edge of mockery in his tone, in his bright darting look. "Unless you're afraid to leave Mrs. Winston with me?" that mockery was saying. "Unless you're not as sure of her as you declared?"

(To be continued next week)

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 25

mind. You see, I haven't a terribly good memory. I'm afraid I'm being a disappointment to you. So far, I haven't given you one good reason, have I?"

"Well, the night's still young," Jason said pleasantly. "Or are you tired of this game?"

"Oh, no! I love games. Just keep on asking me reasons for things, and if I have them, they're yours."

"You're very kind," Jason said. "And if I go over my depth, don't hesitate to pull me back. I'm curious to know why there was such a sensation at dinner when I announced your engagement to my favorite aviator."

Luana Topping turned and faced him. She was serious. A light on the wall behind her glowed through her finespun hair. At that moment, she looked gentle and sweet.

"I'm glad," she said, "I can finally give you a reason for your collection. Did you know that you and I are related?"

"I might have suspected it," Jason said. "We do seem to think alike. Are we fifth or tenth cousins?"

"Closer than that," Luana said. "Didn't you know that my father, Bruce Topping, and your mother, who was a Trent, were cousins?"

"Then you and I," said Jason, "are second cousins. How cozy!"

"Yes. And we're also second cousins of Aunt Bertha's—that is, your father and my mother were her husband's—Uncle Hiram's—first cousins. But it's even more involved than that. We're also direct cousins of Aunt Bertha's, because she was a Grazzard before she married Uncle Hiram Grazzard."

"MY HEAD is reeling," Jason said. "It sounds like inbreeding to me. No wonder we're all going to pot."

"Lorrin and I are third cousins, too, of course."

"It's time somebody broke it up," said Jason.

"With that expression you're wearing," Luana said, "you remind me of our great-great-great-great-uncle, Elisha Trent, who was a pirate."

Jason was smiling. "Yes, I remember. Uncle Elisha was killed by a mutinous crew in the Solomons. They hanged him from the yardarm of his brig, the Saucy Girl."

"Yes," Luana said. "Uncle Elisha was one of the boldest and bloodthirstiest pirates who ever sailed these waters." She picked up her life preserver and got up from the step. As he got up, her green eyes were innocent and friendly. "You know, there's something of Uncle Elisha in me, too. I'm not afraid of anything. And now I'm going to bed. Good night, Mr. Amboy."

"Good night, Miss Topping." He watched her walk away.

A bellboy came down the stairs and said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

The bellboy gave him a sealed envelope. Jason opened it and read: "Meet me outside on B deck starboard side aft at once. Urgent. K."

The thick oblong windows which lined B deck had been closed. They were blacked out with layers of blue lacquer. The only light on the deck was a ghostly glow from dim blue lamps.

Flack was waiting under one of the blue bulbs.

"I called you here, Mr. Amboy," he said, "because, while you were at dinner, I searched the rest of the Grazzard party's cabins. And I found definite proof that these people are vitally interested in your brother."

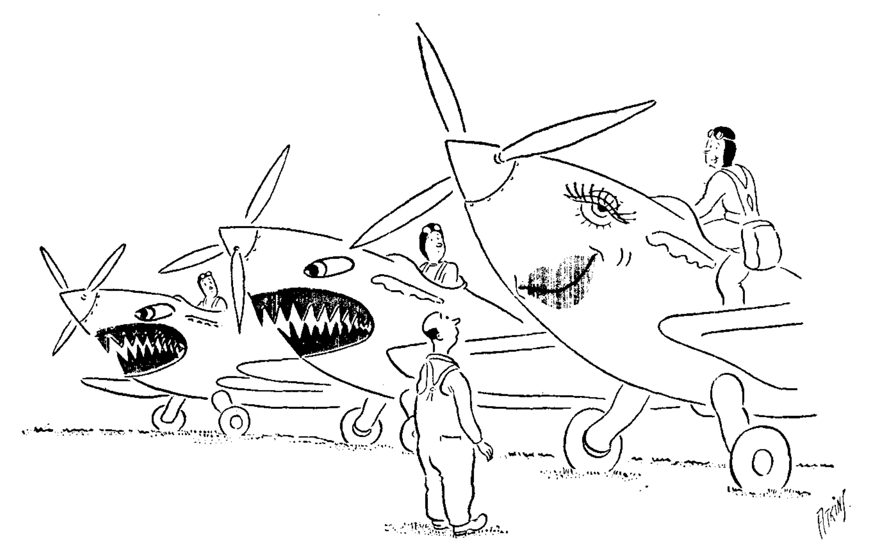
His hands had been thrust into his coat pockets. He withdrew his right hand. It contained what appeared to be a small oblong of white paper.

"Here, Mr. Amboy, unless I'm greatly mistaken, is a snapshot of your brother which I found in one of Mr. Channing Mace's suitcases."

"Hold it," Jason said. He struck a match and held it close to the snapshot. He stared closer. The tall lean man in the snapshot was unmistakably the man who was hiding in his stateroom.

"Isn't it your brother, sir—taken while he was in India?"

Jason moistened his lips. He turned the snapshot over. On the back was the green imprint of a rubber stamp carrying the name of the Photofilm Shops, Ltd., of Rangoon, Burma.



"It makes 'em think I'm friendly!"

"No, Flack," he said softly. "It isn't my brother, but it's very interesting. This is a man who claims to be Arthur N. Garson, the recent assistant district attorney of Los Angeles and who is now a stowaway in my cabin."

Flack gasped. "Are you joking, sir?"

"No, Flack. I found him hiding in my cabin just before dinner. He said two Los Angeles gunmen had followed him aboard to kill him and he begged me to help him. I knew this man was lying. It happens that I've met Arthur Garson. The only thing that stopped me from reporting him was that he resembles my brother so closely that I'm sure he's what we call in the islands a 'calabash cousin,' meaning a remote relation."

FLACK was staring at him with round and rather wild eyes. "Aren't you going to report him to the captain, sir?"

"No. I want to think it over. I'm going to have a talk with Mrs. Mace and find out what I can from her. She's a very friendly person and I think she wants to talk."

"But you aren't," Flack said in a horrified voice, "going to let this man remain in your stateroom, sir! They've planted him there to spy on you—at least that, if not to kill you as cold-bloodedly as they killed your brother! He's dangerous! Get rid of him!"

"No, Flack; I'm too curious about him. After I've seen Mrs. Mace, I'm going to give him a chance to talk."

"He won't talk, sir! Mr. Mace wouldn't have had this snapshot of him if they weren't in league. He can murder you, Mr. Amboy, and push your body out of a porthole! At least, let me be there when you question him."

"All right," Jason said. "You can talk to him, too."

"Thank you, sir!" Flack said with relief. "And you agree with me finally, don't you, Mr. Amboy, that these people are a ruthless and dangerous lot, at work on some evil and sinister scheme?"

"They are certainly at work on something," Jason agreed; "and I'd love to see their main blueprints."

JASON wrote a note: "I'd love to talk to you. I'll be waiting hopefully at the post exchange.—The malihini."

He sealed it in an envelope, addressed it to Mrs. Channing Mace and gave it to a bellboy with a dollar, instructing him to find Mrs. Mace and to give her the note as unobtrusively as possible.

He went to the post exchange and waited. The blond girl came in a few minutes. Her blue eyes were wide and friendly and there were smiles at the corners of her mouth.

"Been opening wrong doors again?" she said.

"The doors," Jason answered, "are locked, bolted and chained, with chairs propped under the knobs."

"Where can we talk?"

"On B deck. There aren't chairs, but we won't be interrupted."

"Very well."

They went to B deck and sat down on the deck in the blue dusk with their backs to the cabin wall.

Mrs. Mace said, "Mr. Amboy, I've come to the conclusion that you're a pretty nice person. So am I, in my groping way. I hate to see you throw yourself headlong into a convention of buzz saws. And you're wondering about a lot of things, aren't you—including whether I'm your friend in the enemy's camp or their advance scout?"

"If I dropped a hat," Jason said, "would you stop being ambiguous?"

She bent toward him. "All right," she said briskly, "let's face it. You'd be a fool if you didn't assume that I'm being friendly for crafty motives. My husband is working for the Grazzards and the Grazzards are certainly no friends of yours. If I could tell you what's in their minds, to assure you I'm on your side and not on theirs, I'd do it, but I'm an outsider, too. All I get is crumbs from the table.

"I know that something happened to your brother Wayne in Kokala, but I don't know what it was. I know that Luana got into your apartment and stole some letters your brother had written you. And I know you don't trust me."

"I don't see why you should want me to," Jason said quietly.

"Because I hate the Grazzards!" she cried. "Yet you assume—and naturally—that my husband has instructed me to worm my way into your confidence. Very well, Mr. Amboy, as an earnest of my good faith, I'm going to tell you something that no one in the world knows but my lawyer in Honolulu—something that not even my husband knows. Read this."

She opened her purse and took out a letter and gave it to Jason. It was handwritten on the letterhead of Frazier & Peterson, the Honolulu law firm.

"You'll notice," the blond girl said, "he wouldn't even trust his stenographer."

Jason struck a match and read the letter:

"My dear Natalie:

"I was, needless to say, deeply shocked to learn that you want to divorce Channing, as I had thought that you had weathered the worst storms and were having smooth sailing at last. Of course, if you insist on going ahead with it, I will handle the matter for you, although my advice is that you give it more thought. You evidently wrote in the heat of great anger and I'd prefer to see you take a calmer attitude. At least, we must have a talk before I take formal action.

"Most sincerely yours,
"John Daniel Frazier."

Jason glanced up. Mrs. Mace was watching his eyes. "You still don't understand, do you?"

"Frankly, I don't, Mrs. Mace."

Her blue eyes were hot. "Because I hate and loathe the Grazzards!" she said passionately. "They've destroyed me. If they realize it, they don't care. Whether they do or not, what they don't realize is that I'd do anything to destroy them! And I'm going to help you do it!"

THE blond girl's face was crimson. Jason said gently, "What makes you think I want to destroy them?"

"Because I know that something terrific is happening! And I think it goes back to your father and mother. Did you realize that when Queen Bertha asked you at dinner about your father and mother, she knew they were dead?"

"Then why did she ask?"

"With the possible exception of her son and my husband, Mr. Amboy, she is the only person who knows how her mind works. What I know is that your father, after eleven faithful years of service as her mill superintendent at Kokala, was fired and put on the black list so that he couldn't get another decent job in the islands?"

"Why did she fire him?" Jason asked.

"Don't you know?"

"No. And my father didn't know. He was a bewildered man when he left the islands—"

"And it killed him!" the blond girl said softly. "And you've brooded over it!"

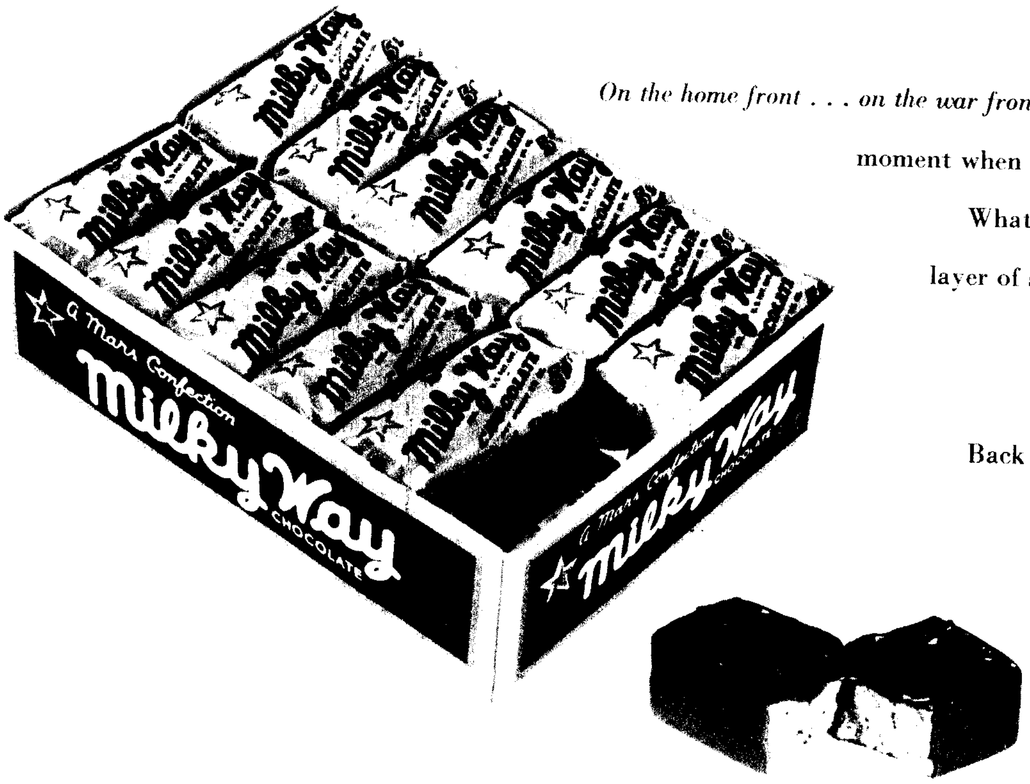
Jason shook his head. "No. I'm not bitter about it. It's too long ago."

She said with surprise, "But don't you feel at all revengeful?"

"No, Mrs. Mace. That's all in the past. I'd like to know what happened, of course, but it isn't vitally important."

"It takes the wind out of my sails," the blond girl said with a gasp. "I thought

GOOD CHEER ON BOTH FRONTS!



On the home front . . . on the war front . . . it's a precious moment when you bite into a Milky Way candy bar! What enjoyment there is in its pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the delightful center of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk. And what wholesome nourishment, too! Back on the job you feel refreshed. Refreshed, and fortified with the quick energy that is in each delicious Milky Way.

it was that. No one receives a command to visit the royal household unless he's either potentially useful or dangerous. They're horribly upset about you."

Her eyes, as she gazed at him, narrowed. Then he was sure he saw tears in them, and she said in a soft wail, "You've got to stop being suspicious of me! You've got to trust me! I've given you my innermost confidence and—" She stopped. "Let me tell you how they destroyed me, Mr. Amboy. It may give you a little more faith in me. And it's such a fascinating story."

"But—" Jason protested.

"No, I want to. I really think it will clear up the last doubt in your mind. My husband was doing the job very adequately without Queen Bertha's help. But Queen Bertha doesn't like me. And whom she doesn't like, she destroys. So—"

"Why?" Jason stopped her.

Mrs. Mace shrugged. "I'm afraid I'm just useless. I'm not an islander. I'm not a Grazzard, or a Trent or an Amboy—or a Bishop or a Judd, or a Waterhouse, or a Robinson. I'm just a useless female from the glittering, glamorous city of would-bes and has-beens—Hollywood. I came to Honolulu at the age of eighteen, met Channing at a thumping big dinner party and fell thumpingly in love with him. And I'm one of those strange women—I only do that once in a lifetime."

SHE paused to light a cigarette at the match Jason held for her.

"I'm the Model-T type of woman," the blond girl went on. "Old-fashioned and awfully dependable and built for rough going. You can overwork us and abuse us and we'll deliver wonderful service, but once you run us off a cliff, we're not much good any more. Another man can come along and rebuild us and treat us with loving care, but we're never quite the same old chassis."

She smiled at Jason and he was glad that her eyes were dry.

"If I'd just fallen into the hands of someone like you," she said lightly, and laughed. "It sounds like a Bing Crosby number, doesn't it? Some men are ruined because their mothers drill it into them from birth that nobody on God's green earth is good enough for them. But when a marriage stops working, who cares why? I've lived through one epidemic after another of women—and one murder. But it was Kokala that killed me off."

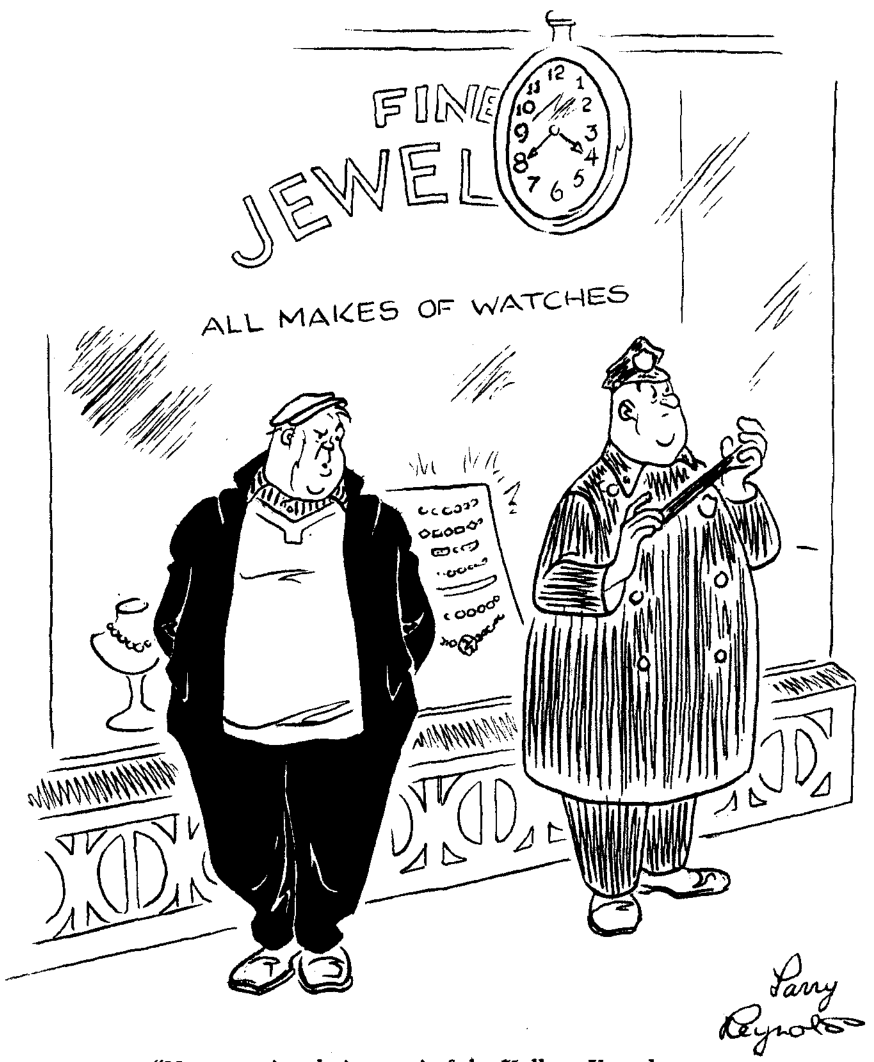
"Murder?" Jason said.

"Oh, I don't mean the exciting nicely motivated kind you read about in mystery books. Channing merely killed a man with his fist. It happened in Honolulu five years ago. The man was a young doctor from Denver. He had rented a drive-it-yourself car and was with his wife at the Garden of the Moon. Channing and I were there dining and when we went out, here was this strange man trying to unlock the door of Channing's sedan—same make, same color, same everything as the one he was renting."

Mrs. Mace paused and smiled wanly. "Well, Channing was a little drunk. He accused the doctor of trying to steal his car, and he punched him in the jaw, and the doctor fell and hit his head on the curbstone and died. And it cost Channing something like thirty thousand to get himself off. At that time he was a plantation manager on Oahu, not far from Honolulu. He'd known the Grazzards for years, and he wanted to get away from the fleshpots of Honolulu.

"He was terribly penitent. He swore he was going to be a better husband—and we would go to Kauai and start life anew. It sounded wonderful to me—I've always been a sucker for anything sentimental and corny."

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Now you're being spiteful, Kelly. You know you was supposed to go off duty ten minutes ago"

COLLIER'S

Mrs. Mace's deep blue eyes were rueful. "Queen Bertha attended most of the trial. She was the first one to shake his hand when he was acquitted. He was the kind of man she understands. He pokes a man in the jaw and kills him. That makes sense. So she offered *him* the job of manager of Kokala plantation. And we went to Kokala. And that was where Natalie Mace was destroyed."

"How?" Jason murmured.

"Oh, in the usual way. A few more women—a Jap and a half-breed girl, among others. But I was sort of used to that. It wasn't that. It was—I wasn't wanted. I wasn't needed. They all managed to let me know about it."

"Luana, too?"

"Oh, no! Luana's a grand person. And she isn't hookano—arrogant. We've been close friends until all this recent strangeness started. The queen did most of it—thousands of little things. Just chipping away at the old self-esteem. And Lorrin helped, in his boyish way. It's given me such an inferiority complex that I can't even go horseback riding without wondering what the horse thinks of me."

"Did you know my brother?" Jason asked.

"No. All I know is that he was working in the company store at Kokala, that there was some kind of unpleasantness, and that he went away."

Jason considered her candid blue eyes, then her mouth. It was a cynical mouth. Whether or not she realized it or would admit it, she was still in love with her husband, and she was in a dangerously emotional state. He wanted to trust her, because he needed her help, and he decided he would have to gamble—and hope that she wouldn't betray him.

"Do you know why they wanted those letters?"

"No, Mr. Amboy," Mrs. Mace replied.

"This morning," he said, "a friend in Honolulu phoned me and said my brother had vanished from Kokala on the night of December third, leaving nothing behind but his wrist watch which had dropped down between the head of his bed and the wall. The strap was broken at a buckle hole and on the back of the watch was a smear of blood."

NATALIE MACE was gazing at him with fascinated eyes. "They murdered *him!*" she whispered.

"That was the only clue," Jason said. "He vanished. Less than two days later, the five of you left Kokala for the mainland."

She was still staring with fascination at Jason's eyes. "This," she said softly, "explains many things. It even explains why Luana has been so strange lately."

"Do you think she's in this? Do you think she was involved in any way with my brother?"

"No. I doubt that very much. I don't think she knows what's going on. She's an outsider, too."

"She's in it and she isn't in it," Jason said.

Mrs. Mace was nodding. "And just to complicate matters—you've fallen for her, haven't you?"

"Frankly, I think I'm still on the fence," Jason answered.

"Frankly, I don't. I watched you at dinner looking at her. And I watched her looking at you. You've both fallen."

"It isn't very important," Jason said lightly. "It isn't going anywhere."

"No?" the blond girl drawled. "You don't know your Grazzards, Mr. Amboy. The fact that it exists is enough. The Grazzards have earmarked that girl. She has been given the royal approval and she is no longer on display. All her life Queen Bertha has played her the way a smart fisherman using the lightest tackle plays a rainbow trout. She's finally gaffed her."

"That sounds a bit fantastic," Jason interrupted.

"It is fantastic. Luana's whole story is fantastic. Her father and mother were drowned, presumably in the Kaieiewaho Passage, when she was two years old. They were a very romantic pair—very madly in love so I've been told—and they used to sail to all the islands in an outrigger canoe that he made of koa with his own hands. One day they sailed away for the Kona coast and they were never seen again. At that time, he was the Kokala plantation manager and he certainly knew your father."

"I DON'T remember any of it," Jason said.

"It happened after you'd gone to the mainland. Anyway, Queen Bertha took Luana in and brought her up. I suspect that the queen—some tribal reason—had it in the back of her head when Luana and Lorrin were hardly more than babies that they would marry when they grew up."

Jason was nodding. "I see."

"All her life Luana has been dominated and shaped by Queen Bertha. She trained the girl exactly as she herself was trained—a solid, conventional schooling—Punahou and the University of Hawaii—but mostly outdoor training that would make her healthy and reliant and strong. Lots of swimming, boating, fishing—fresh air and the sun. Partly because she was to become, in due course, Lorrin's wife, and partly to make it impossible for her ever to jump ship. Do you understand?"

"No," said Jason.

"The queen saw to it," Mrs. Mace explained, "that Luana was not fitted for a career. All that training was intended to make her a *wahine-kai*. That means 'sea woman,' Mr. Amboy. And Luana is just that—a sea thing."

"Will she make a good queen?" Jason asked.

"I doubt it. She has too much contempt for money and all the little orthodox gods. She's a wild, free thing. Her kind doesn't tame. And Lorrin isn't using the right system. He's too heavy-handed, too headstrong, too violent. Now you"—she regarded Jason critically—"you're big and strong, too, but you have a nice light way about you. You might do it. But you'll never have the chance."

"I know."

The girl sighed deeply. "I've talked myself into a migraine, but it's good to get this out of my system. It isn't good to keep hatred and resentment bottled up. Meet me on the port side A deck forward in the morning and we'll have another talk. I'm up early. If I can find a place on deck to sit, I'll be there with my knitting."

"But before you go—" He hesitated. "I'm thinking of putting my life in your hands."

"You ought to know by this time that it's safe in my hands. What is it?"

He took the snapshot of the stowaway out of his pocket. "Have you ever seen this man?"

The blond girl took the snapshot and studied it with a frown. "I don't believe so," she said slowly, "although he's familiar. He looks a tiny bit like you, but you're darker. Who is he?" She glanced up at him. "What is this all about?"

"Did it strike you," he said, "that there was anything pointed, or at all suspicious, in the way Luana brought up the discussion of stowaways at dinner tonight?"

Mrs. Mace glanced up again from the snapshot. Her eyes narrowed a little. "No. Was there?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Mace. I wish I did. Because this is the snapshot, taken in Rangoon, of a man who is a stowaway on this ship. In fact, he's hiding in my room."

Natalie Mace's eyes flew open wide. "You mean, you let him?"

"Yes."

"Why?" she cried.

Jason told her the story of the stowaway.

"Do you mean," she gasped, "he's still in your room?"

"Yes."

"But why should you take the risk?"

"Because I'm curious. You see"—Jason hesitated—"this snapshot was found this evening in one of your husband's suitcases."

"By whom?" Mrs. Mace cried.

Jason smiled. "A very efficient man who does my legwork."

"But it means—" she began.

"What does it mean?" Jason said gently.

She opened her mouth and closed it. She answered, "I don't know, Jason. I haven't the faintest idea. But it's horrible. It means my husband sent him there. It means they're planning to do something about you. You've got to get him out of that room!"

"But I'm still curious."

"Don't be a fool! The least that can happen is that he's sure to be found and you'll be an accomplice. And why is he there?"

"That's what I intend to find out."

Natalie Mace got up. She paused, glanced at him over her shoulder, then with a blithe good night, walked down the deck.

Jason went up to A deck. He walked to the forward turn and stood at the rail with the strong breeze cooling his face. There was no longer fog. He could see dimly, in the starlight, two of the other ships in the convoy.

He realized that Natalie Mace had given him no specific hints as to the fate of his brother, yet what she had told him of the Grazzards had touched off some informing instinct; and he was compelled to believe, for the first time since Pete Durkin had telephoned from Honolulu, that Wayne had been murdered.

In the darkness, he was not aware that Flack had walked up and was standing at the rail beside him, until he spoke.

"Mr. Amboy, I've been thinking about this stowaway and I'm worried about you, sir. I feel you should turn him over to the captain at once."

"Mrs. Mace thinks so, too," Jason said in a tired voice.

"Won't she talk, sir?" Flack said with alarm.

"No. She's a friend. I showed her the snapshot and she doesn't know who he is. And after hearing what she had to say about the Grazzards, I'm convinced they killed my brother."

"And the point now, Mr. Amboy, is, why, and what are their plans for you?"

"Yes," Jason agreed, "and it's a very nice point. I shall have to give it some thought from here on."

"It comes back to the stowaway, sir," Flack said earnestly. "There is no question that he was planted in your room to kill you. He may very well be the man who did away with your brother—their hired killer."

"We can handle him," Jason said. "But I want to talk to him alone first. He may talk more freely."

"But you aren't armed," Flack protested, "and he may kill you the instant you enter that room!"

"I'm not worried about that," Jason said. "I'll leave the door unlocked."

"Very well, Mr. Amboy," his valet said stiffly, "but I'm giving in over my better judgment."

JASON walked to the forward stairway. He was between B and C decks when he heard the sharp tapping of a woman's heels on linoleum. Then she was starting up the stairs from C deck.

It was Luana. Her face was so pale that it looked, in spite of its rich coloring, almost gray. Her eyes had the glittering opaque look of trance.

He stopped, but Luana did not pause. She went past him up the stairs. She turned the corner and vanished.

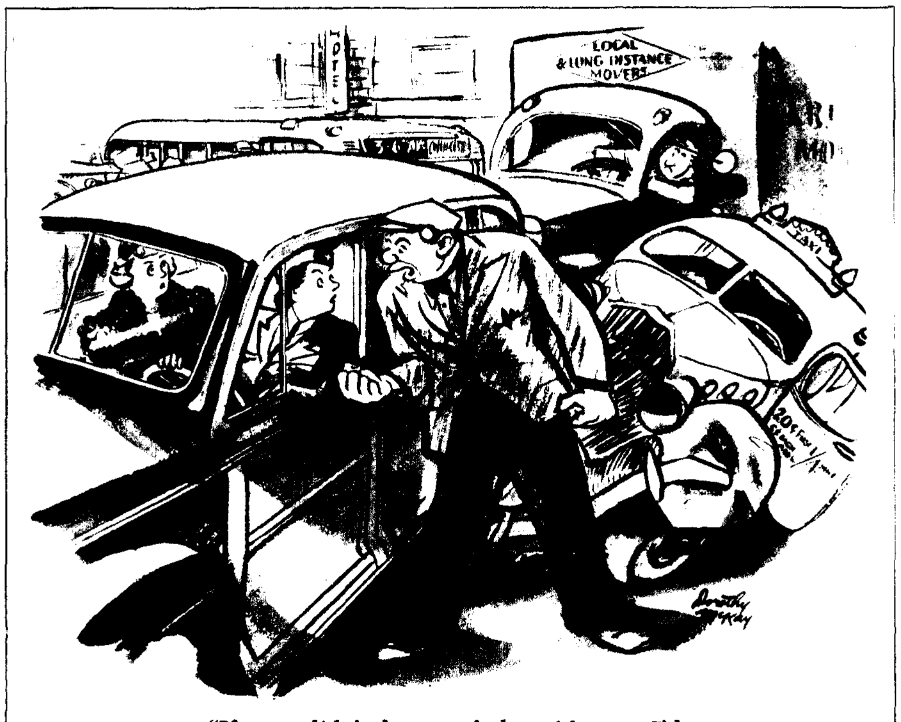
Jason went the rest of the way thoughtfully. She had evidently just had a devastating quarrel with someone, or she had just seen something that had terrified her. He was sure that her agitation was so great that she hadn't recognized him.

He went down the corridor to his stateroom, unlocked the door and went in.

The stowaway's bed was empty. Jason glanced into the bathroom. It was empty.

The stowaway was gone.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "If you didn't have a lady with you I'd have a good mind to pop you in the nose!" DOROTHY McKAY

"I lost the award for our shift," confesses Lucy

LUCY NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but her crew on the assembly line is out to top last week's quota.

"Better wait," Lucy decides. "No time off the line, if I can help it."

LUCY FEELS SO HEAVY-HEADED, suffering from symptoms of constipation, that she slows everyone down.

"You ought to keep fit, on a war job," her co-workers mutter.

"Hurray! I helped win!" Polly beams

POLLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE. Her assembly table is trying for the award, too.

But Polly knows Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. "Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says Polly taking a sparkling glassful.

HONOR AWARD

POLLY FEELS FINE. Nimble fingers assemble metal parts like magic and Polly's crew wins the award.

As Polly gets the envied trophy—and a good-sized bonus, as well—she's glad she took that Sal Hepatica!

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

ON WAR JOBS or *any* jobs, you have to keep fit these days. So don't put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

It acts by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping; helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Next time *you* need a laxative, try this speedy, sparkling saline. Whatever you do, be sure to keep fit!

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor will testify to the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

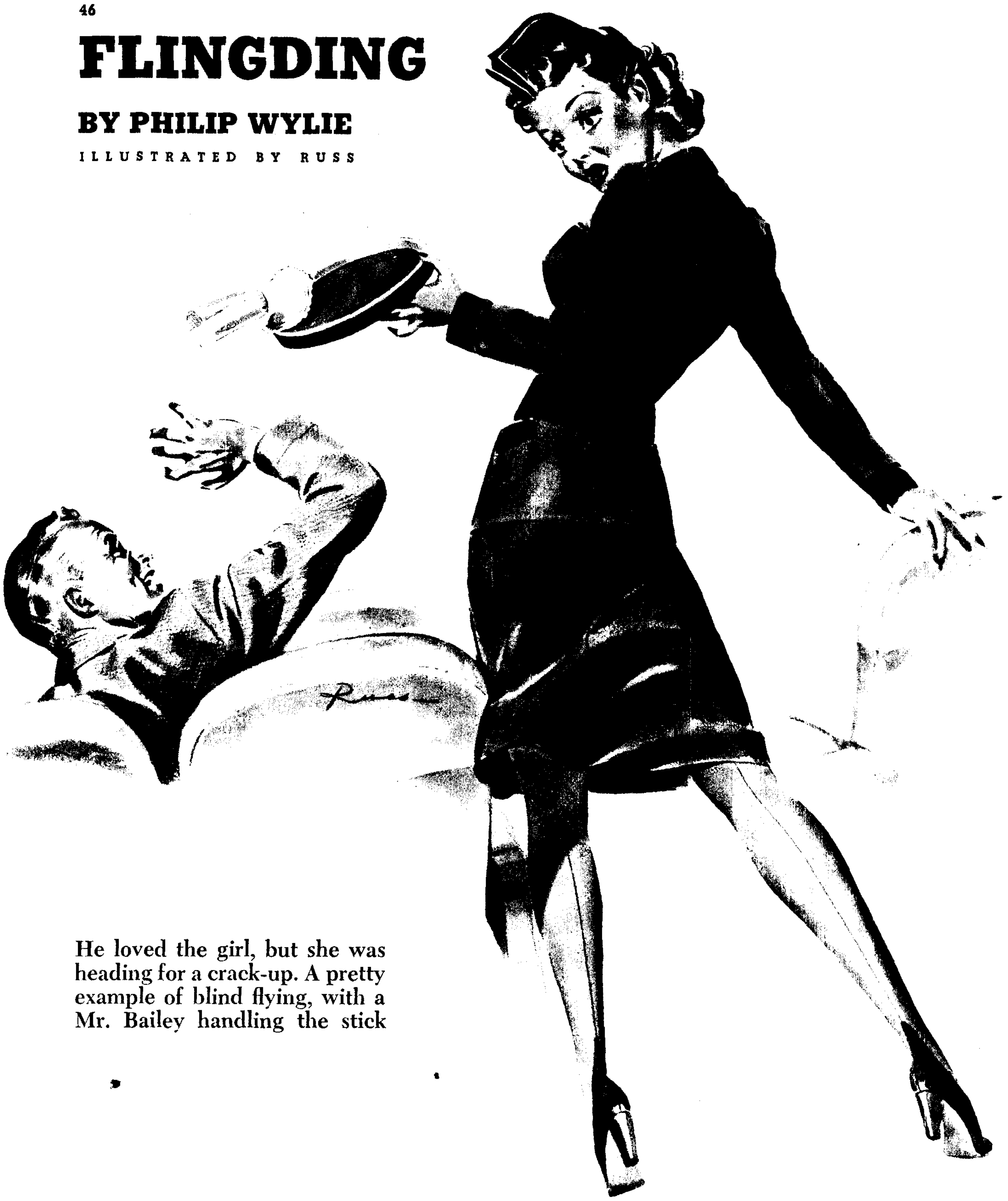
TUNE IN { Eddie Cantor in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9:00 P.M., EWT
"Duffy's"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., EWT

FLINGDING

BY PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSS

He loved the girl, but she was heading for a crack-up. A pretty example of blind flying, with a Mr. Bailey handling the stick



A downdraft that she hadn't expected caught the starboard wing and she practically threw a glass of milk in the air. It spattered over the WPB man

IT WAS a first-class flingding. Through what is called the magic of radio—and often isn't—a name band was brilliantly giving forth. Six or seven couples were dancing in the living room. In the dining room, the punch was being restored with gin, limes, and a small amount of sugar.

One of the couples danced into the dining room, picked up cups of punch, and walked out into the corridor. They sat on a chrome-and-leather bench. The man—broad-shouldered, with dark hair prematurely salted, and eyes that had a far-off quality—took cognizance of the girl's shining black dress, her friendly smile, and the black bow in the midst of her frothy curls.

"Abbey," he said solemnly, "did it ever pass through such brains as you have that if I ask a girl to marry me, it's probably going to be you?"

Her smile faltered slightly but he did not see that. "Can I count on that?" she asked gaily.

He chuckled. "I said, 'if,' remember. You can't count *on* it—and you can't count *it*—the way you were yesterday."

"The way I was what, yesterday?"

"Counting. The hangars aren't soundproof, baby. I heard you tell that new redhead on Flight 17—what's her name—Genevieve?—that you'd had eleven proposals since the line had been foolish enough to hire you as nursemaid for nervous passengers—if any."

Abigail giggled. "You're jealous, Douglas."

"Jealous, my Aunt Emma! Men propose to stewardesses simply because the long hops are tedious. It's an indoor sport."

He bent forward and kissed her. She kissed him back—briefly.

"You're an awfully nice guy," she said. "If you were only a little bit glamorous, Douglas. I might quit at an even dozen."

He was not abashed. On the contrary. "Your lipstick," he said, "tastes like pineapple. I prefer raspberry—and you might make a note of it. Shall we join the ladies? There *are* some in there, you know."

A taxi-load of people delivered Abigail at her door. She tiptoed into the much smaller apartment she shared with Rosemary and Alice. A light was burning in the bathroom. That would be Alice, setting her hair. Rosemary was asleep; her alarm would jingle at five A. M.

Abbey sat on the flat end of the built-in tub and told Alice about the party. She omitted her conversation with Captain Douglas Bailey. "It was," she concluded, "the regulation flingding—fun—but a little dull."

ALICE came from Kentucky. She had wonderful straight black hair and a cream-colored complexion. She finished an elaborate ritual which involved both and regarded her roommate with an expression of haughty compassion. "Why'd you go? Company loyalty? New England conscience? I gave up those shop-talking jamborees long since. Do you know who I was out with tonight? Alvin Rogers. He was on his way back to Hollywood—but he stayed over. Wired his producer. Held up his new picture for a whole day—just to take me dancing!"

"But—he's married!"

"All Hollywood stars are married," Alice answered. "So what? They keep changing, don't they? Marriage is something different—in Hollywood."

Abbey nodded. "It certainly is! Different—like a stenographic pool." She said that, but she added immediately, "What was he like?"

Her roommate laughed. "Go see 'Rain or Shine.' "

"I saw it."

"He was like that."

Abbey sighed and started to undress. After she had gone to bed, the images that blurred into dreams included Doug, but only vaguely.

CAPTAIN BAILEY walked across the vast paved area in front of the Washington airport and stopped at the base of the silver-painted steps. The sun was shining and it was breezy. Abbey stepped out of the ship with a paper in her hand and spoke to one of the uniformed men. The captain looked at her. She saw him and came down the steps lightly. "Guess who's aboard!"

He grinned. "I heard. Mrs. R."

"She is. But I didn't mean her. Commander Jake Evans!"

He looked blank.

"Goodness," she said. "You know. The one that dive-bombed that Jap cruiser! He's here for the War Bond drive. And he's as handsome as the very dickens!"

Doug said, "Oh. Oh, sure. That monkey." He was not being insulting. "Monkey" was often a term of approval with him. Evans was one of the lucky, in Doug's opinion. Not because he had come back alive from the exploit, but because he had the chance at it. Doug was thirty-three. A little old, maybe, for dive-bombing. The commercial grind would probably be his dish for the duration.

Abbey said excitedly, "I talked to him for a minute."

"Did you?"

"He's Irish! He's terribly young and simply charming!"

Doug started up the steps. "And a mighty handy man with a ship. As for the Irish part—Bailey is hardly an old French name."

The window curtains were drawn and the lights were on. As he walked up the aisle, Doug blushed slightly and made a certain deferential bow, which was returned amiably. Then his eye fell on Evans—in his natty uniform. Evans winked at him and glanced behind him—at Abbey, Doug realized. He pushed ahead. His first officer was in his seat—a quiet, towheaded kid named Jenkins.

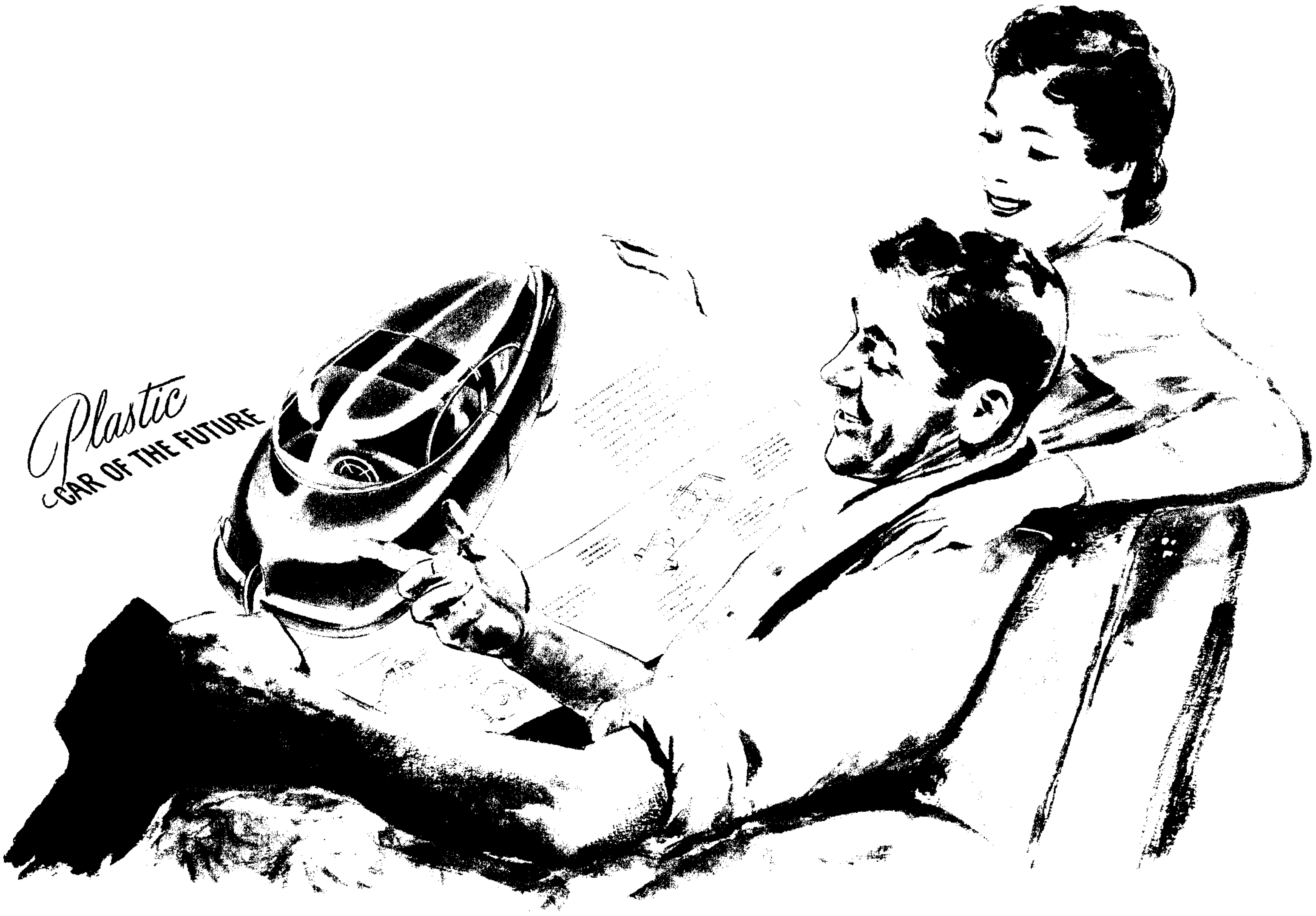
Jenk removed one earphone and said, "Hi! Bumpy clear to Cinci. Know who's aboard?"

"Yeah. Commander Evans."

"Hello, no. The Chief's wife," Jenkins said.

Doug slapped his co-pilot on the back and took his seat. There was the all-too-usual delay for a late passenger. Then he took the ship down the field, turned her, blew dust at the cars passing on the highway, and let her roll. Down below, presently, was the Capitol, the Monument, the Potomac. They hit the first downdraft before the enthralling spectacle had passed out of his line of vision. It was a beaut. Clear days, sometimes, with fast-moving, fleecy clouds, could be rougher than stormy-looking ones—

How *American* *it is*... to want something better!



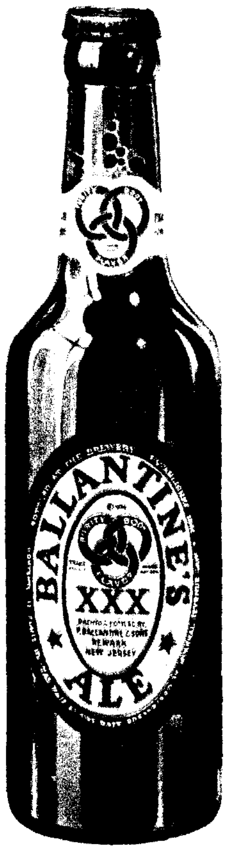
WHETHER it's putting together limestone, coke and air to make amazing new plastic automobile bodies for post-war models or finding a way to design a new and better hairpin, in normal times this land of ours is always striving to "top" yesterday's best.

And this constant search for something better doesn't stop with the *makers* and the *sellers* of better things. It goes right on through to the *buyers* and *shoppers* of the land.

BEGINNING back in 1840, word went around that there was "something better" in ales. Since then, millions of Americans, ever willing to try, have sampled it critically. And when they *found* the "Purity," the "Body," the "Flavor," its famous 3-ring trade mark promised, the samplers promptly made it . . .

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

contrary to what the public thought.

"Better take a look-see," Doug said to Jenk.

"Shouldn't you—under the circumstances?"

"Nix. They'll feel better if they think the old man's steering."

"You're scared!"

Doug crossed his eyes horrendously. "Order, Jenkins."

The copilot returned in about ten minutes. "Mrs. R. is reading," he reported. "Flies like a sailor. One down, I believe. Greenish. A WPB guy. Woman in a mink coat trying to peek out the curtains. I slapped her hands—metaphorically. Probably not a German spy. Probably just a dope. Your Commander Evans—is being regaled by our Abigail. He seems to like it. So does she."

"That's what I thought," Doug said.

There was nothing in the company regulations against flattering passengers. Mild compliment was recommended, as a matter of fact. Important people travel on airlines—and many important people like to feel that their significance is recognized. Abbey could not resist what would have been a normal impulse in any girl. "I read about it in the communiqué," she said. "Your name—everything!"

A reddening camouflaged the hero's freckles. "Five guys tried for that ship, sister. I happened to be the one that hit it." He fidgeted. "It's all right for you to—talk like this to me?"

"Why—of course! I'm—practically supposed to."

He considered that. "Well, I'll be darned!" Then he laughed. "It's very dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Yeah. Four months of sea duty. Ten days whizzing around to make punk speeches in microphones. No girls—except hundreds at a time."

"Oh."

"I don't have to go to work in Chicago till tomorrow, though—" he said rather wistfully. Then he shrugged. "Looks like the mink coat is sending an S O S."

ABBEY frowned and left the hero. The lady in mink was Number Two on the list of those who were *hors de combat* due to the bumps. She was followed by Three and Four. Abbey did not get a chance to talk to Commander Evans for a long while—almost too long. It was rough, and people kept summoning her. Aromatic spirits. Coffee. Ice water.

Beyond Cincinnati, in the twilight, the bumps continued. Abbey knew it would be one of those nights when she had to juggle the trays. She did, too. The WPB man had recovered enough to eat. A downdraft she hadn't expected caught the starboard wing with the force of a padded mallet and she practically threw a glass of milk in the air. It spattered all over the WPB man—and he was very nice about it. She looked back at Commander Evans; he was pretending not to have seen with such intensity that she knew he had. She sponged up the mess and made the customary offer to have the coat dry-cleaned. The WPB man said it was nothing. There were spots of milk on her uniform.

Shortly after that, she had the other standard casualty: a sluicing jerk threw her against a seat when she had a tray in her hands; she could feel her silk stocking take hold of something and run clear to its cotton top. It was the fifth pair that week—and stockings were almost impossible to get. She retreated to her little seat in the stern. The coats swung on their hangars. The dishes jittered. Her flight report forms skidded to the floor. Commander Evans, she believed miserably, would think of her now, not as a dashing stewardess but as a sort of slovenly, incompetent housemaid.

Doug came back, by and by. His dark eyes glanced lightly but thoughtfully at each of the passengers. He squeezed her shoulder. "Tough, kid. There just ain't any smooth place upstairs tonight."

"It's all right."

"Dame in the mink coat wants you again, pal."

"Yes. She's wretched."

He squeezed her shoulder again—and she felt better. He had nice hands. Strong—but so artistically constructed that they looked gentle. "Stay with it."

He went forward—hesitating behind the seat occupied by Commander Evans—but not stopping. He wanted to—but he didn't have the nerve.

They started down a long way from Chicago. Abbey could feel the change of level and the pressure-diminution on her ears. She looked at the spots on her uniform and the run in her stocking. The commander turned, then, and beckoned.

"Be in, soon?"

"Ten minutes."

"I don't suppose—that is—it's no doubt against the rules—?"

She knew what was coming, but she let him stammer a while. Then she explained that discretion, not prohibition, was the company policy for the social activities of stewardesses.

When the plane stood still and shining on the ground and the passengers were hurrying toward the lights, Doug came outdoors. Commander Evans had been hanging around. He walked up to the pilot. "Nice flying, skipper," he said. "You birds handle these things like baskets of eggs."

Doug felt a glow. "Thanks. I—well—when it comes to nice flying—Commander—you don't mind if I congratulate you?"

The men found each other rather sheepishly shaking hands. Abbey came by, hurrying toward Flight Control to make out her report.

"Crew car going our way," Doug called.

"Got a date," she shouted back musically.

JOIN THE MARINES
SHINE
P. Barlow

COLLIER'S "Nicely put, Sergeant" PERRY BARLOW

DOUG grinned at the Navy officer. "She's scared to ride in those company limousines. Me, too. Rather land blind."

This was a traditional theme among airline personnel. The commander was nodding. Doug said, "She's a dandy girl." He added, "Get us another Jap," and walked away.

Two weeks later, going the other way, they were grounded in Cinci. The intimidating crew car whizzed them over the mist-hung, glistening streets to the hotel: Doug, Jenk, and Abbey. There was a chance that it might open up later so they could go on to Washington—but not a very good chance, according to the meteorologist.

The hotel had a single room ready for Abbey and a double for Doug and Jenk. "Pick you up for supper," Doug said to the girl. They would keep in touch with the airport. If the ceiling lifted, they'd be ready to leave on short notice.

When they knocked on her door, she called, "Come in!" so Doug turned the knob. Abbey was sitting in front of a dressing table, still in her uniform. She had disconsolately buried her head in her hands. On a luggage rack was her overnight bag—the one she always carried—but it did not contain the usual skirt and blouse. Its principal content—an evening dress—hung from a closet door. Inside the lid of the case was a large photograph of Commander Evans—autographed. Abbey spoke without looking up: "I think I'll eat here. You boys go on. I suppose there's no chance it'll clear—"

Doug tried to be cheerful. "Always a chance, keed. Tough luck. A date in Washington—and grounded in Cincinnati. Is it the hero?"

She turned slowly and followed the earnest line of his eyes to the autographed portrait. "Pat? Not Pat. He's left for duty. I had a date with Alvin Rogers—he's talking to the War Department this week end about some special training films. Alice brought him over—a week ago. Terribly nice. And getting a divorce—I can't imagine why!"

"Oh." Doug hung to the doorknob uncertainly for a moment. "We'll be in the dining room. Too bad."

Jenk watched his skipper not eat his dinner. Jenk had sensitive features and direct, loyal eyes. He was a youngster in the airline. The line liked him—and so did Doug. Jenk said, when Doug began to mash his ice cream and concentrate on his coffee, "It's none of my business, pal, but an airplane is a small place and a guy can't miss the main events. Have you tried knocking her on the head?"

Doug's grin was flashing but evanescent. "I have—in my language."

"Have you tried forgetting her? We live in a world of stewardesses—all beautiful—many eager to oblige a veteran pilot with a broken heart—"

Doug yawned masterfully—but a yawn was never more synthetic. "Skip it, Jenk." By and by he said, "I am the steady kind of oaf. That's my trouble. If I'd been dizzy—if I'd waited until some sunny afternoon when there weren't any passengers aboard and then played games with the ship coming in—just for the devil of it—where would I be?"

"Fired."

"And maybe I'd have gone in service. Maybe I'd have been wearing stripes—like Evans—and even a row of colored stuff. But not me. A trolley conductor never stayed closer to the rails. Abbey likes the do-something boys."

"She likes you, too."

"I'm her favorite uncle. Oh—I can see how she feels. Who couldn't? War going on. That puts zingo in every girl's veins. Natural enough. It also fills our ships with guys who walk around in the headlines. Some of 'em—by the law of averages—are the romantic type and some of 'em are even decent eggs. Like Evans. I'd bet on that guy. There was a day when just being a pilot was faintly on the melodrama side. Now—you gotta be a pilot and have a cannon, too. Okay by me. I'm a trolley conductor."

A BELLHOP stepped into the dining room. "Call for Captain Bailey!" he intoned.

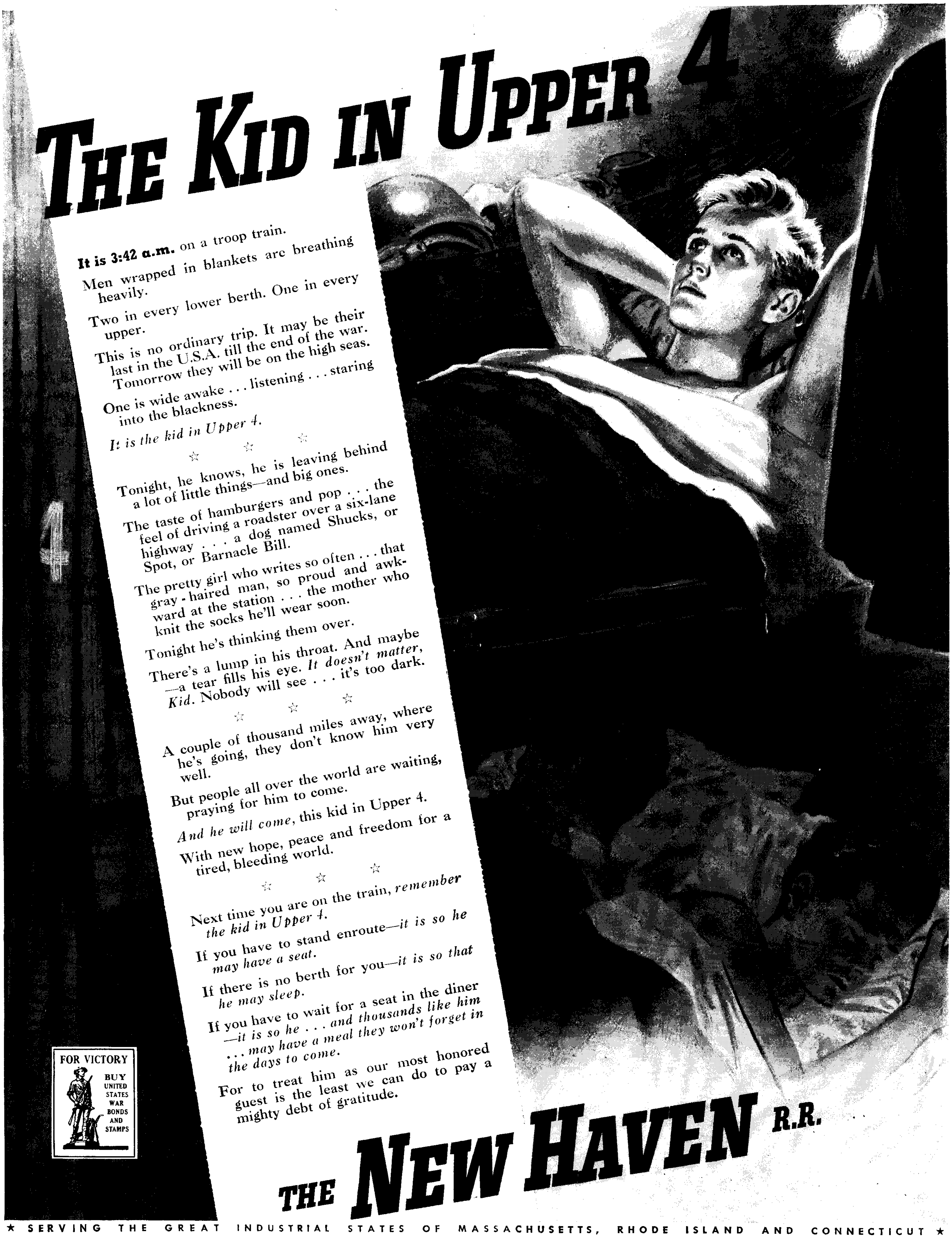
Doug threw down his napkin. "Phone Abbey," he said, looking at his watch. "Tell her to pack that evening dress carefully. She may need it, yet."

Ten minutes later they were hurrying through the night. Abbey was chattering excitedly again. Doug was being amiable. It was going to be his job to get the ship, such passengers as could be corralled, and Abbey, down to Washington before one Alvin Rogers, slightly married but on the loose, got tired of waiting around the airport.

Doug made it.

Three weeks later, Flight 19 poured north and west in a sky its skipper didn't like. But it was smooth going and they were picking up about ten miles from a tail wind at six thousand. Jenk hadn't said anything in particular all the way

THE KID IN UPPER 4



It is 3:42 a.m. on a troop train.

Men wrapped in blankets are breathing heavily.

Two in every lower berth. One in every upper.

This is no ordinary trip. It may be their last in the U.S.A. till the end of the war. Tomorrow they will be on the high seas.

One is wide awake . . . listening . . . staring into the blackness.

It is the kid in Upper 4.

☆ ☆ ☆

Tonight, he knows, he is leaving behind a lot of little things—and big ones.

The taste of hamburgers and pop . . . the feel of driving a roadster over a six-lane highway . . . a dog named Shucks, or Spot, or Barnacle Bill.

The pretty girl who writes so often . . . that gray-haired man, so proud and awkward at the station . . . the mother who knit the socks he'll wear soon.

Tonight he's thinking them over.

There's a lump in his throat. And maybe —a tear fills his eye. *It doesn't matter, Kid.* Nobody will see . . . it's too dark.

☆ ☆ ☆

A couple of thousand miles away, where he's going, they don't know him very well.

But people all over the world are waiting, praying for him to come.

And he will come, this kid in Upper 4.

With new hope, peace and freedom for a tired, bleeding world.

☆ ☆ ☆

Next time you are on the train, *remember the kid in Upper 4.*

If you have to stand enroute—*it is so he may have a seat.*

If there is no berth for you—*it is so that he may sleep.*

If you have to wait for a seat in the diner —*it is so he . . . and thousands like him . . . may have a meal they won't forget in the days to come.*

For to treat him as our most honored guest is the least we can do to pay a mighty debt of gratitude.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

★ SERVING THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL STATES OF MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND AND CONNECTICUT ★

from Washington. Neither had Doug. Abbey came in looking especially starry-eyed. Especially young, too, Doug thought. Like a kid.

Doug scrutinized her and said, "I know. Well—who is he?"

Abbey was slightly crestfallen. "I must be awfully naïve!"

"You are. But go on."

"Larry Barnham."

"Wonderful. Good old Larry. What's he? Trapeze artist?"

"Don't you know who that is?"

"The name is familiar. But it doesn't click."

Jenk explained by lowering his voice to a somber register and saying, "London—calling America."

"A radio announcer!" Doug snorted.

"He's not," Abbey said hotly. "Not just an announcer. He's a reporter. And a writer. A darned good writer. He told me he'd just been talking to the President—"

"Modest."

"He's terribly modest. He said it wasn't anything to go through those bombings. He said he just felt ashamed we weren't helping the English. He's been in seven major retreats. He just came back from Egypt and Australia last week. And he's a perfectly marvelous-looking man. Red hair—dark eyes—you go and talk to him."

"You talk to him," Doug said. "If I want to hear what he has to say, I'll tune in some time."

JENK grinned at the gray sky. Even with her good record, he thought, Abbey was getting a little too celebrity-conscious. If the line caught on, she'd catch the devil. Cincinnati came through on his earphones and he shoved them in place to listen. Abbey went back into the cabin. Doug took over and Jenk wrote out the report. He showed it to the Captain who said, "Thought so."

Abbey busied herself with the passengers for a few minutes and then sat down beside the enthralling Mr. Barnham. For a time, there was no more work to be done. He took her on a brief, vivid world-tour of the global war; and he was in the middle of a very exciting episode that concerned the evacuation of Singapore, when Doug buzzed.

"Darn it," she said. "That means me."

The radio reporter shrugged. "Hurry back!"

"I will."

Doug said, "Feed 'em early, Abbey."

"Bumps coming?"

"Yeah. Then soup."

"Okay."

She fed them early and had most of the trays collected before they hit the rough spot in the weather. It didn't last long. Twenty minutes after the first sluicing thump, the plane was steady again. People stopped looking down at the lights and began to read. One or two, however, from time to time peered nervously out of the windows. Abbey had been listening to Mr. Barnham. She stopped him, finally, to look. The world outside was like solid cotton in the waning light.

Mr. Barnham also gave the view his attention. "Lord," he said.

Abbey shrugged. "It's nothing, really. We're probably staying in it to get a push."

"Easy to hit something, though," Mr. Barnham said.

"But not much to hit—and it all talks to us by radio."

"I hope!"

The next time she went to the front porch, however, she knew that they were not staying in the murk just for a ride. The panel lights glowed faintly. Neither the captain nor the first officer showed any real sign of anxiety. But they sat rigidly and Doug's eyes gleamed more brightly than usual as he turned to look at her.

"Shut down, keed. Quick—and all around. How'd they do back there in the lumpy stretch?"

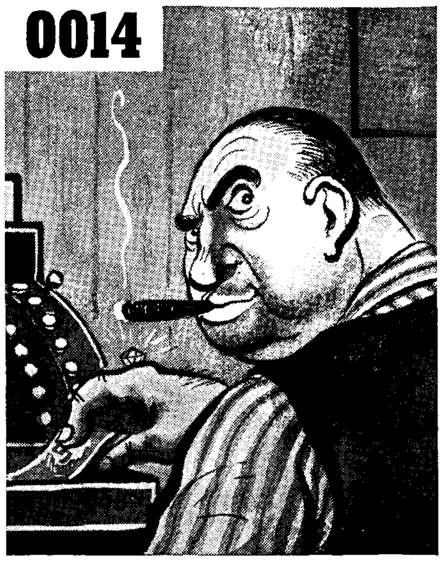
"Nobody was bothered."

"Good. We'll probably make Chi. Nothing a whole lot better within reach, anyhow. If anybody, such as that announcer, gets worried, call Papa and I'll lend my presence for morale. It's okay—except there's a devil of a lot of soup."

She said, "Sure."

She didn't feel like listening to more of Mr. Barnham's hair-raising stories, then. She methodically pulled together and snapped the curtains—a wartime procedure on all ships approaching and leaving airports. She sat in her own seat at the far end of the cabin. Once or twice she looked at her watch. The time came to be at Chi—and they were still flying. Other people looked at watches, too, and Mr. Barnham glanced back at her—nervously, she thought. They banked almost imperceptibly. But Abbey knew, as they briefly held the slight angle, that Doug was turning to push on to another field.

NOT WANTED for the Duration



VULTURE

Transient criminal who peddles rotgut and vice from shanty clip-joints near Army camps and war plants

TIME passed. Mr. Barnham hunched down in his seat, pale and shaky. He got out a cigarette, remembered that the "No Smoking" sign was shining, and dropped the cigarette, unlighted. He tried to peek through the little drapes over his window. Mechanically, Abbey rose to tell him it was forbidden. All he could see, however, would be the white, cottony mist close against the glass, shining in the light from the cabin.

He told her so. "Pretty sour—huh?"

"Nothing to worry about. The captain's come in on the beam hundreds of times."

"They all have. And sometimes, they miss. Sometimes they come in on the side of the hill, or the side of a skyscraper, or a grain elevator." His voice was thin and high. The man sitting ahead of him twisted around anxiously.

Mr. Barnham was scared—badly scared. But Abbey smiled at him calmly and nodded brightly at the other passengers who were looking at her for reassurance. "Captain Bailey doesn't hit hills. Or buildings. He's no dope." She took a vacant seat—fastening the belt around her waist. Stewardesses were ordered to do that, before take-offs and landings. Another five minutes passed. Then the smoking sign went out and the plane zoomed. Her buzzer sounded.

THE two men in the cockpit were concentrated. Jenk was fiddling with the radio. Doug was flying. His voice was easy, however, and his big hands held the controls almost delicately. "They doing all right, Abbey?"

"Jittery."

"Maybe that announcer will give 'em a lecture on the war to keep 'em diverted. We're going back to Chi. It closed in here—but Chi's improving."

Abbey's voice was low: "Mr. Barnham isn't in shape to lecture on anything."

"Frightened?"

"Yes."

Doug considered that. Presently, in the dim glow, she could see him grin. "Are you?"

"I don't know."

"That's the right answer, gal. You are. Uneasy. I am myself. How bad are the rest?"

"Quiet. They saw the fog. They know we're late."

The captain nodded. "Yeah. Well—take care of 'em. The facts aren't too hot—that's for sure. Low ceiling. Want Jenk or me out there?"

"I'm okay."

She went back to the cabin. She felt as if she were stepping out on a stage: every face lifted and turned toward her. Nobody had started smoking again—thinking, perhaps, that the sign should still be on. She went from seat to seat. She knew that her eyes were steady, her smile was easy and that the color stayed in her face. It was her job. Acting—for the little theater of the cabin. She spoke to them: "You can smoke, if you wish . . . we'll be a little late . . . don't know just how long . . . pretty foggy down there . . . nothing to worry about. . . ."

She passed chewing gum—and nearly every person took some. Then she offered coffee: nearly everyone put his gum in the receptacle and accepted coffee. Even Mr. Barnham—although he seemed uneasier than the others. One of the men began telling a joke in a loud voice. Others listened. It was a nice joke, and funny. Half a dozen people chuckled.

Abbey took her seat again. It was pretty wonderful, she thought. The man who had told the story was the sort that was timid in crowds—a thin, middle-aged little fellow with a pathetic blond mustache. But he was giving—because they were in a scary spot. Everyone, indeed, was commencing to behave beautifully. Except Mr. Barnham—who was showing his fright too plainly. A big fellow with a yellow diamond ring on his middle finger turned back toward the man with the pale mustache. "Did you hear the one about the kid who was busting up the toy department—and the child psychologist?"

They were laughing again.

Mr. Barnham beckoned. "Just what," he whispered sharply, "is wrong? Landing gear stuck?"

"No. Only what I said."

"I don't believe it."

"Would you like me to have the captain out here?"

He shook his head. "Sorry. Shaky. Been in too many tough spots, lately. Nerves shot. Besides, it's going to be a pretty poor fade-out, from the news standpoint, if a guy who's flown over a dozen battle lines is conked in a commercial plane in a Chicago street."

"You won't be." She walked away. It somehow seemed worse that Mr. Barnham was concerned with his publicity than that he had been afraid for his safety.

For a small infinity, she just sat. The motors throbbed with a soft, far-off sound. The ship feathered through the night. The people talked and laughed. Finally, Doug came from the cabin. His eyes were unalarmed. There was a shadowy smile on his lips. He made a sweeping, easy appraisal of the faces—stopping for an instant to give Mr. Barnham an extra look. Then he lounged down the aisle, bending over at every second or third seat. He said little, reassuring things. The people seemed to have an almost childish confidence in him and they smiled approvingly at her when she followed the pilot forward.

Jenk saluted cheerfully. Doug eased his big body into position at the controls.

"Going on in, baby. Make sure they're buttoned up good, will ya? Just because."

"You bet."

"And make sure *you* are, hunh?" He looked at her.

Abbey squeezed his shoulder, this time. "Yes, Captain."

"Good gal! You've got 'em in swell shape! Give you 'A-plus.' "

She was on the point of asking how tough it was going to be. She didn't need to. Jenk spoke audibly into the mike. "Right—!" he said. "Will do!" Then he added softly, *"Open the gates, Joe!"*

THE "gates," in old-time airline parlance, are the pearly gates. When a pilot asked "Joe" to open them, it meant that the pilot thought there conceivably might be some customers for those portals. Abbey felt her flesh prickle slightly. She fixed her face before she pushed open the door. She went out and met the eyes. The sign came on. "No smoking. Fasten seat belts." She walked along to check. Then she took the rear single seat, where she could watch them; she fastened her own belt carefully—thinking of Doug.

The plane flew with seeming slowness, descending through the mist as if on long steps that had rounded edges—a glide and a little bump—and another glide. The passengers were no longer talking. They sat stiffly. Fingers drummed. Hands were clenched. Abbey hoped nobody would squeak—or swear—or anything. Nobody did.

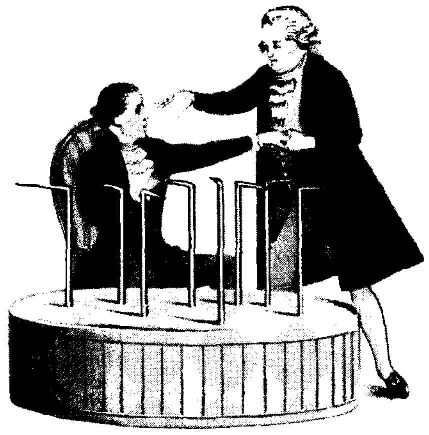
In her mind's eye she could see Doug up forward in the dark, with that same grin of self-deprecation—in which there was also a curious self-confidence. That was a man. Her eyes flicked over to Mr. Barnham. He was braced, like a ramrod, and his cheek was pasty.

She knew when the flaps went down. They groped along the beam in the white impenetrability of fog. Feeling their way between a dot-dash and a dash-dot. Jenk would be making a crack. Doug would grin and go back to his warm, slight smile. She glanced at the emergency exit, the first-aid kit, and the fire extinguisher. She could imagine how panicky the people must feel, inside themselves—especially with the ship blacked out. Like being under water in a submarine, she thought—and knowing that the depth bombs might come. Somebody whistled—tunelessly, unconsciously.

The ship wobbled a little. Its nose lifted—dropped. The motors sped up

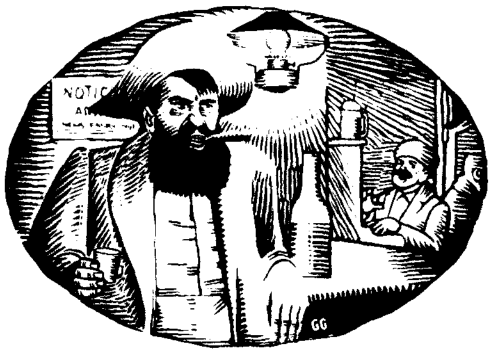
Famous ’s

(DO YOU KNOW THEM?)



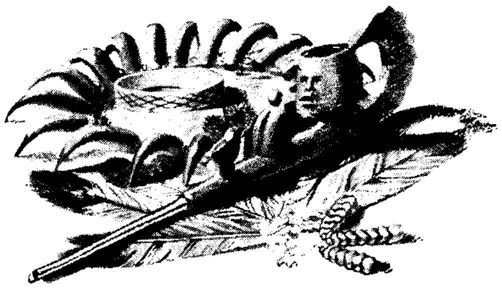
The founder of a kind of hypnotism.

M _ _ _ _ _



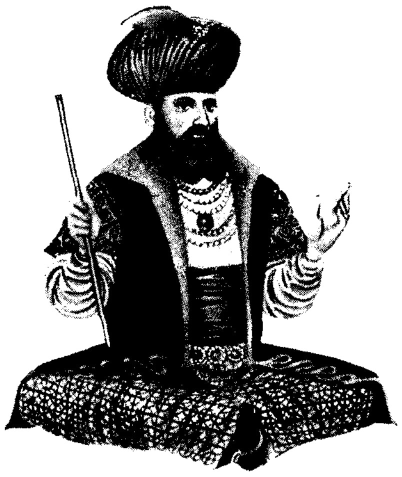
Fictional Yukon character known as "Dangerous Dan."

M _ _ _ _ _



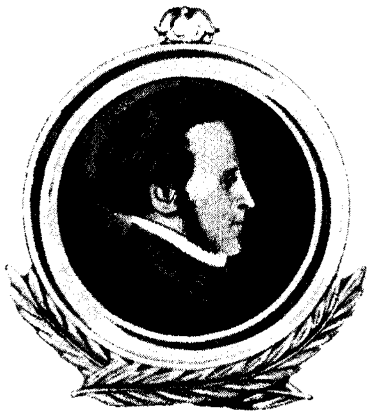
A tribe of American Indians —also a city in Florida.

M _ _ _ _



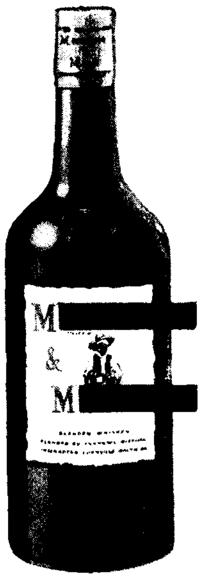
Turkish Sultan after whom a cigarette is named.

M _ _ _ _



Composer of well-known "Spring Song" and "Wedding March."

M _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



The American Whiskey that's mellower and milder than many costlier brands.

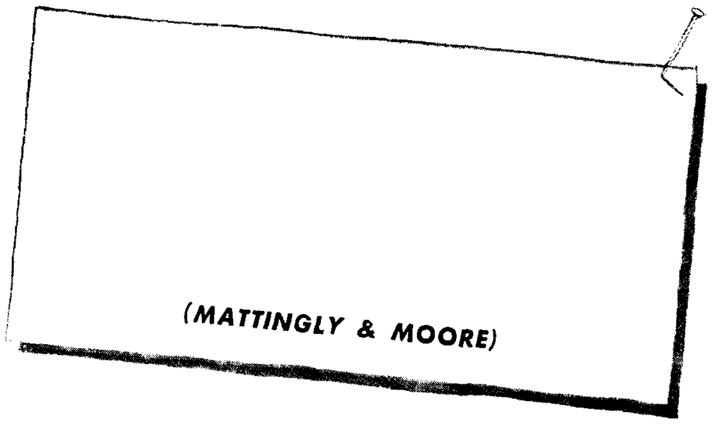
M _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ &

M _ _ _ _

How many M's did you get right?

If you got them all, you're something of a scholar. But you don't have to be a scholar to know that it's remarkable to find a whiskey with such a fine, rounded flavor, with such a mellow, Down-South taste as Mattingly & Moore . . . at its unusually low price.

In case you're still looking for some of the answers to the Famous M's, here they are: 1. Mesmer; 2. McGrew; 3. Miami; 4. Murad; 5. Mendelssohn; 6. Mattingly & Moore.



Blended Whiskey—60% grain neutral spirits, 86 proof (also 80 proof). Blended Whiskey—72½% grain neutral spirits, 86 proof (also 80 proof). Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!
SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES
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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

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PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

and slowed again. There was no human motion in the plane after that. They sat like dolls. Abbey felt as if she were chewing on her heart. Then the wheels hit—moderately hard—and bounced. They hit again. Now, in this moment, she thought—the crash or the ground-loop—if it's coming. She was bent forward by the drag of the brakes. Then the plane stood almost still—the motors roared—and they were taxiing. Flight 19 was down. Routine landing: low ceiling—but not too low to sit down under.

Ten minutes later everybody had gone—toward the waiting room. They had acted a little ashamed, as if it had been unfair to be uneasy. Abbey saw that one of the men had left his brief case under his seat. She picked it up and ran toward the shining building in the hope of catching him. Washington brief cases were important, these days. She was successful; he was out on the curb, hailing a cab.

WHEN she started back, she passed the phone booth. Mr. Barnham, completely restored, was haranguing somebody: "Yeah—Jake! . . . Barnham! . . . I'm at the Chicago airport. . . . Look! . . . Make a new lead for the morning broadcast—will yah? My plane just landed in a hell of a fog—everything haywire—and I don't think I ever had a narrower escape. . . . Nope. . . . Oh, you know . . . the old malarkey about wherever Barnham goes there's excitement. . . . Something on the perils on the home front. . . . I'll cut in with an account of the landing. . . . Oke! . . ."

Abbey stood there disgustedly. Mr. Barnham saw her. He told "Jake" to hold on. He leaned from the booth. "How about dinner, baby?"

"No, thanks."

It was some time before she had her report ready for Flight Control. When she turned it in, she asked where Doug was. They told her he had gone to the café. She found him, sitting alone at the counter. She slipped in beside him.

"Coffee," she said to the girl. She expected Doug to speak, but he didn't. He patted her back gently—but he didn't say a word. She waited for her coffee and sipped it. "Remember your flingding? When you offered to bring my list of proposals up to twelve?"

He nodded.

"Is the bid still open?" She swallowed. "I mean—I'm off glamor."

He shrugged. "Depends. You off flying, too?"

"Of course not!"

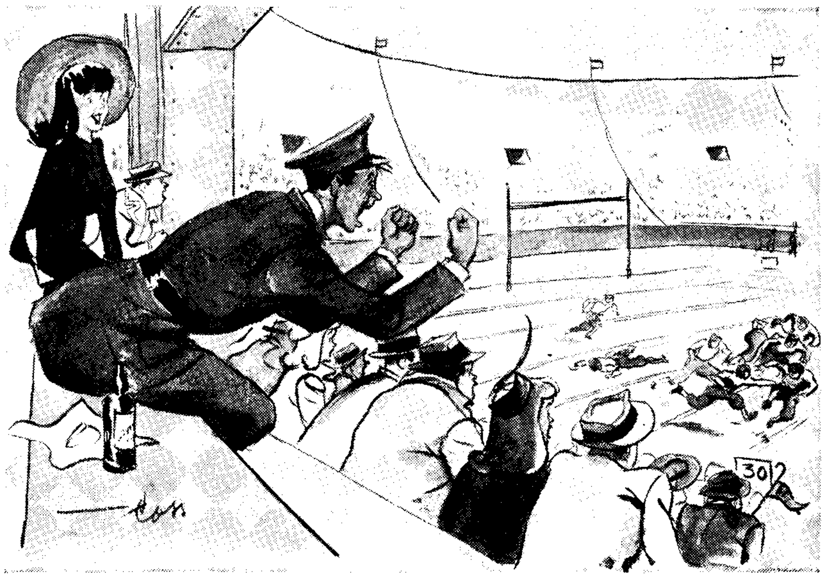
He grinned, then. "Good gal! But I am, Abbey. Grounded."

"*What!*"

"I put in for the Army," he said quietly. "I mean—active duty. I got it. Not flying. Operations. Can you imagine?" He shook his head. "Of course later—I might fly again. Who knows? Abbey—you're looking at a Major—one that's booked as a plane passenger—tomorrow—for Miami Beach." He sat steadfastly, not showing his hunger for her—or his disappointment.

For a long minute, she imagined Flight 19 leaving Washington with its enthralling parade of fighting men, celebrities, stars, millionaires—and another girl aboard. She turned on her stool. "Miami Beach, Doug? Get *two* tickets, hunh?"

THE END



"It's certainly flattering that you're willing to be A.W.O.L. just on account of me"

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VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
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The Golden Age

Continued from page 13

prove myself worthy of her, to make a name for her.

"I worked hard and I worked my crew hard. Navy was inclined to sniff at Reserve in those days—it seems an awful long time ago—and I wanted to show that we were just as good as *pukka* Navy people and a lot better than some of 'em. Chances—you have to take chances all the time in convoy work—I took needless chances, time and again, just to keep my crew on their toes. I volunteered my ship for all the dirty jobs. And I never cared a damn for weather. When we got into port I made sure that mine was the first ship ready for sea again—moved heaven and earth to do it. My crew loved it—I think they even loved me. They used to brag about me in the pubs ashore. Among the officers I got the name of being a thruster.

"In Derry one time on a binge a man called me Hell-bent Hericot and the name stuck. I was proud of it. I think I lived up to it. If there were any justice in modern warfare I should have been famous—I'd have sunk subs galore, beaten off air attacks by the score, pulled off wonderful rescue stunts that the Admiralty wouldn't be able to keep from the newspapers—you know the kind of thing. Heaven knows I *tried* hard enough. But there was something I'd forgotten. You have to have luck. And I hadn't got it—not the shadow of it. Other corvettes were constantly running into excitement. Not mine. Fellows I knew, who hadn't had a command more than six weeks or a couple of months at most, stumbled on subs or shot down Heinkels right and left. Not me!

"I tell you it was like a curse—as if I were bewitched. Will you believe this? I've never seen a submarine except one or two of our own. In fifteen months not so much as a periscope feather! Aircraft? I've seen them as specks in the sky—and once I was dive-bombed, but the bomb missed by a length and a half and the Hun scuttled off."

"HOW can you call that bad luck?" Marian said a little wildly. "It's what I've prayed for—what every woman prays for."

"Bah! I've prayed too—for fifteen months I've prayed for something to happen—anything!—and nothing ever did. But danger—that's something else. There's always danger. Not the exciting kind, not the kind that gives you a chance to fight and prove yourself, but the cold kind that sits all about you, watching you, never showing itself day or night but always there, listening for you, stalking you, haunting you. Against that you have no weapons. You're naked. Not all at once but little by little you come to think of yourself as a floating target, nothing else. It's not fear, you understand. You *must* believe that. It's just a cold resignation that takes all the heat out of your blood and ties your insides in a knot. You wonder when the big bang will come. In five minutes' time? Tonight? Tomorrow morning? Next week? Next month? You sit there on top of fuel tanks and magazines with half an inch of plating between you and the end of everything and you wonder.

"When you get into the Approaches you look at the dead men drifting past, all black in the oil and the raffle and you think, 'That's me—and Mortly and O'Higgins and Callen and the rest of us—next week or next trip.' If only something would *happen!* If you could get a crack at Jerry, a chance to raise merry hell with depth charges, a chance to squirt the pom-pom at his planes—anything to break the evil spell of it!

"But nothing ever comes—only the ships creeping along in the fog and the dark, and now and again a bump in the distance to prove that the danger's real. If you could sleep! But at sea you're routed out at all hours for all sorts of things and you get into the habit of staying topside, in your clothes, dozing now and again on a settee in the chartroom. You get out of the knack of sleeping and when you get into a port where you can turn in properly, sleep won't come. You feel yourself going mad. Then you discover there's a way. If you drink enough you can sleep like a log. Then you discover something else. If you drink enough you can grin and bear the burden of your job—the awful twenty-four-hour-a-day responsibility that burdens you like the whole dead weight of the ship.

"I found out those things. But when you're at sea you can't drink—and then you've the craving for it along with your other worries. You get edgy. You begin to see faults in your officers and men that you never noticed before. You keep to yourself. There's no chance of exercise in a corvette at sea, nothing but a fisherman's walk—'two steps and overboard.' There's nothing to break the monotony but food. So you eat too much. The endemic disease in corvettes is indigestion. When it gets bad you eat some more and that drives it away for a time. But your temper goes brittle and it breaks when you're not expecting it.

"One day off Tobermory I kicked a signalman. We'd been in fog for days and nights on end, herding a convoy from Iceland. But that was no excuse for the signalman. There'd been no sleep for anybody. The fellow was standing in the bridge wing. He was supposed to be on watch—it was just breaking day—and he was standing there by the 'point-five gun asleep on his feet, with his eyes wide open!

"I tell you I passed my hand in front of his face and he didn't even blink. So I kicked him. I stood off and gave him the full swing of my sea boot. It fairly lifted him. And coming out of a dead sleep like that, with the expectation of the big bang always in the back of his mind, I suppose he thought we'd been poked and done for. Anyhow he dived overboard in one wild spring and went down like a stone. We couldn't have picked him up anyhow, not with ships riding up in the fog on all sides of us. But there it was. The tale got out that I'd kicked a man overboard. There was an investigation and I was cleared. The old rear admiral in charge of the powwow told me he'd have done the same in my place.

"Can you guess why I'm telling you all this? Can't you see why I kicked that poor devil, why I can't keep away from a bottle, why I can't face taking the ship to sea tomorrow?"

She stared at him with pitiful eyes, but her lips did not move. He cried out, "I've . . . I've lost my nerve . . . that's why! It's gone! And when you lose that, you've lost everything! I've known it for weeks . . . months! Now you know it. Tomorrow or the next day or the next week every man on the ship will know it!"

Marian reached out and took his hand and held it tightly.

SHE was in such a turmoil that when she spoke she was startled by the very calmness of her voice: "There must be some way out, my dear. Something you can do. Can't you go before a medical board and tell them the truth?"

"I couldn't ask for that." His voice was almost scornful.

"Why? They can't expect a man your age to stand the strain like the younger commanders. Oh, my dear, you've done your share . . . more! You're entitled to . . ."

"No!"

"But why?"

"It . . . it just isn't done."

At any other time she would have been angry. Men and their eternal things that can't be done! But there was no anger, no feeling in her at all now except the one great pain at her heart. There was only one way out. He must pull himself together. Had she been young and beautiful she might make some sort of emotional appeal to his manhood, but she was too spent herself. There was another appeal, a strong one, but she shrank from it, shuddering in her soul. She forced the words to her lips.

"Then, John, you must pull yourself together and face it—for Robin's sake."

"Robin?"

"He likes the sea and the life. He talks of making the Navy a career after the war."

"I talked like that, twenty-odd years ago. He'll get over it."

"He'll never get over it if you let him down, John. Think of the things men will say. You know how merciless they are, especially the young men, when it comes to a matter of courage. It's bound to reach Robin's ears—and the ears of his superiors. You know what a fetish the navy makes over an officer's antecedents. The name's not yours to do with as you like. It's Robin's, too. Would you have him ashamed of his own name? Oh, John, he's so very young and eager—you couldn't do that to him. You couldn't! Please sit on the bench and listen to me. Robin says . . ."

Robin. . . . Robin. . . . Robin. . . .

HE SAID goodby to her in the early morning. It was still quite dark. The air through the windows was cool with a feel of dew in it and there was a twitter of sparrows in the garden. Along the corridor Marian could hear the others stirring. Most of the officers had sent their things down to the corvette last night. One or two had slept aboard.

She heard Lieutenant Raeburn's feet go past toward the stairs, and in a few moments there was a faint but unmistakable sound of sobbing in young Mrs. Raeburn's room.

Marian steadied her eyes for John. There was little to say now. All that could be said she had said in the garden yesterday. When he kissed her for the last time there was a glitter of moisture in his eyes but his big chin was up and she saw him take a last look at the photograph on the table.

"You'll be all right now, my dear," she whispered.

"Yes, I'll be all right."

The door closed slowly behind him. She wanted to weep but no tears would come. She lay on the bed in her nightdress staring wide-eyed toward the ceiling and after a time, just as daylight crept into the room, she heard the corvette's farewell to the women, to the town, to the shores of home, a series of strident whoops from the siren as it passed out of the river to sea. An insane sound, beginning on a low note and ending in a scream, echoed in the harbor hills.

There was a timid knock on the door. It opened and young Mrs. Raeburn came in clad in pajamas. "Mrs. Hericot, do you mind? It's silly to feel like this, I suppose, but I can't help it. I've come to you because you're older and you know what it's like and—and I just want you to talk to me and let me cry."

"Lie down, my dear," Marian said. Young Mrs. Raeburn threw herself on the bed and her movement jerked the pillow aside. She found something harsh against her face and put up her hand. It was a crumpled ball of paper, a telegram.

Marian said in a strained voice, "Read it!"

Mrs. Raeburn sat up and opened it, wondering. She gasped, and her eyes went to the photograph.

"Your son! How awful! How long have you known?"

"Two days. His ship struck a mine and sank with all hands."

"And you had to part with your husband this morning—oh, Mrs. Hericot!"

"My husband doesn't know, thank God!"

"You—you didn't tell him? How brave—how very brave you are!"

"No," Marian said slowly. "Courage is something you have only when you're young. It's a part of good health and good looks and the feeling that no evil can ever touch you. My dear, I'm forty-six."

THE END

BUCKWHEATS FOR BREAKFAST - MASS PRODUCTION
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS ARE SO EASY TO FIX - I COULD KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!
GRAB 'EM, ALICE! MOM'S GOT THE OLD ASSEMBLY LINE TO ROLLING!
THEY CAN HAVE A PRACTICE BLACKOUT EVERY NIGHT IF I ALWAYS GET AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS FOR BREAKFAST!
LIGHT AND FLUFFY AS THOSE PARACHUTES I MAKE!
TAKE OFF THAT HELMET, EDDIE! AUNT JEMIMAS WILL STICK TO YOUR RIBS WITHOUT WELDING!
I'M GOING TO DE-CODE AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE!
IT WAS THAT GOOD OLD DOWN SOUTH FLAVOR THAT BROUGHT ME A-RUNNING!
WHY BOTHER WHEN SHE PUTS IT IN A BOX READY MIXED!

"HAPPY DAY! Now's de time fo' my dee-licious AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS!"
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

Fruit Juice
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS
Melted Butter Hot Syrup
Country Sausage Coffee

YOU CAN FIX AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS IN A JIFFY—HER SECRET RECIPE IS READY-MIXED FOR YOU!

EASY AS 1-2-3...JUST ADD MILK OR WATER, STIR, THEN POP 'EM ON THE GRIDDLE!

AUNT JEMIMA
READY MIX
FOR PANCAKES · BUCKWHEATS

—Yellow box for Buckwheats; Red box for Pancakes

He Makes Them Over

Continued from page 16

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials recognized a few months ago, when they offered him $50,000 a year to take the place of Adrian as the studio's head fashion designer.

Don declined this politely, because he does not want to be just a designer, no matter how attractive the rates, and after shaking off various other proffered jobs pertaining to the cinema, he was snapped up by Paramount to dance with Ginger in Lady in the Dark.

Loper is thirty-six, lithe, quick and definitely not the handsome-hero type. He has a dancer's body and a clown's face, and he uses pantomime with the loving skill of a great comedian. More than anything, he looks like a brunet Danny Kaye. He talks with an accent that is a combination of good British, burlesque Brooklynese, and just kidding. He kisses a girl's hand with the easy elegance of an eighteenth-century duke, but he is also apt to toss her a well-meaning insult of the variety that Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman write for Monty Woolley.

"This will positively kill youse, Bud," is his preface to the stark biographical fact that he comes from Toledo, Ohio. His father was a successful department-store owner in that city, his mother a celebrated English beauty who saw to it that, at the age of nine, Don was sent off to England to attend Feigan and Essex. At twelve, he returned to become a ballet dancer; he spent two years with the Chicago Civic Ballet and capped this phase of his career by marrying, at the age of fifteen, one Vye Hughes, a luscious, 107-pound blonde from Charleston, West Virginia.

Grounds for Divorce

There followed brief experiments with the Broadway stage, studies in Paris, and a try at life on Long Island. And after seven years of matrimony, Don and Vye divorced with the utmost friendliness.

"She was a lovely girl, but she spent the whole day in riding breeches," he told a friend later. "She didn't like clothes." That was enough to end it all for him.

Loper gets more kick out of designing dresses for a beautiful girl than most people get drinking champagne, cutting a rug or making money. Last season, while he was drawing an unheard-of salary for directing, producing and dancing with Maxine Barrat in the show at the Copacabana, he was spending the daylight hours doing gowns for Marlene Dietrich and assorted chorus girls. The only difference was that Marlene paid an astronomical sum for the privilege of being Loper's momentary Galatea; the chorines got the same service for nothing.

The one woman who has never questioned his advice or resisted his ministrations to the slightest degree is his dancing partner, the taut, high-cheeked, infinitely glossy Maxine. They have been dancing together professionally since the day five years ago when they met at a London tea dance and he invited her out for a fox trot.

"You dance very well," he complimented.

Maxine, who had been making her living with her feet for several seasons, gave him a not too terribly grateful look and said, "So do you."

In less than a fortnight (after he had upswept her hair into a style that was four years ahead of its time, chosen for her a dazzling collection of gowns, supervised her nail polish, her gloves, her furs and her stockings) they started touring Europe as a team.

Sensation is not too strong a word for what they created, instantly. The blond girl with the figurine-perfect body and lacquered look and her dark, live partner did things that seemed easy and were hard; the mood of their performance was sophistication almost to the point of satire. Their dancing winked.

They waltzed and rumbaed and fox-trotted from London to Paris to Budapest to Biarritz, at $1,500 to $3,000 a week. They were in San Sebastian when the first shot was fired in the Spanish War; they were dancing on a glass floor and they heard the guns above the music and their own light footsteps.

Soon afterward, they came to America — to Broadway and the glamor niteries and such theatrical extravaganzas as One For The Money and Jerome Kern's Very Warm For May. For the past few seasons, they have whirled fleetly and with spectacular urbanity across the two-bit-sized dance floor of the Copacabana, where Don also produces, directs, and occasionally writes songs for the elaborate *divertissement* featuring the Samba Sirens, who are the current most-pleasant-to-gaze-at examples of the Loper touch.

When he was first assigned to the chore of building a floor show around the Samba Sirens, Don took his initial look at the seven belles, shook his head in despair, and moaned, "What am I going to do with you? I feel like the ringmaster at a dog show."

In less than two months, he had transformed the bowwows into such devastating beauties that they were rushed off to the altar or Hollywood faster than he could train replacements.

What Loper does for the deserving chorines, he does for free; when he creates a little number for a lass with a bagful of happy cabbage, his prices begin where most ordinary budgets end.

"I can't start thinking for less than $350," he gaily admits.

Only women who amuse him or inspire him wear his clothes, and these include Katherine Cornell, Martha Raye, Margot Grahame, Lela Rogers (Ginger's mother) and Anne Shirley. If he by chance encounters any one of them looking below par (which is perfection) in cocktail lounge or theater lobby, bystanders within twenty yards are sure to be treated to the sound of Loper's voice lashing the air with "You do look awful, girl. Go home and dress yourself."

One of the most spectacular and soul-satisfying feats of duckling-into-swan ever achieved by Loper was performed upon a plain young girl whom he encountered one morning strolling the Atlantic City boardwalk, wearing black slacks, a very bad turban and pearl earrings. Loper couldn't resist stopping her.

"You really look dreadful, dear. Who are you?"

"Ruth Brady," the girl said, adding with pride, "I'm Miss Brooklyn."

Don reached out, pulled off the turban, scrutinized her oval face, and said, "Come with me."

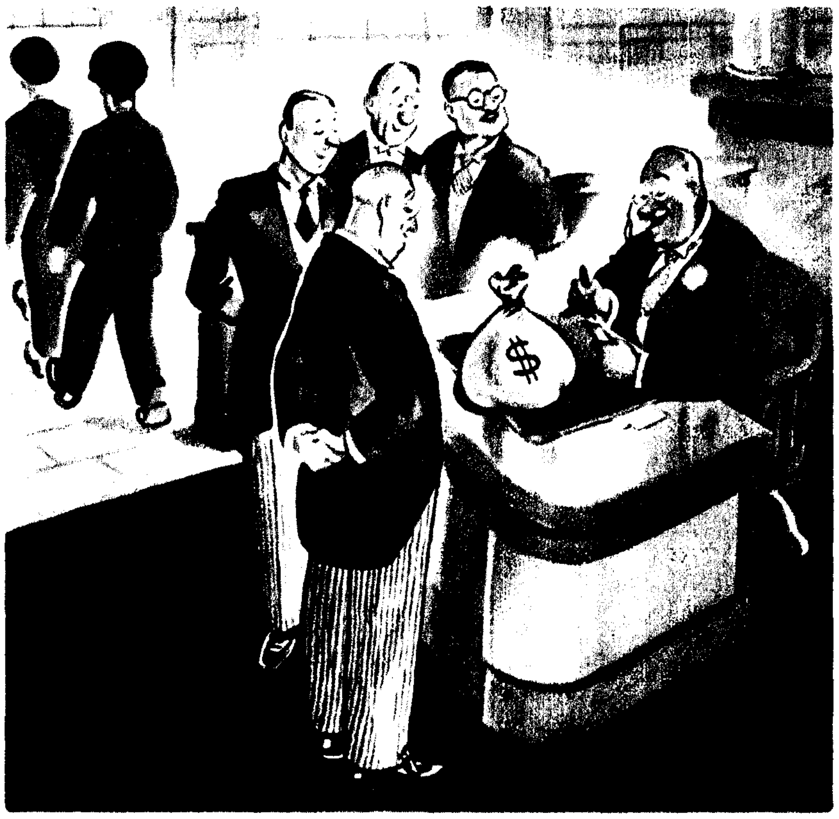
At that moment began the reincarnation of Miss Brooklyn. Don ordered her never again to encase her hips in a pair of slacks, black or otherwise. He taught her what make-up to put on, and what to leave off and how to walk. He even showed her how to cut a piece of roast beef.

One evening when they were dining together, he looked at her sharply and demanded, "Where did you get that wrist watch you're wearing?"

"My mother," said Ruth.

"Well, take it off, put it in your purse and never wear it again," Pygmalion ordered.

Galatea obeyed.



"Gregg, you said $11,576—Ellsworth, $9,085—Hanson, $15,420—Smith, $6,253 and my guess is $14,321. . . . Now we'll count it and see who wins the dollar!"

Next day, a messenger arrived at her house bearing a small package. It contained a gold clip watch, studded with rubies and diamonds, from the most expensive jeweler in town.

His passion for rearranging extends from women to apartments. When he visits, the front door is scarcely open long enough to admit him before he has the furniture completely switched around, and has told you for heaven's sake to take down that portrait of Uncle Joshua, it's awful. And why don't you spread around a little chintz in the dining room? He will do a whole house over in five minutes, with or without encouragement.

London in New York

His own home is a four-story walk-up, unfashionably situated on Lexington Avenue in the Sixties over a brassière shoppe and a tailoring establishment, but at the top of the stairs an ivy-covered door with a gold knocker admits you to a completely charming Regency apartment with three small drawing rooms, a replica of his home in London.

In this green-velvet and gold-satin lair, Don is a superb but stubborn host. He will not serve a cocktail or any other mixed drink, because he considers such concoctions uncivilized. Guests who know this idiosyncrasy are sometimes impelled, by hardheadedness on their own parts, to evade this ruling, as larger sections of the population did during the prohibition era.

One evening, Ted Straeter, the band leader, who likes a cocktail before dinner, telephoned Loper an hour before the time appointed for feasting and said firmly, "Don, I hope you won't mind, but I'm bringing my own Martinis."

Reluctantly, Loper agreed to give him a glass from which to drink the evil brew, but accompanied this concession with a vivid lecture on The Virtues of Plain Imbibing. He himself indulges in only two alcoholic drinks—Scotch with ice, or Scotch without.

He sleeps almost no hours at all, never more than five. When he lunches with a girl, he always brings flowers—great purple orchids or sprays of gardenias—to celebrate, he says, the fact that they got up in time for lunch. But this is sheer whimsy, because he's always up anyway. The telephone in his walk-up starts ringing at nine, and he's so curious he can't resist answering it.

He's the restless type. He smokes a lot and usually deposits the ashes in his hair; it's his favorite gesture. The Robin Hood in him makes him worry about chorus girls, feed them, clothe them and lend them money; the same quality causes him to disdain the wealthy, famous and important, unless they also manage to be amusing according to his lights. No one has awed him yet.

There is the rather famous occasion on which Norma Shearer, after watching Loper dance for an hour and a half at a Saratoga night club, met him socially. A short conversation took place, following which the star cooed, "You're a very interesting young man. What do you dooo?"

Loper lifted his cigarette above his close-cropped hair, tapped the ashes into his scalp and purred: "I'm a tightrope walker. What do *you* dooo?"

Yes, things ought to pick up all around while Don's in Hollywood — starting with Ginger Rogers' feet.

THE END

—friendly as a New Year's call

Wine is made for the moderate, relaxing occasions we all need nowadays

As often as you can these days, drop in on your friends, or ask neighbors over to your house. Share some talk and a bit of food with them. Ease up.

It's one of the better ways, you'll find, to keep up good morale and good cheer.

With many people, wine is a favorite when folks gather together this way. Because over good food and wine everyone can relax in moderation, and enjoy himself. That's what wine is made for — to help bring out friendship.

And nothing is easier than to serve wine in your home. You set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. For an interesting free booklet about wine and how to enjoy it, and about wine in cookery, write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Consult your dealer—he will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.

Next time friends drop in, bring on this fragrant, full-bodied Port wine. It's good with fruitcake, sandwiches or cheese sticks — and equally good served this easy way are Sherry and Muscatel. With dinner or luncheon, of course, you'll prefer a lighter table wine like hearty red Burgundy or golden delicate-flavored Sauterne

FOR VICTORY
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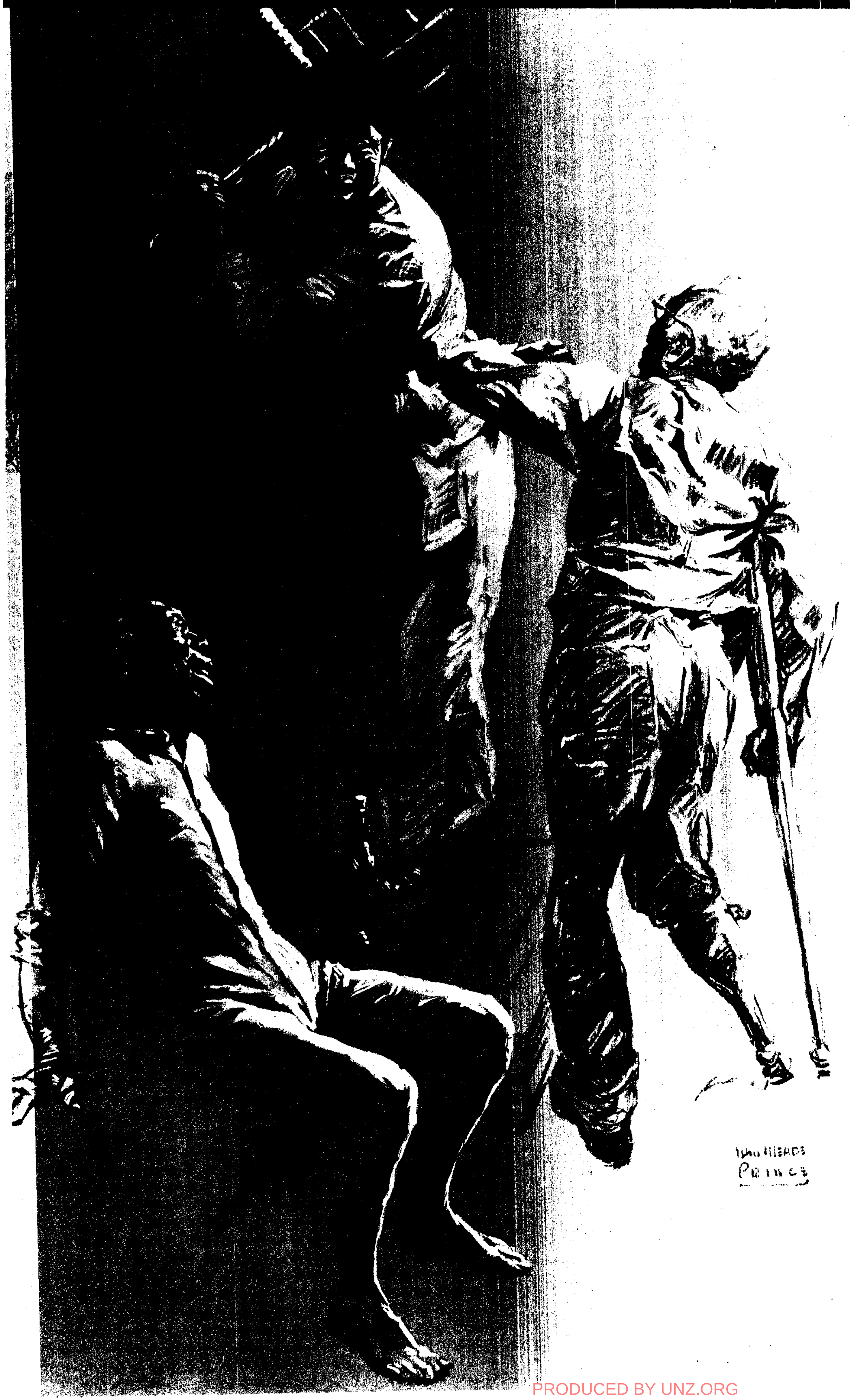
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Miracle Come to Pass

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Scandalous proceedings at Little Bee Bend, where, it would appear, the wine is potent



The Widow Duck picked up her chair. "Charlie," she said menacingly, "efn you says one word er de marriage over me and Henry, I'll knock yo haid off"

UNCLE HENRY was a man of many talents and much talk. First, of course, he "had de knacks" with livestock and was able to keep in working condition the eighty-odd mules that dragged cultivators through the cotton fields of Little Bee Bend plantation. As senior deacon in the Old Ship of Zion church, naturally he had to lead in prayer and song and to testify in open meeting. He also claimed he could preach a better sermon than B'r Charlie, the one-legged blacksmith-preacher, if he set his mind to it.

"I ain't de Lawd," Uncle Henry confessed modestly, "but I kin make things come to pass."

The old lotman was seated on the Widow Duck's front porch, pleasantly idling away the afternoon. It was hot, out across the broad fields, but the cotton was "shoulder high and loppin' in de middles," a situation that lasts only a few brief days between final plowing and first picking. The mules were in pasture and Riley, Uncle Henry's assistant, was attending to the milk cows. There was no work to be done and no responsibility to carry. The young people found excitement in trips over to "de dago's," or in romantic experiments along the bayou. The old folks just sat by and idled.

"Anybody kin make things come to pass," the Widow Duck belittled. "Efn dey got sense enough to manage 'em. But I bet you can't do no merricle."

Uncle Henry thought it over carefully. "Well, naw," he concluded. "I reckon I ain't holy enough to do a merricle."

"Aw, git out!" the Widow Duck said. "You's so holy you stinks. Me and you bofe is too old to be anything else but holy." She shook her head sadly. "Er cou'se," she added, "I ain't always been so holy. About de time I was takin' Big Jim Haley away f'm dat frail brown over on Duke's Bend, I was a low-down *thaing!* And I didn't keer who knowed hit!"

"In my day," countered the lotman, "I used to rise me up a little hell, myse'f. Gamblin' wid spot cyards and rollin' a few dices and pitchin' razors and gettin' dronk and shootin' my pistol in de middle er town and all like dat. Might' nigh ev'ywhars I went I caused talk."

"Didn't you never git messed up wid no ladies?" the Widow Duck wondered.

"Well, in a way," Uncle Henry admitted.

"How you mean?"

"I had too much ladies," Uncle Henry explained. "My trouble wa'n't in gittin' 'em. My trouble was gittin' shut of 'em. And hit ain't no fun when a man got seven or eight or a dozen ladies cryin' and beggin' you please to marry up wid 'em. Makes me feel sad right now ev'y time I thinks about all de ladies dat ain't got me."

The Widow Duck snorted. "I bet efn I'd a gone atter you I'd 'a' got you."

"Hit's a question, soul," Uncle Henry conceded. "You never will know."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck humphed. "I bet I could marry you right now, as fat and ogly as I'm is. But hit ain't nothin' in yo favor dat appeals to me."

"I hope you ain't jokin'," the old lotman said. " 'Cause I'm too old to run away now." He put on his hat. "Marry talk skeers me," he added. "B'lieve I'll git on back to de barn and see if Riley's mindin' things." He bowed. "Goodby, all," he said. "Keep me in yo prayers."

"March wid de angels," the Widow Duck replied.

AT THE barn, Uncle Henry came upon a half-grown pet pig. "You know, Robbit," he told the pig, "I b'lieve she want to marry me."

"Say which, Uncle Henry?" It was Riley, busy inside the barn, who answered.

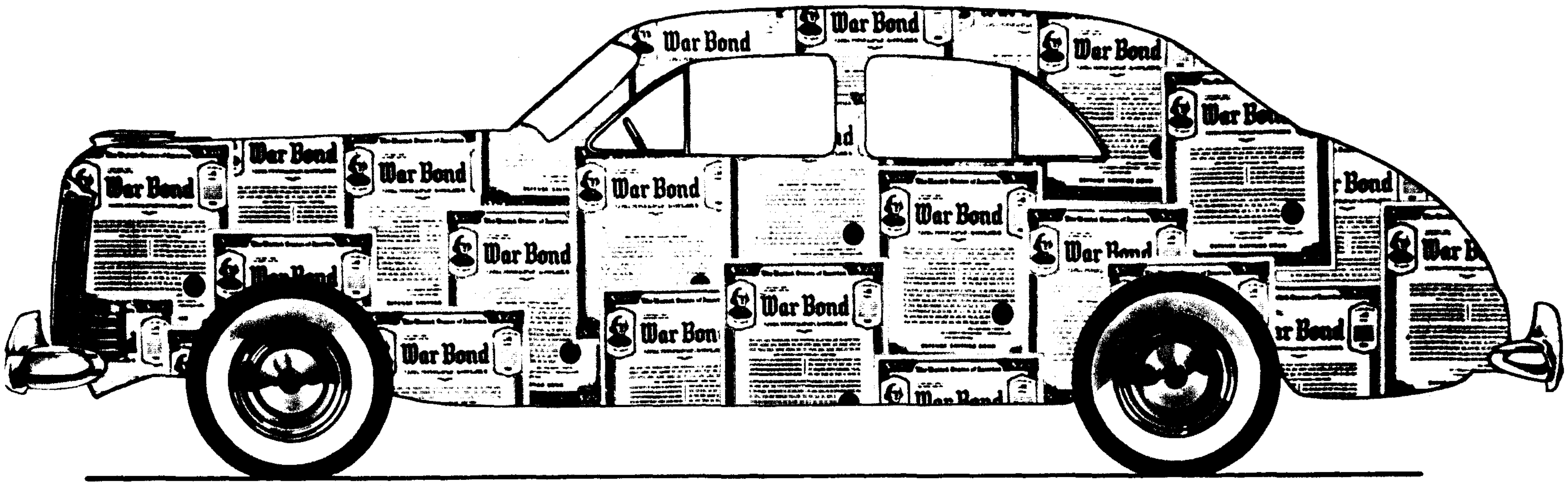
"Say I b'lieve I'll go by de dago's and git me a pint er wine," the old lotman said.

"Didn't know you dronk wine," said Riley.

"Lot of things 'bout me, *I* don't know," Uncle Henry declared spiritedly. "Let alone you."

After a few minutes of finding absolutely nothing to do, he ambled half a mile down the black-top road to the combination filling station, grocery and package liquor store. The sun was hot and he walked slowly. "I swear, I bet Mis' Duck do want to marry me, sho nuff," he told himself."

At the dago's, several young people were having



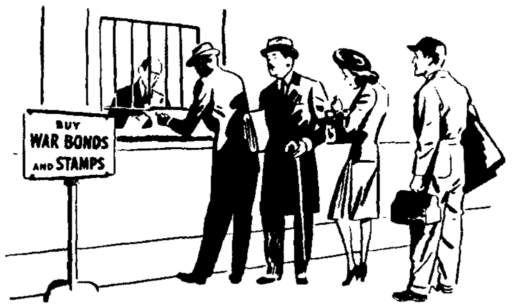
Announcing the new Packard for '43

ABOUT THIS TIME of the year, if there weren't a war to be won, we'd probably be talking about new 1943 Packard models.

Today, of course, no cars are rolling off our assembly lines. Instead, we are turning out Packard-built Rolls-Royce aircraft engines at top speed — and Packard super-marine engines for the Navy's hard-hitting PT boats.

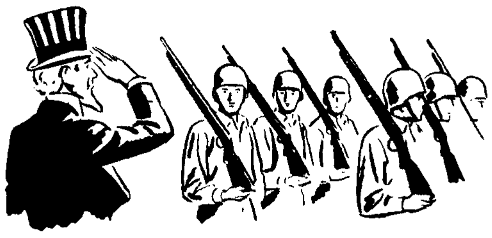
So your 1943 Packard is now *a brand-new 1943 War Bond* — and it's a mighty fine model! You get it F.O.B. your nearest bank or post office, or wherever War Bonds are for sale . . . and it has a galaxy of all-star features . . .

POWER! Every dollar you put into War Bonds is translated into power. War-horsepower! Planes! Boats! Tanks! Guns! More of *everything* America needs to win!

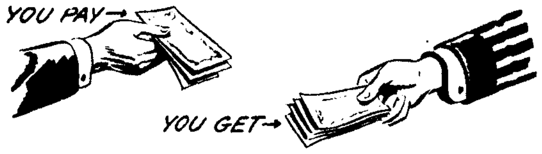

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WIDE RANGE OF STYLES AND PRICES! Big ones for Americans with big wallets — and little ones for Americans with just as much patriotism but smaller pocketbooks.

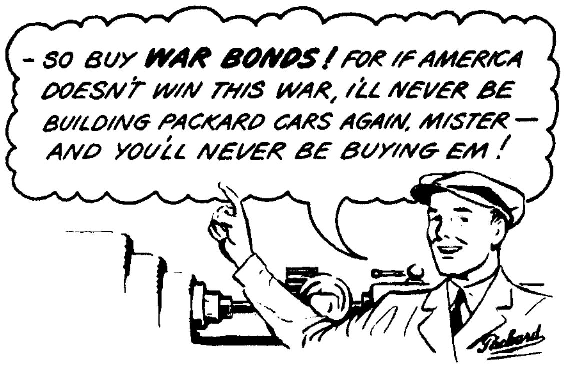
EASY TERMS! A down payment of a dime, a quarter, or a half-dollar starts you on your way. When you've bought enough War Stamps, you just exchange them for a War Bond. Easy? Even the youngsters are doing it!



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE! He'll tell you every War Bond is backed up by the strongest company in the world — the good old U. S. A.! And Uncle Sam stands back of every War Bond you buy!



TRADE-IN VALUE! When it comes time to turn in that War Bond, you get *more* than you paid for it — *plenty more!*

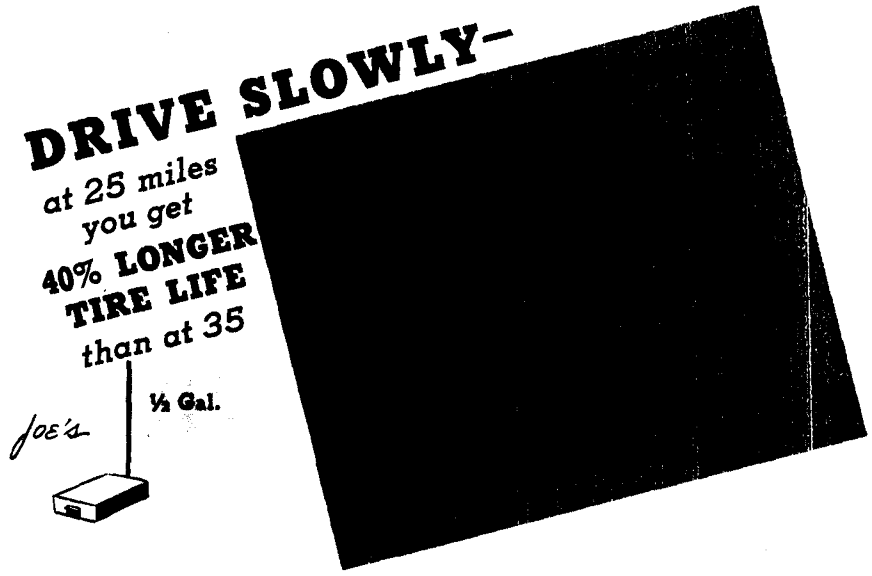

- SO BUY WAR BONDS! FOR IF AMERICA DOESN'T WIN THIS WAR, I'LL NEVER BE BUILDING PACKARD CARS AGAIN, MISTER — AND YOU'LL NEVER BE BUYING 'EM!
Packard

WARTIME SERVICE PLAN FOR CAR OWNERS. Although Packard is now 100% in war production, we're not forgetting our motor car responsibilities. Packard dealers are *staying in business* to help keep your car running at top efficiency. Drive in for a free check-up and inspection — and get the details of our "Car Health" Plan — today!

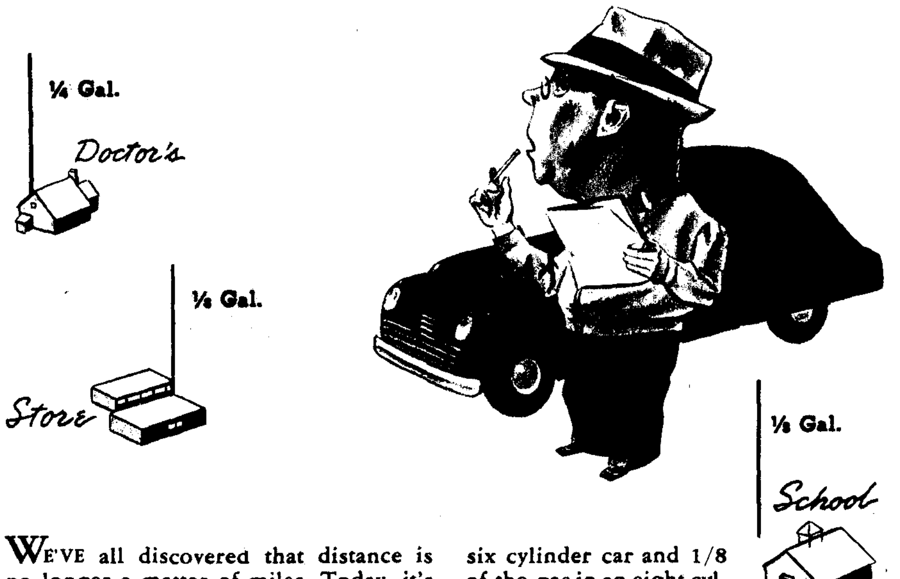
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—AND KEEP ON BUYING!

PACKARD

PRECISION–BUILT POWER



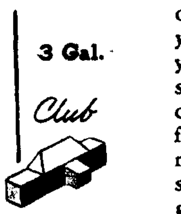
How to get along on 4 coupons a month


¼ Gal.
Doctor's
½ Gal.
Store
⅛ Gal.
School

WE'VE all discovered that distance is no longer a matter of miles. Today, it's *coupons*—4 coupons a month to be exact. The big problem is to fit your essential driving into these precious coupons.

Stretching gasoline to cover more driving has long been a favorite subject of your *P.S.* editors. Now, rationing makes gasoline-stretching mandatory with every motorist.

The first step to getting more from your gasoline is to find out just what mileage you *do* get. Make a regular habit of checking the gasoline you put in against the mileage on your speedometer. If you find *you're not getting* what you should, get your service man and *P.S.* on the job. (When you figure, remember the new low speed limit should automatically give you 25 or 30 per cent more mileage than driving at 50.) Gasoline wastage is usually a sign that something's "out of whack." It may be that the lack of a replacement or a needed repair is cutting your ration book in half. Let's take one illustration:



Spark Plugs Can Eat Up Half a Coupon

In the course of a thousand miles, your spark plugs fire more than a million times! Thus, it's only natural that the electrodes of the plugs, subject to tremendous heat, get out of adjustment and eventually burn off.

When this happens, you'll have a missing cylinder that wastes 1/6 of the gas in a six cylinder car and 1/8 of the gas in an eight cylinder car. But long before this, your plugs haven't been sparking efficiently, and the inefficient spark hasn't been making full use of the gasoline in the cylinders. On this count alone, gas wastage can run as high as 10%.

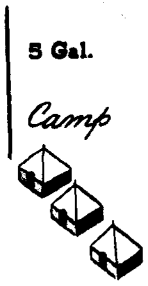
Your service man can make a *Preventive Service* inspection of your plugs very quickly and easily. Have him do it regularly.

Ignition System

Checking spark plugs is just one point in *Preventive Service*. All the inter-related *parts of the ignition system* (distributor, coil, generator, battery, wires and cables) as well as other parts of the engine and car can make serious cuts in your ration book—unless you pay strict attention to *P.S.*

This Collier's column has endeavored to call your attention to certain car facts that will help you get along on 4 coupons a month. Remember the first step is to check the mileage you're getting. Then check your service man for *P.S.*

There'll be more *Preventive Service* columns in later issues. In the meantime, *send for the FREE P.S. Check List.* This form will help your service man tell you what *Preventive Service* is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write Collier's *P.S.*, 250 Park Ave., New York City.



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fun. A juke box was moaning a slow tune and couples were "draggin' hit out" on the floor. Uncle Henry recognized one of them.

"You, Doralee," he chided, "you ain't hardly dry f'm gettin' baptized and hyar you is jest a-dancin' like a fool."

The young girl released her partner and laughed. "Us ain't dancin', Uncle Henry," she told him. "Us doin' what you calls 'eenchin' along.' Jest like de hymn say, 'Keep a-eenchin' along like a po little worm—like dis." She moved her feet in a slow, rubbery slide and ended in a sudden "bump."

Uncle Henry laughed and slammed his hat on the floor. "I swear, daughter!" he exclaimed. "Dat might not be's dancin' but hit'll do ontwell de dancin' start. Yah, Bad Eye, bring me a pint er dat sweet wine whilst I sets and watch dese chilluns."

"WHY, Uncle Henry!" Doralee scolded. "You's de haid deacon and fixin' to drink wine?"

"Paul say wine is good for de belly-ache," Uncle Henry pointed out. "I et a mighty big dinner and I'm li'ble to git one efn I don't pitch a little er dis anjylicker down amongst all dem cabbages and beans and stuff."

He sipped the angelica and watched the merriment with approval, patting his feet to the music and exchanging banter with the youngsters.

Before he realized it, the bottle was empty and Bad Eye had brought him another. Presently Doralee announced, "Hit's gittin' late and Albert'll run me plum to It'ly efn his supper ain't ready. You goin' my way, Uncle Henry?"

"I wouldn't risk myse'f wid you, down de road, daughter," he declined gallantly. "Pray hard and let yo light so shine."

Bad Eye brought another bottle to Uncle Henry, and then lighted the lamp. People left and new ones came in. Uncle Henry presently dozed.

"I'm fixin' to lock up now," Bad Eye told the old lotman, shaking his shoulder. "Think you kin make hit home okay?"

Uncle Henry batted his eyes and shook his head. "Sho, I kin make hit home," he snapped. "How come I can't?"

"You dronk three pints er anjylicker," Bad Eye suggested.

"Den, gimme another pint."

"You owes me sixty cents for what you done dronk, already."

Uncle Henry pulled a silver dollar from his pocket and slapped it on the table. "Bring me two pints, den," he ordered, "and keep de change."

"Hit won't be no change," said Bad Eye. "Hit's twenty cents a pint and dat'll make five."

"Den don't keep de change," Uncle Henry ordered, "jest bring me my wine."

Outside, the moon was full and bright and the old lotman felt mighty pleasant as he strolled leisurely down the road.

It was, Uncle Henry discovered soon, a brand-new road. The way from the dago's to Uncle Henry's cabin on Little Bee Bend was smooth and level. The road he was now walking rolled and pitched beneath his feet—uphill and down and from side to side. But Uncle Henry did not mind.

"I'm gittin' about de country," he told himself happily. "Leavin' out f'm hyar so's Mis' Duck can't marry me." He concentrated on the Widow Duck for a while and then he got angry. "She too smart," he decided. "She claim she won't marry up wid me, jest to th'ow me offn my gyards, and den she fixin' to sneak up and marry de fool outn me, whilst my back is turned! Dat kind er stuff sound mighty close to hyppercrittin' to me."

He weaved a little farther down the road. "But she can't git me now, cause I'm gittin' about." The idea of escape pleased him and he forgot his anger. He sang a little tune to himself—a song he had not thought about for a quarter of a century:

"Gonter roll my britches up-a to my knees,
Gonter wade up de bayou far as I please.
Goin' up de bayou, goin' up Sadday,
Goin' up de bayou, durn my soul."

He stopped singing, shocked. "Well, I swear!" he exclaimed. "Hyar me singin' a reel and me de haid deacon! Excuse me kindly, Lawd."

But the Lord did not excuse him. The Lord suddenly transferred him from the strange, rolling highway to the level black-top road that led directly to Little Bee Bend and to the man-marrying Widow Duck. Right before his eyes stood the familiar landmark—the cabin of Reub and Sugar with the big cottonwood tree between house and fence.

Uncle Henry blinked and stared. There was no mistaking it. But what was that stream of water doing, running right across the road before him? It seemed to come right from under Reub's house!

"Now, dat's what de Lawd done me for singin' dat bayou-wadin' reel," Uncle Henry said. It seemed a reasonable punishment for a reel-singing deacon, and he accepted it with good grace. He set down the two bottles of angelica, removed his shoes, trousers and shirt, folding them into a neat bundle, holding them high above his head to protect them from the water. The probability of getting his long underwear wet did not concern him. What did were the two bottles of wine on the ground. He soon made up his mind about them. He put his clothes on the ground and picked up the bottles. Stepping cautiously, he waded across the dark shadow of the cottonwood tree that stood before Reub's house.

"I'M TOO good a Baptist, Lawd, to weary 'bout wadin' in a little water," Uncle Henry said.

That he reached the other side of the shadow without getting wet did not occur to him. He felt comfortable and happy in body and soul.

Where the footpath left the road for the bayou bank, he instinctively turned. A hundred yards farther, Uncle Henry saw a billowy white mound on the Widow Duck's porch.

"Dat you ketchin' de air, Sister Duckie?" he asked.

"Henry?" the Widow Duck called. "Hold hit whilst I git some clothes on. I ain't got on nothin' but my nightgown."

"Aw, go 'haid," the old lotman reproved. "I ain't ashamed er you in a gown. Too hot to put on clothes, anyhow. Keep a-settin'." He strolled into the yard and sat on the porch.

"What you doin' in yo underdraw's?" the Widow Duck demanded.

Uncle Henry glanced down. At first he was surprised, then he remembered. "I been wadin' in de water," he said.

The Widow Duck leaned forward and touched him. "You ain't wet," she told him. "Folks which wades in de water most gen'ally gits wet."

He thought about that for a while. "De Hebrew boys didn't git wet when dey waded across de Red Sea," he reminded her. "Efn dey kin wade in de water and not git wet, well, so kin I."

"Aw, don't be a fool," the Widow Duck said. "De Hebrew boys didn't git wet, on account er de Lawd passed a merricle on 'em."

"You mean," Uncle Henry demanded, "dat de Lawd ain't got stuff enough to pass a merricle on me, too? You tawkin' agin de Lawd, at yo age?"

The Widow Duck leaned over and sniffed. "Henry, you's dronk as a goat," she accused. "What you got in dem bottles? Licker, I bet."

Uncle Henry had forgotten the bottles. He raised them and looked. "Anjy-licker," he modified. "But I ain't dronk. I jest feels pleasant. Bofe er dese bottles is plum full."

"What you fixin' to do wid two pints er wine?"

Uncle Henry had to search way back in his memory for the answer to that one. He had forgotten when, where or why he had got the bottles. "Wine for de weddin' feast," he finally offered. "In case you change my mind, and marries me up, den we got wine for de weddin' feast, jest like in de Bible."

THE Widow Duck took both bottles. "Dis," she said, placing one bottle against the wall, "will do for de First Sunday over at Old Ship." She yanked the cork from the second bottle. "And dis," she added, "is fixin' to fulfill de Scripture: 'Take a bottle er wine for yo stomach-ache,' so say de Sperrit, Henry. God will change conditions." She raised the bottle and took several gurgling swallows.

"You got de stomach-ache, too?" Uncle Henry asked.

"Naw, but I might git," she told him. "I et a big supper er collard greens, cawnbread and black-eye peas. One time I et dat and hit gi' me de stomach-ache."

"Hit is kinder dangersome," Uncle Henry agreed, as he took a mild swig from the bottle and passed it back to her. "Dat's how come you settin' on de po'ch in yo' nightgown?" he asked. "Couldn't git to sleep?"

She took another pull at the bottle and set it down. "In a way, yas," she said. "Dat's how come I got outn my bed and comed out hyar. But what I been seein' out hyar, kinder kept me settin'."

"And dat is?"

"Young folks," the Widow Duck said. "Boys and gals gittin' up and down de bayou path. Some of 'em married and some of 'em ain't. Some of 'em wid dey husbands and some of 'em wid somebody else's husband."

"Sin, hunh?"

"I ain't seed a lick er sin. Er cou'se, I been settin' hyar. No tellin' what I might see efn I got up and started peepin' about."

Uncle Henry weighed this carefully. "You's right," he admitted. "But maybe hit ain't no sin efn nobody don't see hit."

"Amen, soul," the Widow Duck said. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men, now. Say on, Henry."

He glowed with the compliment and felt a gallant reply was necessary. But he could not think of one.

"Next Sunday ain't but de Third Sunday," the Widow Duck remembered, "and hit's five Sundays in dis month." She reached for the bottle which had been dedicated to church use. "Hit'll be a long time befo' First Sunday rolls around agin." She uncorked and drank.

Uncle Henry observed, "I bet I c'd preach me a sermon 'bout all dis sin."

"Not f'm settin' on my po'ch, you couldn't," the Widow Duck pointed out. "Cause f'm hyar you can't see a lick er sin. I been seein' a heap er people gittin' up and down de bayou path but I ain't seed sin one."

"Den what you been watchin' for?" demanded the old lotman.

The Widow Duck set down the bottle and chuckled. "To keep my business 'tended to," she stated.

"Like which?"

"Like maybe you remembers Amos and Tildy's boy, name er Albert?"

"Don't tell me Albert been up to somethin'," Uncle Henry challenged.

"Let me talk," the Widow Duck said. "You know Amos be's a full deacon and Tildy be's a full ursher and Albert be's a junior deacon and all of 'em holy."

"Amen," said Uncle Henry.

"But Albert backed up and married a little chocolate twister f'm Duke's Bend, name er Doralee. You mind dat?"

"Yeah, and Doralee got saved and baptized de first day of meetin'," Uncle Henry recalled.

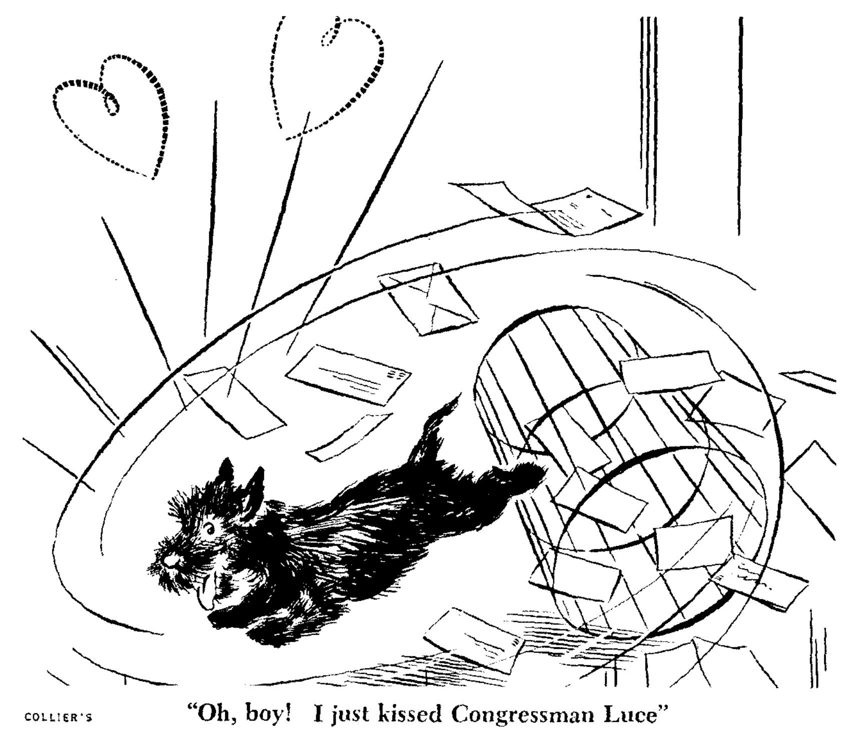
"And dat same day," the Widow Duck added, "she set out to git herse'f befo de committee to git to be a junior ursher."

"Ain't dat good for a young member to try to git to be a junior ursher?"

"Hit is and hit ain't," the Widow Duck said. "I seed de Lawd smack some sinners a powerful lick in my day and time, when He poured His sweet salvation on 'em. But I ain't never yit seed Him smack a sinner hard enough to knock 'em f'm

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"Oh, boy! I just kissed Congressman Luce"

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de onrighteous path to de ursher's seat in one lick. De Lawd mos' gen'ally lets a new-bawn soul twile in de vineyard, some."

"Well," Uncle Henry said, "I reckon de Lawd got dat figgered out 'bout right, at dat. But what all dis stuff got to do wid settin' out hyar on yo' front po'ch?"

"Doralee," the Widow Duck announced, "is walkin' de bayou bank, tonight. I seed her pass down when I first comed out and she ain't passed back ontwell yit."

"H'mm," Uncle Henry mused. "She jest about de right size to do hit, too. I seed her over at de dago's dis evenin'. She say she wa'n't dancin' but she was doin' all right. And Albert wa'n't around. She ought to git named out in meetin' 'stid er gettin' a junior ursher."

"Nawp," argued the Widow Duck. "I ain't seed her did a thing. She jest walked by de house and cut across de fiel'. What I'm watchin' for is to see efn some man come along and do likewise."

"Heap er mens walkin' de bayou dis night."

"All of 'em walkin' wid dey womens, too," the Widow Duck said. "Doralee is de onliest one I seed gittin' about by herse'f. Quick as I seed dat, I figgered efn Doralee was fixin' to do a sin, de man would pass down de path, too. So I looked in my Bible and de fust page I looked hit say, 'And hit shall come to pass.' "

"For true?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Wonder who dat man c'd be? I ain't seed nobody hangin' 'round, and over at de dago's she was steppin' out wid fust one man and den de yuther. Jest havin' a little fun and no harm dat I c'd see."

"I BEEN studdin' my mind about dat, too," the Widow Duck said. "She been stayin' 'way f'm de mens, good, for a Duke's Bend gal."

"Who stood up for her when she went befo' de committee? Albert, maybe?"

"Naw, worse'n dat," the Widow Duck snorted. "Hit was B'r Charlie. He testified dat Doralee felt like a angel when he baptized her, on account er she was so full er de Sperrit."

"B'r Charlie, hunh?" Uncle Henry was shocked. "Dat ole goat chasin' after young gals?"

"Now go 'haid, Henry," the Widow Duck scolded. "I don't like B'r Charlie no gooder den you does, but he de pastor. And ain't nobody gonter set in my house and low-rate my pastor."

Uncle Henry refused to be squelched. "I seed many a two-legged hyppercrit in my day, but a one-legged hyppercrit is somethin' for de books. He can't pray and he can't sing and I kin stand flatfooted and outpreach him any day in de week."

"Shut up, Henry," snapped the Widow Duck. "He ain't much good but he do de best he kin."

"How come he don't preach agin all dis sin goin' on along de bayou?" Uncle Henry asked.

"Maybe he don't know about hit."

"Den how come he don't find out about hit?" Uncle Henry said indignantly. "He kin git around wid dat crutch okay, but naw! He might lose a little sleep efn he done dat!"

"He got to run de blacksmith shop endurin' de day," the Widow Duck pointed out. "He tired at night."

"He ain't sharped a plowpoint since de crop plowin' stopped," the old lotman said. "And he ain't got to hit a lick ontwell de winter start. He ain't too tired to find out about dis sin. He jest too lazy."

The Widow Duck raised a finger for silence, and listened intently. "Well, speakin' er de devil!" she exclaimed.

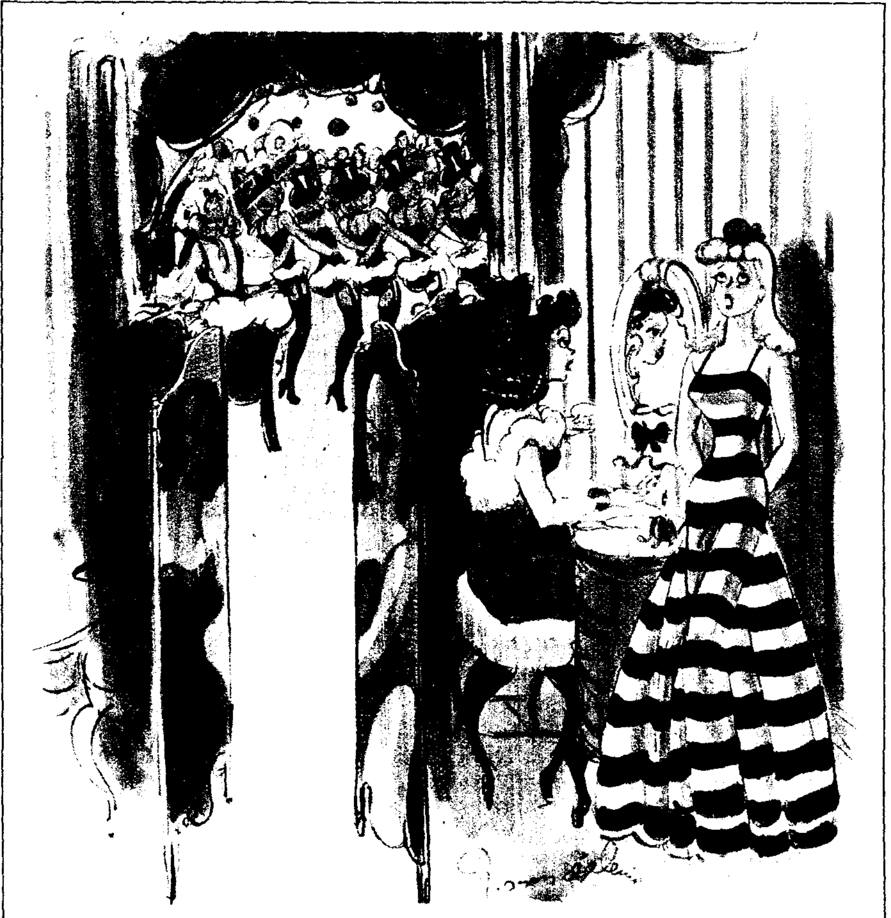
Uncle Henry cupped a hand to ear and listened. The rhythmic "tip-bap, tip-bap" he heard could be made only by the one-legged preacher crutching his way hurriedly along the bayou path. Uncle Henry grinned. "Yo Bible ain't never lied to you, Mis' Duck," he said. "You sho made hit come to pass."

The Widow Duck didn't answer. She waited in a grim silence until B'r Charlie was directly in front of her gate.

"You Charlie!" she called. "You come hyar and talk to me!"

THE Widow Duck's voice startled the preacher almost into a state of collapse. He hadn't wanted anyone to know he was not at home at that hour of night, least of all the Widow Duck.

"Yas'm," B'r Charlie said, turning reluctantly in the gate. He searched his panic-stricken brain for a reasonable explanation which he knew was going to be required of him. He was not a very smart man, but a *lifetime* of living on the precarious fringes of sin and holiness had given him a certain cunning. He was quick to take advantage of the scene that now met his eyes.



"I'm getting fed up with this giddy whirl. What I'd really like to do is settle down and have a home and husbands!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"As my Redeemer live!" B'r Charlie roared in righteous outrage. "My senior ursher and my senior deacon, jest a-settin' out hyar, nekked as a jaybird! Mis' Duck, ain't you got no shame? Henry, hell ain't hot enough to fry you!"

"Aw, dry up," the Widow Duck ordered. "We got on plenty clothes. Hit's nine yards er domestics in dis gown er mine and Henry wearin' long draw's in de summertime. Hit's mo' clothes den we was bawn wid."

"Hit's a open shame!" B'r Charlie opined. "I'm gonter th'ow you bofe outn de church."

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Henry. "You ain't holy enough to th'ow me and Mis' Duck outn nothin'. I and Mis' Duck is about de holiest people—"

"I ain't holy as you?" B'r Charlie demanded. "Well, I don't set on a widow woman's front po'ch in my underdraw's!"

"Maybe you ain't never been invited," the old lotman suggested. "Maybe you such a hyppercrit, yo company ain't welcome."

"I ain't fixin' to let dis kinder stuff go on in my church," the preacher went on. "I'm gonter marry y'all up, right hyar and now. Line up and lock hands!"

"Uh-um!" Uncle Henry mumbled mournfully. "I b'lieve he'd do hit, too."

"Sho, I'll do hit," B'r Charlie declared. "Line up and lock hands!"

The Widow Duck arose and picked up her chair. "Charlie," she said menacingly, "efn you says one word er de marriage over me and Henry, I'll knock yo haid off wid dis cheer. Onderstand?"

B'r Charlie understood perfectly. Uncle Henry was very pleased. "Amen, Sister Duckie," Uncle Henry seconded. "And when you do's dat I'll stand up and preach his funeral."

"You be quiet, Henry," the Widow Duck said. Turning to the preacher, she said, "Maybe hit don't look right for me to be sittin' hyar in my nightgown and Henry in his underdraw's. But dis is my front po'ch and when I went to bed I got hot so I comed out hyar and set. And when Henry comed along in his draw's, I figgered we was bofe old enough to set like we did efn hit suited us."

"And holy enough," Uncle Henry put in. "Mis' Duck been sittin' hyar makin' things come to pass, right outn de Bible—"

"Like which?" B'r Charlie interrupted.

"Like you," retorted Uncle Henry.

B'R CHARLIE looked to the Widow Duck who nodded confirmation. He felt uneasy. "What you been doin'?" he asked, turning to the lotman.

"I been a merricle," Uncle Henry answered. "I been wadin' in de water and comin' out dry, jest like de Hebrew boys comed outn de Red Sea!"

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie inquired. "He been doin' dat for true, Mis' Duck?"

"He was dry as de burnin' sand," the Widow Duck corroborated. "Wa'n't even sweatin'. And dat's all hit is to I and Henry settin' on de po'ch—now, what did you say you was doin' gittin' 'bout de bayou at night?"

B'r Charlie had hoped she'd forgotten that, but now he did the best he could. "Jest walkin' 'bout," he explained lamely. "I ain't workin' much dese days and don't git tired enough to sleep. And I hyared hit was a heap er sin goin' on, so I figgered I might git out and make sho, so's I c'd preach agin hit."

The Widow Duck nodded approvingly. "Hit's a good thing for de pastor to do. I and Henry was argyin' 'bout jest dat thing, when hyar you come."

"Wait a minute, Mis' Duck," Uncle Henry reminded her. "You looked in yo Bible for a certain man to come to pass, and dat man was B'r Charlie. Ain't dat's a fack?"

"Yas, but maybe I ain't all dat holy—"

"Efn I'm holy enough to be a merricle," Uncle Henry reasoned, "you's daid holy enough to make B'r Charlie—"

"B'r Charlie, is you dar?" A voice broke in from the shadows of the bayou. "I was waitin' and waitin', and den I got skeered Albert would wake up and—"

The one-legged preacher suddenly decided he had urgent business elsewhere, and started off to attend to it. The Widow Duck reached out neatly and grabbed him. She slammed him into the chair and plumped her hefty bulk into B'r Charlie's unwilling lap.

"Come on in, Doralee," the Widow Duck invited sweetly. "B'r Charlie is right hyar on my po'ch. Kinder."

THE girl walked up. "B'r Charlie was fixin' to learn me how to be a junior ursher," she said. "He say he too busy prayin' and goin' on to learn me in de daytime. He say efn I meets him on de turnrow tonight, he—"

B'r Charlie tried to say something from behind the Widow Duck's massive body. She leaned back casually and a smothered gurgle was all the preacher could bring forth from his compressed lungs.

"Dat's all right, honey," the Widow Duck told Doralee. "I and yo pastor talked hit over and us decided maybe you's too green a member to be a junior ursher, jest yit. You go home and pray hard and twile in de vineyard for a while. And den us'll take you up again, some time. Next year, maybe."

"Yassum, thank you, ma'am," said Doralee.

"Good night, soul," the Widow Duck said. "Let yo light so shine and be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

After Doralee had gone, the Widow Duck pulled herself off B'r Charlie's lap. He sputtered and gasped and when he had caught his breath, he tried to speak.

"Good night, B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck said. "You git right on home. I don't want to hyar a mumblin' word."

A long silence followed the one-legged preacher's departure. Then, Uncle Henry pointed out that B'r Charlie was a liar and a hypocrite. "You know he wan't fixin' to learn Doralee how to be a junior ursher," he concluded.

"I don't know no sech thing." The Widow Duck laughed. "I'm jest settin' on my po'ch, like you said de Lawd was, seein' what I see. Now you better git up de road betwixt hyar and de dago's and find yo' britches. Cause I'm gitting sleepy."

Uncle Henry rose. "I disremembers," he said, "but hit seem like to me dat Reub's house figgered in hit, somewhars. I'll git on up dar and look." He bowed politely. "Good night, all, and keep me in yo prayers."

"March wid de angels," the Widow Duck said.

THE END

"What a Dad I've got

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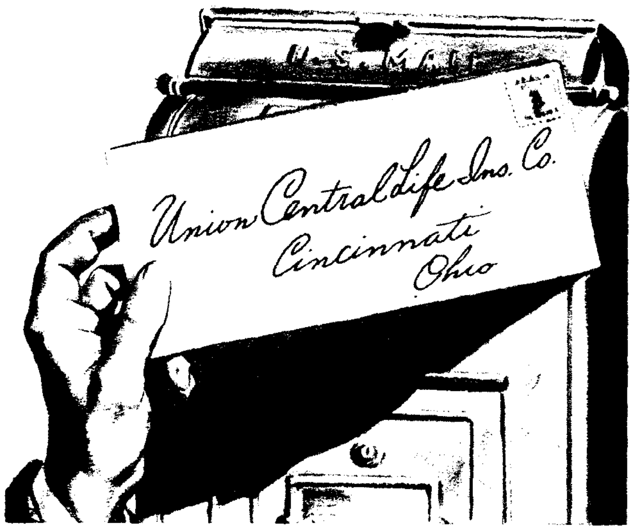
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One Man's Dogs

Continued from page 23

me and my bird dogs would ramble these woods. Done got too old now, though, and had to cut out whisky and woods rambling. An' old man ain't fit for much, boys," he said matter-of-factly. "See them woods yonder? Four of my daddy's brothers got a bait of fighting the Yankees and they deserted and holed up in them woods for four years. Kept their horses tied and ready saddled on the edge of the camp for lookouts, and whenever the horses sensed something coming, the boys they mounted and rode off the other way. See that lime sink yonder? One of the boys had a fast mare, and one night the soldiers jumped him and they had a race for the woods, with them shooting at him with buckshot. The mare come to that lime sink unbeknowing, and there wasn't nothing to do but jump it or fall in it, so she jumped it. They come back next day after the soldiers had give up and gone, and measured it, and it was thirty-two feet across."

It would be a poor writer who couldn't make a story out of material like that. I remembered everything that had been said, and after a time the finished story developed in my mind, and I wrote it, and then Collier's bought it. A day wasted?

John Gates had been listening, too, but he hadn't forgotten that he'd made big talk about Butch and she had—through no fault of her own, of course—let him down.

Now he said, "Butch is feeling better. She's really going now! Look 'way over yonder on that rise."

We looked, saw a swiftly moving spot of white flicking through the woods. But then, just ahead of us, Butch appeared, still jumping along stiffly. Happily trailing along behind her, stopping to peer into bushes and sniff at grasshoppers, was the well-built male puppy.

"That's not Butch," I said in amazement. "That's the other puppy!"

The dog making the beautiful swing ahead was the undersized bitch named Sister that I had dismissed without another glance. She had quickly tired of her brother's puppy-dog play and had gone hunting. And she kept it up. It was obvious that she was no ordinary dog. Furthermore, although her general conformation was all a mistake, her stride and style afield was that of a class dog.

I watched her a while longer, saw her find and stylishly point a covey of birds, and I said to the farmer, "What do you want for your puppies?"

A Matter of Finance

It took him about forty minutes to get around to giving me an answer. We rode on, and he talked about other things, and finally he complained, "Well, I hate to just come right out and say what I'll take for them. Might be you'd give more than I'd think to ask, and then I'd cheat myself."

But he finally named a price for the two of them, and it was not high, and so I said, "I'll pay that, and only take the little bitch. The dog is a nice-looking animal, but I don't want him."

"He is a damn'-fool sort of dog, ain't he?" agreed the farmer, and the deal was closed. Sister is now fourteen months old, and a good one.

But for every good dog you get—by raising or buying—there are dozens that you reject. Mostly they're simply inferior animals, without the deep will for hunting, or they may be good hunters and bird finders, and yet not have the style and dash that really tingles your blood.

It's the outlaws that break your heart. There was a setter bitch named Rose, for instance. Never have I seen a dog better at going to game—by which is meant locating the birds after the first vagrant scent has been struck. Upon finding scent, Rose would go into a frenzy of action. Most dogs slow up and pussyfoot around. But not Rose. She would whip back and forth—then stop for an electric second—then move up and stop—and she had them. Somehow she could get smack into the middle of a covey without accidentally flushing a bird. All her flushing was on purpose. She would hold her point a few seconds, then jump forward and flush them and follow the streaming covey out of sight.

I never broke Rose. During her puppyhood, she and a litter sister used to get out and self-hunt. When they got to killing goats, her owner gave her to me. This was two weeks before the end of hunting season. I hunted her by herself every day, and in a few days she was holding her birds long enough for me to get there and shoot. I believe if I could have kept hunting her, she'd have been saved. But by the time next season came around she had slipped back into her old ways.

Her worst trait—and I never came even close to curbing it—was her jealousy. When another dog pointed, she inevitably dashed in and sent his birds scattering—a habit she had acquired, I'm sure, in her puppy days when she had roamed through the woods with her sister.

Rose had a way of whipping her tail against her sides and she kept the tip raw, so that when she hunted, her side usually became blood-streaked.

Once a Negro woman stuck her head out of her cabin to see who was passing, and she exclaimed, "Lawsy, Boss, you done shot your dog, ain't you?"

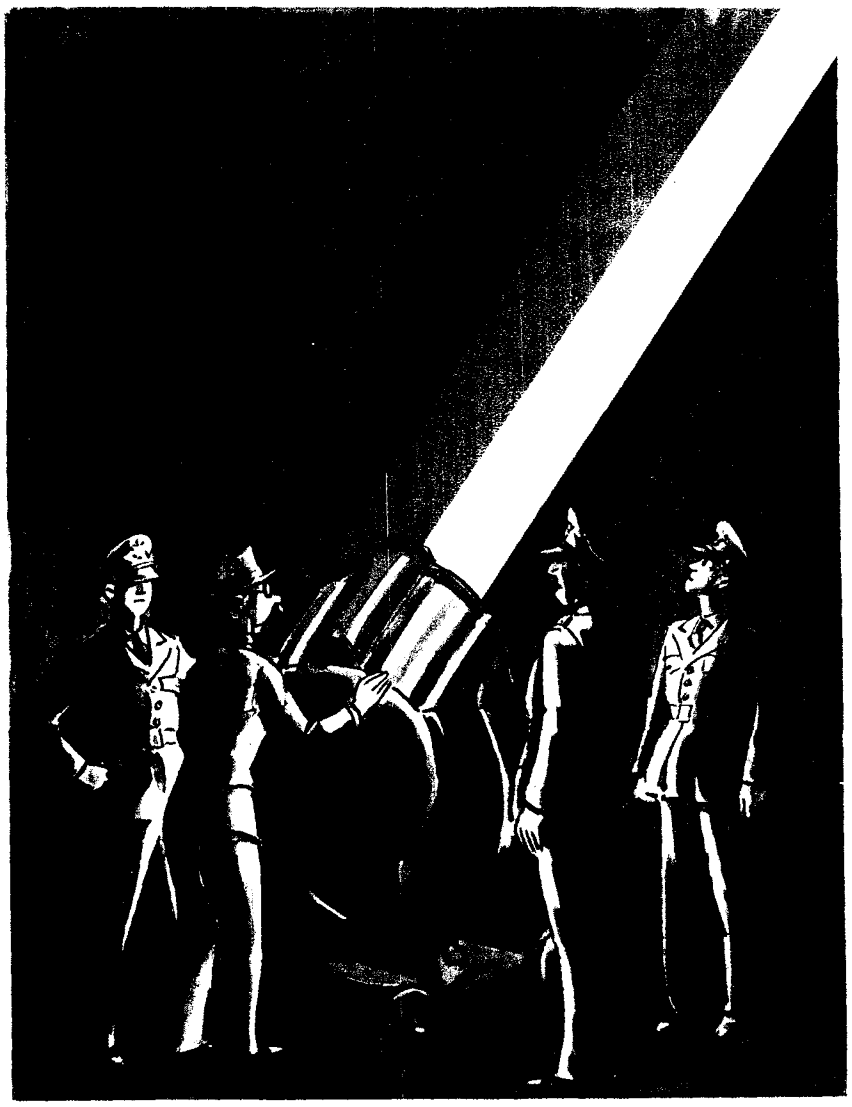
After I'd given Rose up as a hunting dog, she used to slip off to the woods self-hunting, and I'd know what she had been up to by the splotches of pink on her sides.

Tall Tale

Rose was very different from a dog a friend of mine claims to have had. Old Spot his name was, and his stanchness on point was absolute. Once Spot became lost while hunting, and my friend, almost sure that the dog was pointing birds, searched for him for hours. Finally he gave up, hoping that Spot had found his way home. But Spot never came home. Next year, my friend happened to be hunting in the same territory and came upon a skeleton of a dog, and it was standing there with head and tail up in a stylish point, and he knew it was old Spot. Spot was still holding his birds—for huddled there in the grass in front of him were twelve tiny quail skeletons.

Or so my friend says.

THE END



"It's very patriotic and pretty, but I don't believe the War Department would be interested"

COLLIER'S CHESTER GARDE

The Sky's the Limit

Continued from page 20

The general chuckles, chats easily with the corporal, as he hurries through the barracks, the PX, the mess hall. He pauses and calls to the mess sergeant, "Where's the menu?"

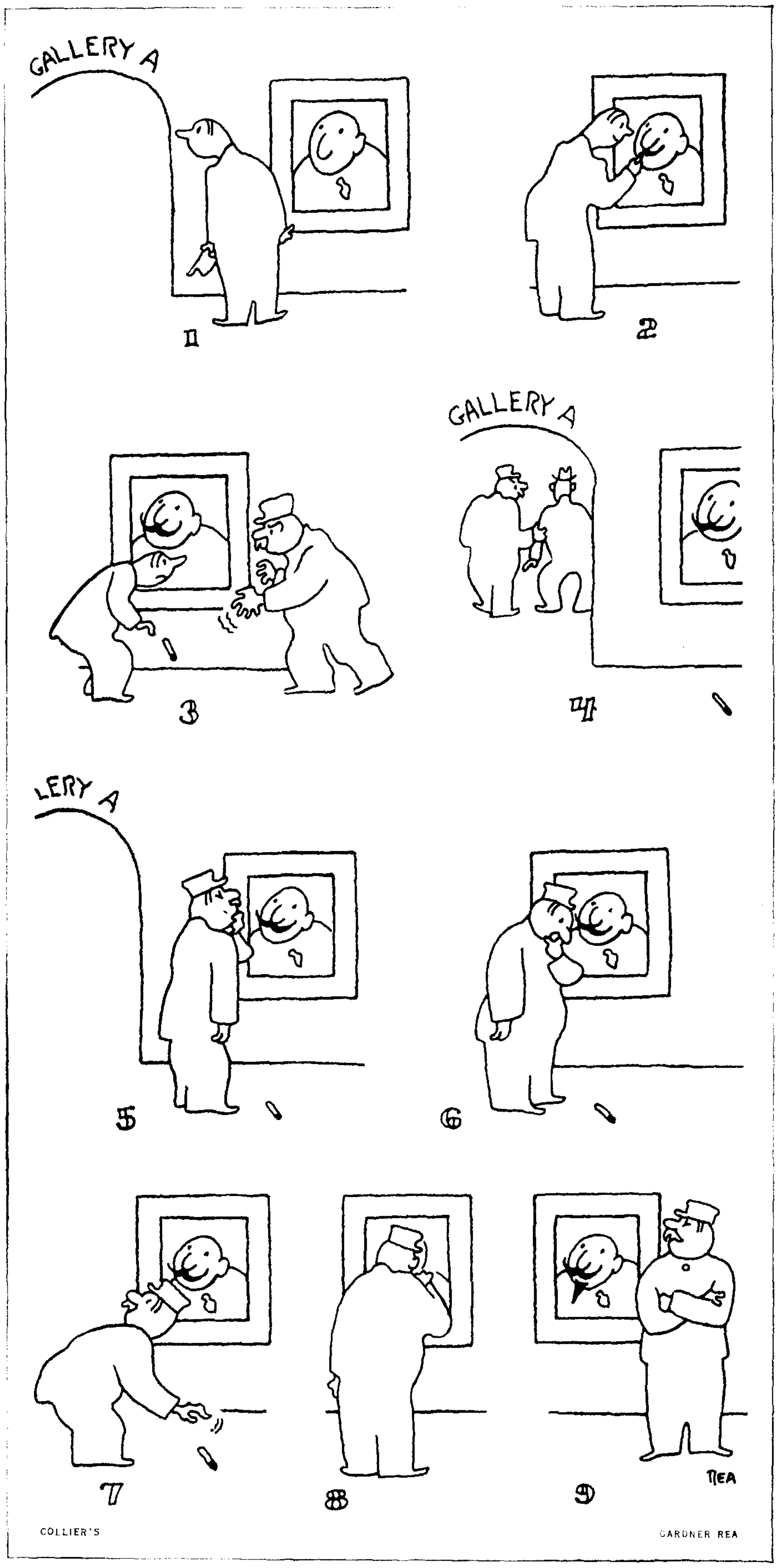
"It's on the bulletin board, sir."

"No, I mean a big menu over the counter, so the men can see it before they get to the hotplates. They like to look up and see what they're going to have to eat. I know *I* do." Over his shoulder, as we start back to the flying line, he adds, "Better get one made."

The plane takes off and heads back to Washington, the members of his staff slump wearily in their seats behind newspapers and magazines. The general's fingers drum restlessly for a moment on the arm of his chair. He rises and goes forward to the pilot's office, and motions Major Peterson back to the cabin for a little rest. A grin of satisfaction appears on his face as he takes over the plane's controls.

Now at last he is really at home. First, last and always, he's a flying general. He guides the ship with a veteran hand, and you realize as you watch him what it is that makes it possible for him to get so close to every last member of his outfit. You recall the wording of his most recent citation, when he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for flying the Pacific from Brisbane to San Francisco in the record-shattering time of 35 hours and 53 minutes:

"As commanding general of the Army Air Forces, he has given a conspicuous demonstration of leadership, the strategic mobility of long-range Army aircraft, and the ability of the high air commander to maintain intimate contact with his units in the field."



He lives every job himself. He knows firsthand the feelings and reactions of every pilot, every officer, every cadet, every enlisted man in the ground crew. He worked his own way up, a step at a time, and he hasn't forgotten a single lesson that he learned.

That's why the safety of the youngsters in his command is more important to him than anything else in the world. That's why he has refused to build planes that might gain a few hundred extra feet of altitude, at the sacrifice of essential armament or leakproof gasoline tanks or other safety devices. He's proud of the fact that the accident rate in our Army Air Forces is so low today; and he intends to keep it that way.

Hap Has What It Takes

His grin hasn't faltered, for all that he's faced with the toughest job in history. Creating overnight the bestest and mostest and fustest air force in the world—buying days with dollars, as he says—is a big job; it takes a big conception. It takes vision. Luckily he has that. All the incredible feats you see taking place today on a thousand scattered airfields didn't happen without a lot of preparation; don't fool yourself. He's planned an air force big enough to win.

"The size of any structure," he says, "depends on the size of its base. That's how we've designed this air force of ours, with the biggest base possible: the whole United States. Our foundations go from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. No matter how heavy our eventual load, no matter how high we may have to build, a base that size will be able to carry it." The famous grin. "The sky's the limit."

We're dead on our feet by the time we get back to Washington late that night. Mrs. Arnold, a gracious and considerate lady, recognizes our condition at a glance and mixes us a drink. We gulp it gratefully.

The general, fresh as a daisy after covering a quarter of the country, calmly sips some buttermilk. There is a sudden scrambling in the hall, and Warrie rushes in, shoving a couple of scatter rugs ahead of him. He is a black cocker spaniel—Warrie is a nickname for Noir—and full of tricks, the general tells you.

The general takes some peanuts from a tray. "Let's see you do some of your tricks, Warrie," he says. "Let's see you sneeze."

Warrie promptly sits up and begs.

"All right," says the general, equal to the occasion, "let's see you sit up and beg."

Warrie rolls over.

"Well, then," says the general quickly, "roll over."

Warrie sneezes.

"The trouble with Warrie is," the commanding general of the Army Air Forces confides to us plaintively, "he won't do anything I tell him."

THE END

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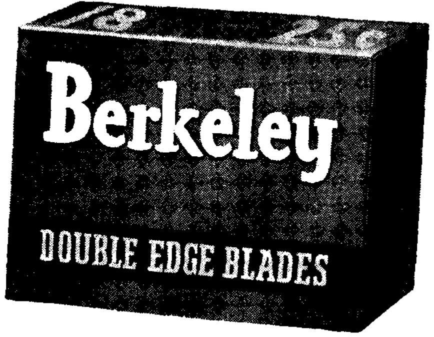

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The Three Droll Dukes

Continued from page 39

Jimmie McLarnin knocked out Young Corbett III with one punch a decade ago in California, in a bout advertised as being for the welterweight championship although booked for only ten rounds, the New York commission recognized Jimmie as the world's champion.

Yet when Henry Armstrong outpointed Mike Belloise in a 10-rounder billed as a featherweight championship contest in California several years later, the New York commission refused to accept Henry as the champion. The fact that Belloise was a New Yorker with political influence may have had some bearing on the case, or the Droll Dukes may have been merely giving another exhibition of their inconsistency.

There's a stock courtroom scene in burlesque that reminds one of a meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission, only the stage skit isn't half as funny.

General Phelan, who always interrogates his subjects in a "So you won't talk, eh?" tone of voice, even though they are the most garrulous group on earth, will eye his "victim" over his glasses with what is supposed to be a stern look, then fire a question at him that is unanswerable, both factually and grammatically.

The fight manager (or maybe the promoter), undaunted by the fact that he doesn't know what the general is talking about any more than does the general himself, will open his yap, as they call it in the profession, all ready to unburden himself of a second Gettysburg Address. He'll get no further than the first malaprop however, before the general checks him up sharply with a stern: "No back talk! This body operates by authority of the state of New York!"

Commissioner Bill Brown is more direct. Bill not only calls a spade a barsted shovel but he doesn't hesitate to designate a tramp as a bum. Bill wasn't a fight promoter refereeing his own fights for years without learning to recognize a bum at fifty paces. Nor is there any appeal when Bill terms you a bum. If Bill Brown says you're a bum, you're a bum in spades, and that's all there is to it.

Commissioner Wear seldom engages in any of this amusing byplay. He sits, smokes and listens, or if the mood strikes him, listens, smokes and sits.

A Prize Complicated Sentence

General Phelan is noted for handing out long sentences—but only in his official statements, never to offenders against the boxing code. A typical Phelan sentence is the following, plucked out of a letter he sent to Jerry Giesler, chairman of the California commission, relative to the Salica-Ortiz bout:

"Regarding your statement that you feel that our commission must recognize clearly the very unfair position in which any decree of ours requiring Salica to fight in New York State, ostensibly for the world's championship, which is now nonexistent, would place Salica, New York's sister state of California and the integrity and good morals of the great sport of boxing in the United States, of which both these great states form an important part, wish to reiterate that Salica has not been ordered to box in New York State."

Another paragraph from the same letter:

"The 15-round rule was passed in 1935, and proviso was made that a champion would be permitted to box a lesser number of rounds than 15 which would be considered a nontitle bout, provided he conformed with Section 7 of the rules (championships) of the New York State Athletic Commission, which means that at the time he entered into the contract for the championship within the sixth-month period of his last defense."

Involved though the general's written sentences are and obscure though their meaning may be, they are models of simplicity and clarity compared with his spoken words. General Phelan rambles along, getting his phrases and clauses hopelessly mixed up until he runs out of breath, whereupon he stops and starts all over again on a new tack.

Count Campello, chairman of the Italian Boxing Federation, who met General Phelan at a meeting of boxing delegates from all nations in Rome several years ago, described him as "a charming gentleman, though a bit difficult to understand."

There is a certain small group of sophisticates who go to Madison Square Garden, not to see the fights but to watch General Phelan in action. The good general never fails these connoisseurs of exotic entertainment.

One night last spring, Balogh, the redundant Roscoe Conkling, was trying to get off a 5,000-word introduction for a third-rate fighter when the crowd, spotting the Yankee baseball idol in a ringside seat, set up a loud chant: "We want DiMaggio!"

Balogh, annoyed that his extemporaneous speech (which he had spent four afternoons memorizing) should thus be rudely interrupted, appealed to General Phelan for a ruling. The general, who works himself into a purple lather over such crises, shook his head in a violent negative and waved his arms at Balogh as if casting a spell over him. Balogh again turned to the crowd and tried by rapid talking to sneak in at least a few hundred words of his speech before the gallery chanters could get organized again.

Alas, it was no soap! By this time, Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Garden, who sat two seats away from the general, turned to him and asked him to authorize Balogh to introduce DiMaggio, so the show could go on.

"Not over my dead body!" shouted the general, dragging in the commission's pet hyperbole by the heels.

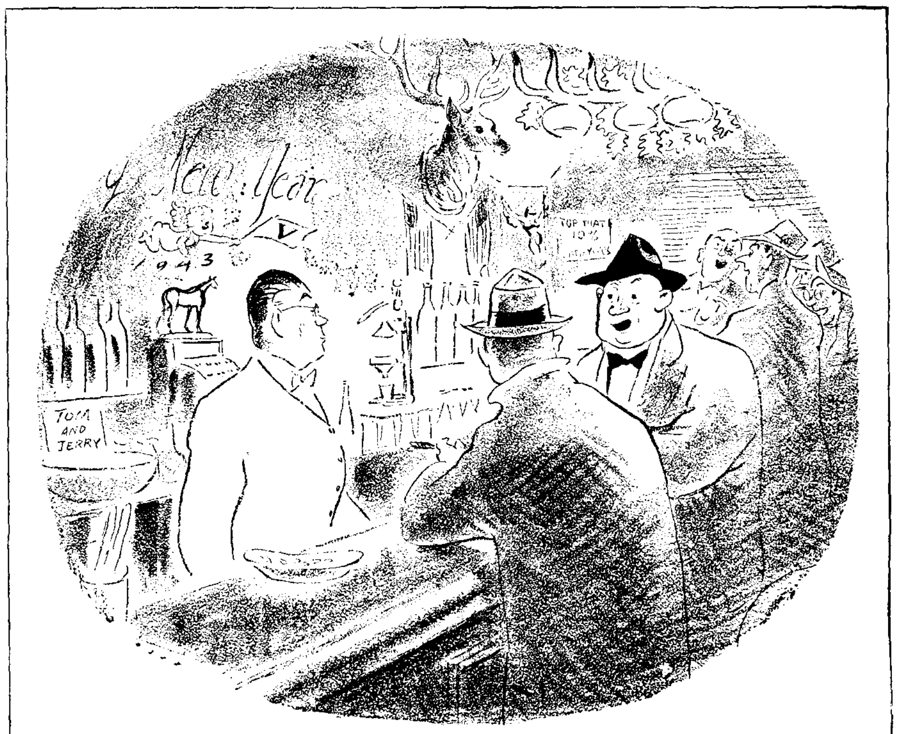
Brigadier General Kilpatrick was at that time only a colonel and a Reserve Corps colonel at that, so he couldn't overrule a full-fledged brigadier general who was a veteran of countless St. Patrick's Day parades down Fifth Avenue into the bargain. In vain Colonel Kilpatrick pleaded with General Phelan, using flattery, logic, and wheedling tones in turn. The general not only wouldn't budge but he turned more purple with each successive refusal.

Soft Words from Uncle Mike

Just when it seemed that General Phelan would burst his aorta, Colonel Kilpatrick beckoned to Mike Jacobs and whispered a few words in his ear. Mike then whispered a few in General Phelan's ear, and the general, turning from purple to pink in a twinkling, signaled Announcer Balogh that it would be all right for him to introduce Joe DiMaggio, which he promptly did. General Phelan beamed like a full moon, conscious of having again saved boxing. The general does not take orders from Mike Jacobs unless they are whispered.

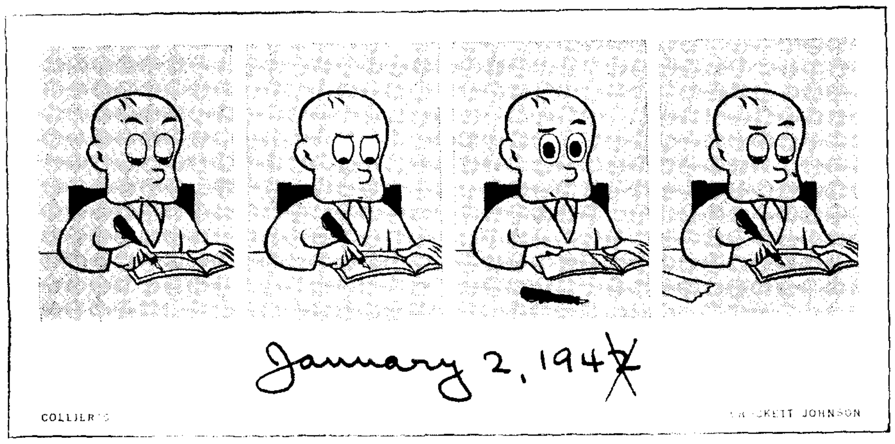
If General Phelan weren't constantly alert, the game, as he likes to call it, would be menaced perpetually by those who would deceive the public. A boxer can jump a contract and get away with it but one of the deceptions for which the general will not stand—and he means positively, not possibly, in this case—is the use of a *nom de guerre* by a fighter. So, whenever a boxer like Willie Pep of Hartford, whose real name is Papaleo, fights in the Garden, he must cover with adhesive tape the "Pep" lettered on the back of his bathrobe, and be announced under his real name. The public would be swindled if a man named Papaleo used the name Pep when knocking out an opponent.

General Phelan doesn't take lightly his responsibility to make every fight a



"This year I've resolved to limit myself to one cup of coffee a day, own only five tires and pay bigger taxes"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



good, clean, stand-up affair. One afternoon at Stillman's gymnasium on Eighth Avenue, the benevolent expression in his baby blue eyes changed to one of horror when he saw two boxers clinching.

Summoning Lou Stillman, the proprietor, the general pointed a finger of fury at them and fumed, "Look, they're clinching. I'll have none of that around here."

"That other guy is his sparring partner," said Lou, "and I don't know what I can do about it. Besides, General, the fellow on the left has an acalaris in the frammis and I don't dare eptude him."

"That makes no difference," said the general, laying down the law to Stillman. "I don't want any more clinching around here and I'm holding you responsible!"

Once, the world was almost deprived of a Cinderella Man champion because General Phelan didn't like his style. 'Twas back in 1934. Jimmie Braddock, who had been suspended, was applying for reinstatement. The good general objected. Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, demanded that the general state what objections he could possibly have to a man wanting to earn a living. This twist flabbergasted the general, but Gould insisted that he state his objections.

The general hemmed, hawed, cleared his throat, whinnied, snorted and finally blurted out, "I don't like his style."

"Show me his style!" challenged Gould. "I'll bet you can't show me!"

Not realizing that he, the judge, was being cross-examined by the witness, the general jumped to his feet and holding both hands clenched in front of him like Al Jolson crying for his mammy, said, "He goes like this!"

After much hilarious pantomime but before anyone died of heart failure from laughing, the commission finally reinstated Braddock, and a year later he won the world's heavyweight championship.

The boys in the boxing racket will miss the Three Droll Dukes, particularly General Phelan, who was always in there swinging with both hands. It is unreasonable to expect that any of the new commissioners will be in the general's class when it comes to fuzzen up there in acalaris with the frammiscamp.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

In place of heavy coatings of grease, the American Armed Forces are now using a chemical product known as silica gel desiccant. Plants costing millions of dollars are now being built to produce large quantities of it.

It is a dehydrator. A small package placed in a crate of machine guns will keep them rustproof for weeks. A sack of the crystal is tied to each cylinder of aircraft engines shipped overseas and keeps them dry.

In postwar days, the desiccant is expected to have an important use in shipping and storing aircraft and automobile parts and machinery of all types.

The amazing substance keeps metal dry under all but exceptionally heavy humidity conditions. To guard against very damp weather fouling the equipment, airplane motors and other arms are wrapped in the new Goodyear product—Pliofilm. These wrappers have transparent "windows" wherever the bags of silica gel are placed. If the air becomes so full of moisture as to threaten to corrode the metal, the "magic crystal" gives a warning. It turns a deep pink and then red when the danger point approaches.

MARINE Corps and Navy fighter pilots on Guadalcanal have been maintaining a five-to-one ratio on Jap planes shot down in combat, but it seems that those blankety-blank brass hats in the States are never satisfied.

Every plane sent out or back to the Pacific front from the overhaul base, now carries an envelope containing a dozen decalcomanias of Japanese flags. The stamp makes it easy for mechanics to reproduce a replica of the Rising Sun emblem on the fuselage of each warplane downing an enemy craft. Formerly the Navy airmen recorded their scores by painting them on by hand.

But helpful as this package is, it contains a subtly irritating challenge. Each pack bears a notation stating: "When you use these up, we'll send you more."

HERE'S a yarn that should be much reading for all of us who kick about food rationing and who forget what our Allies have to face. It concerns some American airmen who landed at a Scotch airfield early one morning after a flight across the Atlantic. With them was David Wills, chief of the British Information Service in Washington, who was making a quick trip home.

Hungry as wolves, the party descended upon the principal hotel in the Scottish town nearest the air base. Everyone ordered a huge breakfast—orange juice, bacon and eggs, hot cakes, etc. A dour Scottish waitress silently went back to the kitchen and returned a few minutes later, putting down a kippered herring before every member of the group.

The famished Americans looked at their breakfasts and all began to protest at once. Where was the fruit juice, eggs, etc? Hadn't she gotten their order straight? Wasn't there any choice?

The Scottish lass answered the latter question.

"Aye," she said. "Ye can take it or leave it." J. G. N.

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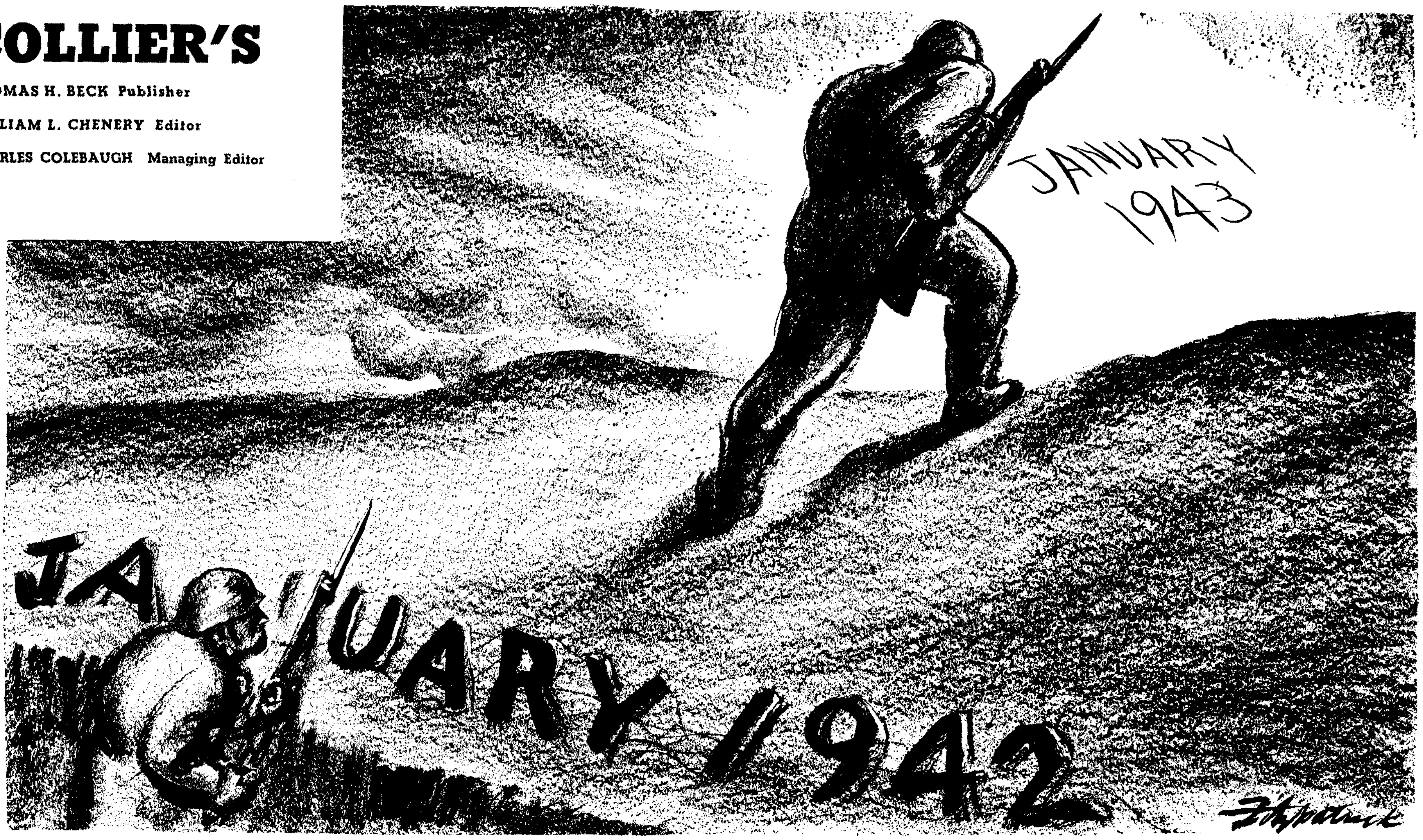

YEAR OF DESTINY

> The dawn of 1943 will soon loom red before us, and we must brace ourselves to cope with the trials and problems of what must be a stern and terrible year.
> —Prime Minister Winston Churchill,
> London, November 29, 1942.

GREAT climactic years signpost the road of modern history—1492 . . . 1571 (Don John of Austria at the Battle of Lepanto starts the decline of Turkish power in the western Mediterranean) . . . 1648 (Treaty of Westphalia ends the Thirty Years' War and splits Germany into a multitude of small states governed by some three hundred princes) . . . 1653 (Oliver Cromwell proclaimed Lord Protector of England) . . . 1763 (Treaty of Paris establishes British supremacy on the North American continent) . . . 1776 . . . 1789 (storming of the Bastille; French Revolution begins) . . . 1815 (Waterloo; Napoleon's power ends) . . . 1865 . . . 1870 (Franco-Prussian War) . . . 1918 . . . 1933 (Hitler becomes German Chancellor).

Mr. Churchill has expressed the belief repeatedly, almost since the present World War began on September 1, 1939, that 1943 would be the year of the great decisions in Europe; the earliest year in which the Allies could mount the grand offensives which should knock out Germany.

The first part of the Churchill expectation has come true: the Allies have not been able to summon the armed and trained manpower and the masses of material needed to defeat Germany in the war years preceding 1943. It remains to be seen whether the rest of the long-standing Churchill belief will come true.

Predictions are foolish. We won't attempt one. We think one can get a great deal of sound encouragement, though, out of a look back over the previous New Year's days of this war.

As 1940 came in, western Europe was in the deceptive doldrums of the "phony war" following Hitler's three-week conquest of Poland—the first blitzkrieg, whose terrible implications the French and British generals then in the ascendancy failed to grasp. In the east, Russia was battering little Finland; and the Finlanders under Baron Mannerheim were putting up a fight comparable to the ancient Greek showing at Thermopylae.

New Year's Day, 1941, was a black day for the Allied cause.

The year just finished, 1940, had seen Hitler absorb Denmark and conquer Norway, almost nonchalantly tossing out the would-be British rescuers of Norway. Hitler had then (May 10th) marched into the Low Countries. He had leveled a square mile of Rotterdam in a cruel mass bombing raid and had conquered Holland in four days.

The Battle of France followed, with the turning of the Maginot Line, the German break-through to the sea, the desperate British withdrawal from the continent at Dunkirk, the fall of Belgium, the plunge of the German legions down through northern France, the flight of the French government to Bordeaux, and the sudden end of Hitler's war with France.

By the end of 1940, the great air blitz against England was in full swing—though the British, as slowly became apparent, had on the previous September 16th foiled Goering's supreme attempt to knock the R.A.F. out of the skies and thus open the path for a German invasion of England. Mussolini had attacked Greece, which was putting up a fight as gallant as the Finnish resistance to Russia; and Hitler, in a radio speech on December 31, 1940, predicted victory for Germany in 1941.

The only bright spot on the Allied map on New Year's Day, 1941, was in Libya, where the British offensive against Graziani's Italians was moving rapidly westward, being just outside Bardia.

New Year's Day, 1942, was a much more promising occasion for the Allies. True, the United States was only three weeks past Pearl Harbor and was still groggy, enraged and a bit confused. But Hitler, on June 22, 1941, had attacked Russia; and by the end of 1941, it had begun to look as if that had been the gravest mistake of Hitler's whole life.

The Russians had recaptured Rostov (November 29, 1941) in their first big offensive of the war, and the German civil population was being solicited by the Nazi high-pressure experts to send all the warm clothing it could spare, and then some, to the winter-bitten armies in the east.

Hitler, however, had conquered the Balkans (except for General Draja Mikhailovitch's Yugoslav Chetniks, who remain unconquered at this writing), and he had turned most of Europe's productive apparatus to the uses of his fighting men.

The year 1942 was a black one for the Allies until events took a sudden, dramatic turn in the first two weeks of November, with General Bernard L. Montgomery's routing of Rommel in Libya coinciding with General Dwight D. Eisenhower's crash into Northwest Africa.

Prior to that, Hitler had again mounted against Russia an offensive which at one time seemed almost sure to reduce Russia's fighting power to guerrilla size only. In the Pacific war theater, we had been driven by the Japs out of Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines; the Dutch had lost their entire East Indies empire; the British had lost Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, Burma, British Borneo, and important parts of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands.

Beginning with November, momentous events occurred which are so fresh in all our memories that it hardly seems necessary to detail them here. The President has expressed the opinion that the turn of the war has come; Mr. Churchill has echoed that White House statement.

We can still count on setbacks, reverses, trials, difficulties, griefs. It still looks like a long, long way to Tipperary. But that we are now assured of winning the war eventually, we think only a superpessimist can doubt.

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Yes, from goggles to Garands, these new champions are soldiers through and through—even to their liking for Camels. For Camels are the favorite in *all* the services.*

As Instructor Dick Durrance *(above)* says: "I've smoked Camels for years. They suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin *(below)*. When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot. Yes, those costlier tobaccos in Camels mean more pleasure in every puff.

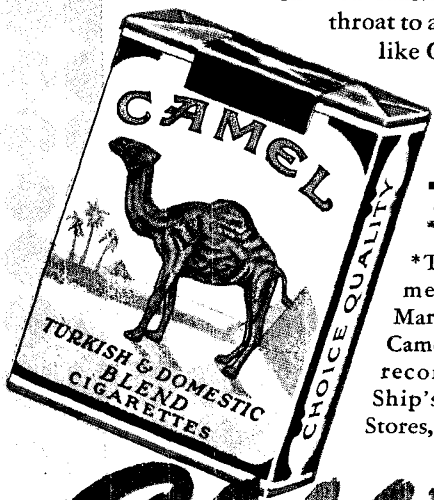
I FIND **CAMELS** SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY HAVE SUCH A FULL, WELCOME **FLAVOR**.

where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you.

Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

COSTLIER TOBACCOS **CAMEL**